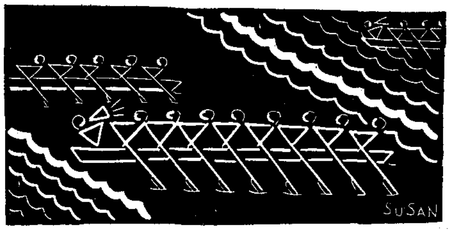
May 24. 1941

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 31. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as noted below, there will be some shifts in midweek matinées in anticipation of Memorial Day audiences. There may be further changes, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is just about the funniest thing in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Fri., May 30.)

The Beautiful People—Admirers of William Saroyan will probably love the Webster family, who suffer about equally from mice and whimsy; others had better stay home. Eugene Loring, Betsy Blair, and Curtis Cooksey are in the cast. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Tues. through Sat. at 8:50, and Sun. at 8:45. Mats. 2:50, Wed., except May 28, and Sat.; special Mat. Fri., May 30.)

Claudia—It takes a tragedy in the family to convince Rose Franken's heroine that everybody has to grow up sometime. Frances Starr, Dorothy McGuire, and Donald Cook are splendid for two acts but become a little lost, along with the author, toward the end. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Corn Is Green—Miss Ethel Barrymore gets hold of a young Welsh miner and educates him, somewhat against his will. An occasionally moving play, always magnificently acted. The supporting cast includes Richard Waring, Rhys Williams, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for the best foreign play. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Doctor's Dilemma—Bernard Shaw exposing medical and artistic morality on one and the same stage. A first-rate revival, with Katharine Cornell, Raymond Massey, Bramwell Fletcher, and Cecil Humphreys. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Fri. Aft., May 23, at 2:35, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

Life with Father—How things were on Madison Avenue in the eighteen-eighties. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother in this very attractive stage version of the late Clarence Day's book. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A writer who talks like Alexander Woollcott drops in on an Ohio family who have been bothering nobody. Monty Woolley is brilliant in the principal part. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs., except May 29, and Sat.; special Mat. Fri., May 30.)

Mr. and Mrs. North—Mrs. North solves two murders and also puts the Homicide Squad in its place. Peggy Conklin and Albert Hackett head the cast in this excellent dramatization of a mystery story by Frances and Richard Lockridge. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except May 28, and Sat.; special Mat. Fri., May 30.)

My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney's stories adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A fine comedy, with Shirley Booth, Jo Ann Sayers, and Morris Carnovsky. George Kaufman's direction is superb. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Fri., May 30.)

Native Son—A lot about Communism as well as one murder have been omitted from this version of Richard Wright's novel, but it is still a brutal and fascinating play. Orson Welles has done a superior job of directing, and Canada Lee heads an excellent cast. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Separate Rooms—Something about a man whose wife prefers to share her room with a little dog. Agreeable enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Alan Dinehart, and Lyle Talbot. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.; special Mat. Fri., May 30.)

Tobacco Road—Eighth year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45, and Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:45, Sat., and 3, Sun.; special Mat. Fri., May 30, at 2:45.)

Watch on the Rhine—Lillian Hellman's eloquent story of a refugee who leaves his family in America to go back and fight the Nazis has been magnificently produced by Herman Shumlin. Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, Paul Lukas, and George Coulouris head an exceptional cast. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for the best American play. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Hellz-a-Poppin—Jay C. Flippen and Happy Felton are now in charge of this Broadway madhouse, carrying on for Mr. O. and Mr. J. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.; special Mat. Fri., May 30.)

It Happens on Ice—A big skating show which starts off by being very exciting and then gets somewhat tiresome. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.; special Mat. Fri., May 30, at 2:40.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence, skipping back and forth between her psychoanalyst's office and the dreamworld, is superb in Moss Hart's musical fantasy, which otherwise might be rather tiresome. Kurt Weill and Ira Gershwin wrote the songs, and Albertina Rasch is responsible for the choreography. With Danny Kaye, Victor Mature, Macdonald Carey, and Bert Lytell. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

Louisiana Purchase—Vera Zorina, William Gaxton, Irene Bordoni, and a lot of other people try to hamper Victor Moore in his efforts to clean up New Orleans. A superior musical comedy, with a book by Morrie Ryskind and songs by Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except May 28, and Sat.; special Mat. Fri., May 30.)

Pal Joey—Gene Kelly, Vivienne Segal, June Havoc, and Jack Durant represent the perfect heel and a few of his little playmates in this musical comedy based on John O'Hara's *New Yorker* series. A very original and satisfactory piece of work, with some fine songs by Rodgers and Hart. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., except May 28, and Sat.; special Mat. Fri., May 30.)

Panama Hattie—Ethel Merman in an excellent musical comedy that has something to do with love and intrigue in the Canal Zone. Cole Porter wrote the songs, and Arthur Treacher and James Dunn are in the cast. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., except May 28, and Sat.; special Mat. Fri., May 30.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild will present "Cox and Box" and "H.M.S. Pinafore," Thurs. and Sat. Eves., May 22 and 24 and May 29 and 31, at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

Let Freedom Sing—Joe E. Howard, William Gaxton, Gene Buck, and other songwriters and show people in a musical benefit for the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies: Sun. Eve., May 25, at 8:30. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A green and pleasant retreat, with Jules Lande's orchestra playing for dancing.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—This has been going strong ever since Felix Ferry thought it up a year ago. Bob Knight's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—An excellent tropical one, all decked out with mirrors and white palm trees. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—You'll never guess what they have here. Zebra stripes! They have Ernie Holst's orchestra, too, and Don De Vodi's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A popular place among unhurried people who regard dancing as an art rather than an exercise. Val Ernie's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—It won't surprise you to find John Buckmaster on hand, but the three strip-teasers may give you a bit of a start. Ted Straeter's orchestra plays for dancing.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room is currently offering a show with the De Marcos and Dick Gasparre's orchestra.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—This skyscraping aerie has a new show, with Billy de Wolfe, Agnes de Mille, Barry Winton's orchestra, and a rumba band. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra plays for dancing in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Hal Saunders' orchestra and a rumba band turn out the music on the Viennese Roof. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde is in the Café Lounge, and so is Emile Petti's orchestra.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Music by Sonny Kendis's and Ray Benson's orchestras.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, flavored with a dash of Broadway. Joe E. Lewis is there, and the music is by Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Margo is singing and dancing on the Starlight Roof, where the music is by Xavier Cugat's orchestra.

Supper Clubs—For times when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—**le ruban bleu,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a bandbox of a place, with Mildred Bailey (through Thurs., May 29), Brenda Forbes, and other capable performers. . . . **spivy's roof,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy has a fine collection of robust songs, Betty Bryant has as many nostalgic numbers, and Billie Haywood and Cliff Allen supply plenty of swing. . . . **penthouse club,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music is pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below.

Miscellaneous—At **la martinique,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a shrine of the rumba- and conga-worshippers, with Danny Kaye (through Thurs., May 22) and, naturally, a rumba band. . . . **le coq rouge,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an inviting spot to try for a casual good time. George Sterney's orchestra will be replaced by Joseph C. Smith's on Thurs., May 29. . . . **armando's,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): George Morris's orchestra, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy. . . . **montparnasse,** Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345): a favorite with uptowners, and downtowners who make the trip seem to like it too. . . . **café society uptown,** 128 E. 58 (PL

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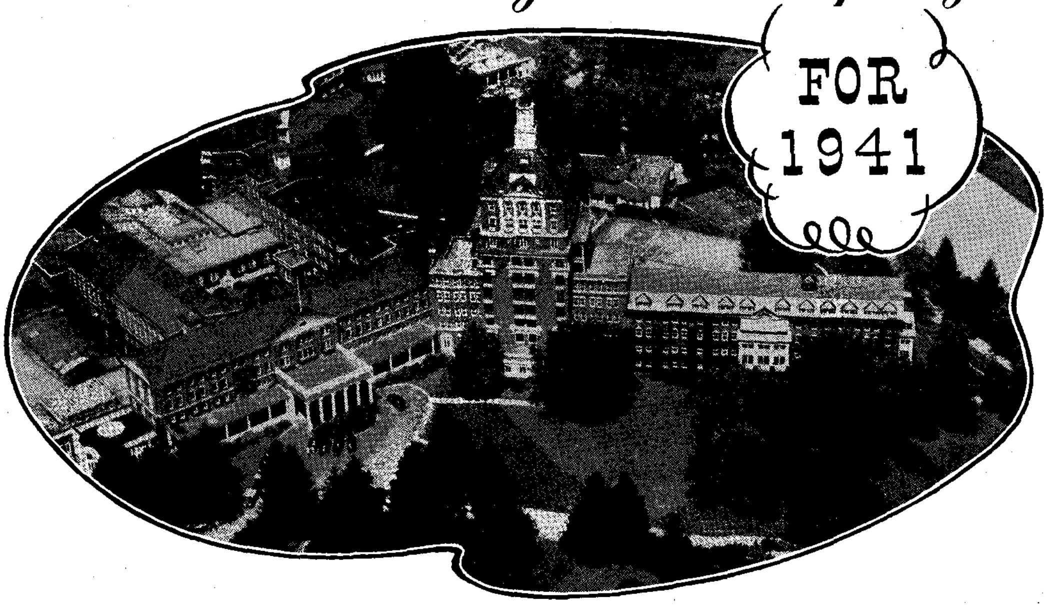
The HOMESTEAD

Virginia Hot Springs



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

5-9223): a swing place, with Jack Gilford and such expert Negro entertainers as Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and John Kirby's orchestra. . . . **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): one flight down, with South American entertainment and Jack Harris's orchestra. . . . **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Clyde Lucas's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Sammy Kaye's orchestra will replace Paul Baron's on Tues., May 27. No dancing Mon. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Peter Kent's orchestra, at the dinner hour only. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Gene Krupa's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): José Morand's orchestra. . . . **BOSSERT MARINE ROOF**, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100): quite a trip, maybe, but the view of the harbor is fine on a warm spring evening; Bobby Parks' orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a secluded retreat, with magic by Russell Swann and music by Art Barker's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): if you don't mind smoke-filled cellars, you'll probably enjoy the Revuers. Closed Mon. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): one of the Village's lively late spots for the sturdy.

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Broadway Atmosphere—At the **BEACHCOMBER**, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): specializing in South Sea touches, with Carmen D'Antonio and a rumba band. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White, Frankie Hyers, and Pat Harrington aren't any too fastidious about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Mae Murray, Nita Naldi, Dr. Rockwell, and Joe E. Howard are all in the Billy Rose show.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with Helena Horne, Kenneth Spencer, Art Tatum, Ammons and Johnson, and Red Allen's band. Closed Mon. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Jimmy McPartland, Pee Wee Russell, Eddie Condon, etc., play in this Village landmark every night, except Mon. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Billie Holiday, Stuff Smith, and Lips Page's band are on hand. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton and his trio perform in this new place six nights a week; Tues., a juke box.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT**, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO**, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

Note—Among the sidewalk cafés you might drop into if you're down in the Village are those of the **BREVOORT**, 5 Ave. at 8, the **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL**, 5 Ave. at 9, and **LONGCHAMPS**, 5 Ave. at 12.

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Just Out of Town—Ben Marden's **RIVIERA**, at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): Jimmy Savo heads the show and there's Pancho's orchestra. . . . **GLEN ISLAND CASINO**, off Shore Rd., New Rochelle (Hamilton 4480): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . **CHANTICLER**, Millburn and Short Hills Aves., Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Mace Irish's orchestra. . . . **MEADOWBROOK**, on Route 23, Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-9817): Sammy Kaye's orchestra will be replaced by Bobby Byrne's on Tues., May 27. Closed Mon.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed on Memorial Day.)

Americans—Thomas Birch and William S. Mount in a group that includes a number of less well-known nineteenth-century painters: John Levy, 1 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 13.

Baum and Day—Pleasantly naïve landscapes by Baum; Miss Day goes in for strong linear design, which shows up best in her industrial scenes: Perls, 32 E. 58. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 6.

Bellows—Lithographs and drawings, demonstrating that the old master was pretty good after all, especially in his less pretentious moments: Allison, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., May 29.

Bliss—Oils by an Iowa primitive, a little muddled in color but strong in spirit: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 24.

Brook—Remarkably able, ingratiating paintings in his first one-man show in five years: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 6.

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Burliuk—New paintings, as confused as ever in style but lit by occasional flashes of great strength and insight: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Tues., 10 A.M. to 8 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., May 29.

Craske—Sea scenes, some in water color and some in old-fashioned needlework, by a talented English modern primitive: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 6.

Dehn—Water colors, keen and witty in observation: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 7.

Eckel—Richly colored, ruggedly designed paintings of real promise in a first solo showing here: Contemporary Arts, 38 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 24.

Gross—Smartly handled, highly illustrative water colors of wartime scenes in London: Harlow, Keppel, 670 5 Ave., at 53. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; through Thurs., May 29.

Groups—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 43 E. 51: the gallery, showing seven excellent but as yet unsold oils by as many contemporary artists, asks "What is wrong with this picture?" Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., May 29. . . . **DECORATORS CLUB**, 745 5 Ave., at 58: paintings by John Sloan, Peter Hurd, and other present-day Americans; a benefit for Greek war relief. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., May 24. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: paintings by Leon Kroll, Stephen Etnier, and other Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; through June 30.

Hayter—Abstract paintings, mixed in derivation but done with unusual power: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M; through Sat., May 24.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—A slightly bric-a-bracky but occasionally interesting exhibition of paintings, porcelains, etc., illustrating the influence of the China Trade on American and European art (through Sept. 21); also, work by students of the adults' and children's classes of the local WPA art project (through June 1). Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—An exhibition, called "Britain at War," of works by British civilians and men in the services. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and Memorial Day, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; Fri., May 23, through Aug. 30.

Nagler—Paintings, mainly Biblical in theme, by one of the few moderns who show true religious feeling: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., May 29.

Prints—Representative exhibit of etchings, engravings, and drawings by Jacques Callot, the seventeenth-century master: Grolier Club, 47 E. 60. Daily, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 1.

Sculpture—At **VILLAGE SQUARE**, 6 Ave. at 8: the third outdoor exhibition of the always lively Sculptors Guild. Daily, including Memorial Day, 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.; through June 8. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER**, 44 W. 56: some good things in a random collection that includes works by Jacob Epstein and O'Connor Barret among the British and Mitzi Solomon and Leona Curtis among the Americans. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., May 23.

Steig and Bowden—Naïve but firm and sensitive gouaches by Laura Steig; Bowden shows semi-abstractions, a little facile in style: Artists', 113 W. 13. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Thurs. Eve., 8 to 10); Sun., 3 to 6 and 8 to 10 P.M.; through Mon., May 26.

Utrillo—Seventeen paintings, containing about the cream of his early "white" period: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., May 29.

Varda—Paintings on glass and plaster, modern in design and highly decorative: Willard, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 24.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Comprehensive and generally enjoyable memorial show of oils, drawings, and other works by Jerome Myers, that specialist in painting New York's East Side. Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., May 29.

Here and There—At the **MCDONALD**, 665 5 Ave., at 53: wood engravings by Winslow Homer. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., May 29. . . . **MONTROSS**, 785 5 Ave., at 60: ninth annual exhibition of the Arthur Schwieder group. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., May 29. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: water colors and small oils by Gifford Beal. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 13. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57: paintings by Angelo Segrè. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., May 29. . . . **ARGENT**, 42 W. 57: paintings and sculptures by members of the National Association of Women Artists. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 27. . . . **BUCHHOLZ**, 32 E. 57: paintings by Kurt Roesch. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 31. . . . **ARDEN**, 460 Park, at 57: garden sculptures by Paul Manship, Wheeler Williams, and Edward McCartan. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through June 28. . . . **NIERENDORF**, 18 E. 57: works by Chagall, Klee, Kandinsky, Picasso, and other moderns. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 7.

Note—The Village's semiannual outdoor art exhibit may be seen in Washington Square daily, through Sun., May 25, from 10 A.M. until dark.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460. Other box-office numbers are given below.)

Hebrew Singers—Vladimir Heifetz conducting the Jewish Cultural Society Chorus in a program of his music for "The Golem": Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., May 22, at 8:30. (Soloist: Kipnis.)

Pan-American Program—Called "Night of the Americas," this will be an evening of diversified entertainment by musical and dancing celebrities of North and South America, to raise money for an inter-American music centre in Washington: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., May 23, at 8:30.

Four Saints in Three Acts—The Gertrude Stein-Virgil Thomson opera in oratorio form, Smallens conducting: Town Hall, Tues. Eve., May 27, at 8:30. (BR 9-9447.)

South American Music—Elsie Houston, some native musicians and dancers, and others in the fifth of a series of special concerts: Museum of Modern Art, Wed. Eve., May 28, at 9. (11 W. 53. CI 5-8900.)

OPERA

Salmaggi Company—Tentative schedule: "Carmen," Fri. Eve., May 23; "La Bohème," Sat. Eve., May 24; "Aïda," Sun. Eve., May 25; at 8:30. (Hollywood, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Detroit, Thurs. Aft., May 22, at 3; Yankees vs. Boston, Fri. Aft., May 23, at 3, Sat. Aft., May 24, at 2:30, and Sun. Aft., May 25, at 3. . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Sat. and Sun. Afts., May 24-25, at 2:30, and Mon. Aft., May 26, at 3. . . . **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Boston, Tues. Eve., May 27, at 8:45, and Wed. and Thurs. Afts., May

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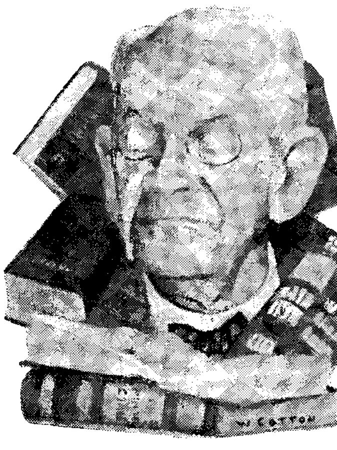
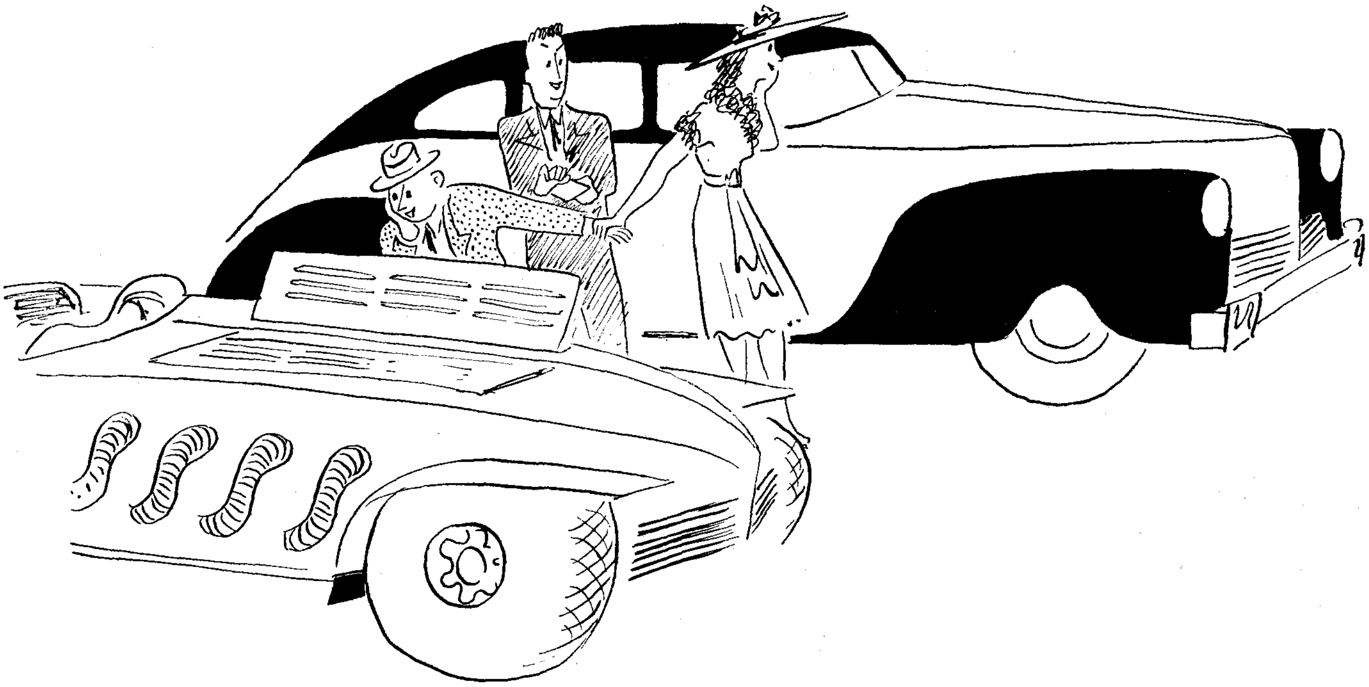
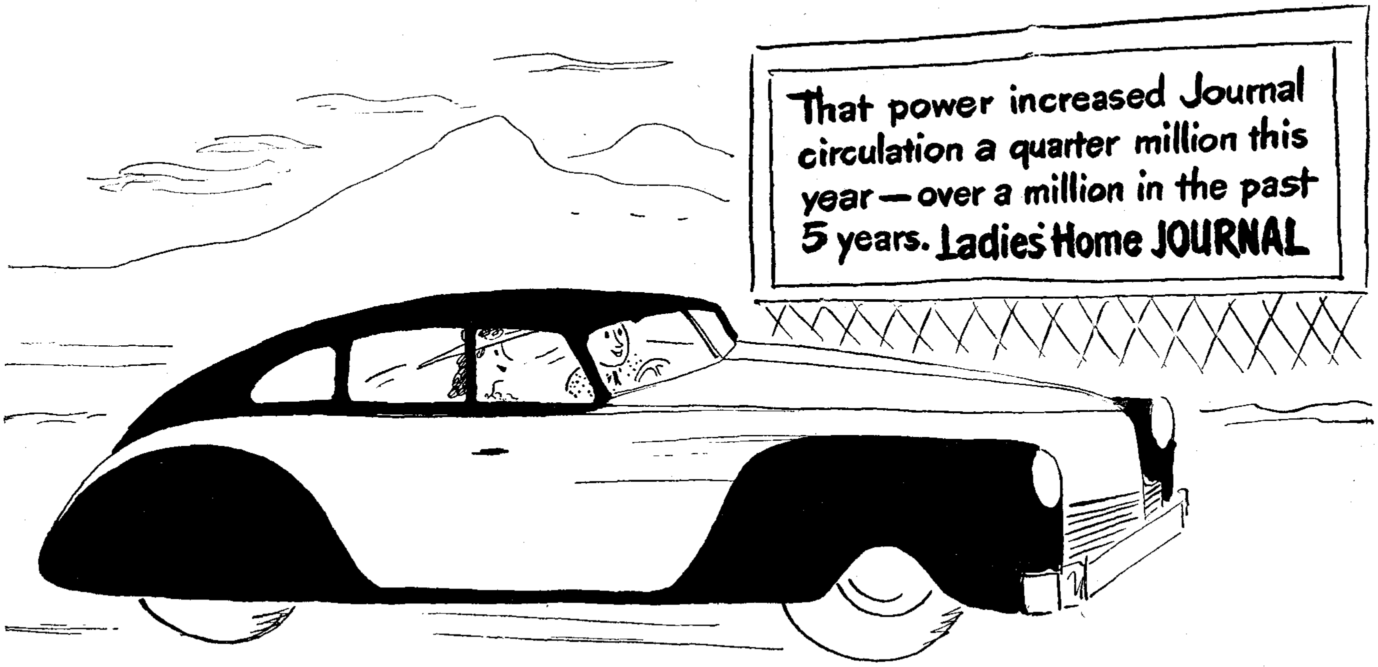


WILLIAM LYON PHELPS,

recently appointed Director of the Hall of Fame, who will preside there on Tuesday at the unveiling of a bust of Stephen Foster, the seventy-third and latest selectee, whom he voted for last fall as a member of the Hall's College of Electors. Dr. Phelps still continues to get up at six-thirty every morning in the week.

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!




That power increased Journal circulation a quarter million this year—over a million in the past 5 years. Ladies' Home JOURNAL

THE LARGEST AUDITED MAGAZINE CIRCULATION IN THE WORLD—CURRENTLY 3,850,000

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 31. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

28-29, at 3:15; Giants vs. Dodgers, Fri. Aft., May 30, at 1:30 (doubleheader), and Sat. Aft., May 31, at 3.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Anton Christoforidis vs. Gus Lesnevich, light heavyweights, 15 rounds, Thurs., May 22; preliminaries at 8:30, main match at about 10 P.M. . . . Griffith Stadium, Washington: Joe Louis vs. Buddy Baer, for the heavyweight title, 15 rounds, Fri., May 23; preliminaries at 9:30, main match at about 11 P.M.

Crew—Harvard-Cornell-Syracuse, Cambridge, Sat. Aft., May 24; freshmen at 5, junior varsity at 5:15, varsity at 5:30.

Dog Shows—Ladies' Kennel Association, Garden City, Sat., May 24, at 10 A.M. . . . Long Island Kennel Club, a Bundles for Britain benefit, Cedarhurst, Sun., May 25, at 10 A.M. . . . Morris and Essex Kennel Club, Madison, N.J., Sat., May 31, at 10 A.M.

Golf—Goodall Tournament, Fresh Meadow C.C., Flushing, Thurs., May 22, at 1 P.M., and Fri. through Sun., May 23-25, at 10 A.M. . . . Invitation Tournament, Garden City G.C., Garden City, Fri. through Sun., May 23-25, at 9 A.M. . . . Invitation Tournament, Montclair G.C., West Orange, Sat. and Sun., May 24-25, at 8:30 A.M. . . . Sectional qualifying rounds for the National Open, Ridgewood C.C., Ridgewood, N.J., Mon., May 26, at 8:30 A.M. . . . Windle Challenge Cup, Women's National Golf and Tennis Club, Glen Head, L.I., Tues., May 27, at 9 A.M. . . . Pro-Amateur Invitation Tournament, Sands Point G.C., Port Washington, Tues., May 27, at 9 A.M.

Horse Shows—Wilmington, Del., Thurs. through Sat., May 22-24, at 9 A.M. . . . Rockwood Hall, Tarrytown, Sun., May 25, at 9 A.M. . . . Devon, Pa., Mon. through Sat., May 26-31, at 9 A.M. . . . Secor Farms Riding Club, White Plains, Fri., May 30, at 9 A.M.

Racing—Weekdays at Belmont Park, at 2:15 P.M.; through June 7. The Juvenile and the Metropolitan Handicap, May 24; the Suburban Handicap, May 30; the Coaching Club American Oaks, May 31. (Special trains leave Penn. Station frequently between 12:15 and 1:30 P.M. on Sat., and between 12:30 and 1:30 P.M. on other weekdays.)

Track—*Intercollegiate* A.A.A.A. *Championships*, Randalls Island, Fri., May 30, at 2:30 P.M., and Sat., May 31, at 2 P.M.

Trotting—Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, starting Wed., May 28. Weekday Eves. at 8:40, weather permitting. (Special train will leave Penn. Station at 7:24 P.M.)

Yacht Races—Cruising Club of America, from Stamford to Gardiners Bay, Thurs. and Fri., May 29-30. . . . Championships on the Sound, at 1:45 P.M.: Horseshoe Harbor Y.C., Sat., May 24; Harlem Y.C., Fri., May 30; American Y.C., Sat., May 31.

OTHER EVENTS

Diamonds—An exhibit of a several-million-dollar collection of jewels, many of them famous and some of them privately owned: Cartier, 5 Ave. at 52. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 24.

Barnard Art—The late George Grey Barnard's second collection of Romanesque and Gothic pieces, assembled after the first became a part of the present Cloisters, has been placed on sale and may be seen at the old Cloisters building, 698 Fort Washington Ave., at 190. Weekdays 2 to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., May 29. (Admission fees will be turned over to the Red Cross.)

Public Balls—Night of the Americas Ball, a Pan-American turnout: Ritz-Carlton, Fri. Eve., May 23, at 11:30. . . . The Bandwagon Ball, a benefit for American and British sailors and Greek war relief: Madison Square Garden, Thurs. Eve., May 29, at 9:30.

Garden Exhibitions—Tulips on the estate of Mrs. John T. Scheepers, Brookville, L.I., a benefit for British war relief: Thurs., May 22, from 2:30 to 6 P.M. (For tickets, call CI 7-2300.) . . . The gardens at the Samuel Untermyer estate, North B'way, Yonkers, will be on view every Tues., Thurs., and Sat. during the summer, from 10 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. . . . The Greenwich Village gardens of Mrs. Eleanor Hines, 41 Bank; Mrs. Lucy Leman, 44 W. 12; Mrs. Maximilian Elser, Jr., 134 W. 11; Mrs. J. G. Phelps Stokes, 88 Grove; and St. John's Colony Gardens, 224 Waverly Place: Thurs., May 22, from 2 to 6 P.M. Also, the gardens of Mrs. August Zinsser, 6 W. 9; Mrs. Charles De Sheim, 33 Washington Sq. W.; Mrs. John K. Britton, 38 Barrow; Miss Natalie Gomez, 34 Grove; and Mrs. J. G. Phelps Stokes, 88 Grove: Fri., May 23, from 2 to 6 P.M. (For tickets, write to Mrs. Walter M. Dotts, 34 Grove.)

Iris Show—Sponsored by the American Iris Society: Horticultural Society of New York, 598 Madison, at 57. Fri., May 23, from 2 to 10 P.M., and Sat., May 24, from 10 A.M. to 8 P.M.

Auctions—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—Antique furniture and tapestries, Oriental rugs, and art objects, from the estate of the late Mrs. Walter P. Chrysler: Thurs. and Fri. Afts., May 22-23, at 2. . . . English and French furniture, Oriental rugs, Georgian silver, porcelains, and glassware, belonging to Mrs. Gustave Lindenmeyr, Mrs. Gates W. McGarrah, and others: Wed. and Thurs. Afts., May 28-29, at 2.

COLLECTORS CLUB, 22 E. 35—The Norman Serphos collection of air-mail stamps: Thurs. Aft., May 22, at 2.

Note—The Memorial Day Parade, with veterans of the Civil, Spanish, and World Wars and active troops in line, will start from 72nd St. and West End Ave. at 9 A.M., Fri., May 30, and march up Riverside Dr. to 96th St.

MOTION PICTURES

Citizen Kane—This opened, and the world didn't come to an end after all. A triumph, certainly, for Orson Welles and his colleagues, and, above all others, the film one has to see. (Palace, B'way at 47; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra performances Fri., May 30, at 5:30 P.M., and Sat. at midnight.)

Fantasia—Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse, interpreted by Stokowski with his Symphony Orchestra, by Deems Taylor in a professorial rôle, and, of course, by Walt Disney at suitable moments. Very grand and exalted. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 10:40 A.M. and Sun. at 5:40 P.M.)

The Flame of New Orleans—Quirpish comedy, often quite funny, with Marlene Dietrich as a wicked siren of the old days. Also with Roland Young and Bruce Cabot, and directed by René Clair. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., May 26. . . . Riverside, B'way at 96; and Nemo, B'way at 110; through Wed., May 28.)

Go West—With the Marx Brothers gone wild and woolly, and all full of life and laughter. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. through Tues., May 25-27.)

The Great Dictator—Charlie Chaplin's strange dissertation on the ways of dictators. A film that is quite wonderful and decidedly unique. (Carlton, B'way at 100; through Sat., May 24.)

The Lady Eve—Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda and considerable lively byplay devised by Preston Sturges. A stimulant. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., May 24. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Sun. through Wed., May 25-28. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. and Sat., May 30-31.)

Major Barbara—George Bernard Shaw's own version of one of his older plays—one which may seem somewhat quaint now and of a very different era than ours. With Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, Emlyn Williams, and an altogether superior cast. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

Meet John Doe—Frank Capra's latest oration, with Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper, and Edward Arnold as American citizens. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., May 28-29. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; starting Wed., May 28. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; starting Thurs., May 29.)

Night Train—The big thriller of the season. A superb affair, made by the British, about spies and so on. With Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Normandie, Park at 53; and Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., May 22. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., May 24-26. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Tues., May 24-27.)

Pépé le Moko—The famous French film, with Jean Gabin, from which our "Algiers" was derived. Perhaps a bit faded, yet unquestionably of an exotic and exciting world. (World, 153 W. 49.)

The Sea Wolf—Enthralling and strenuous version of the old Jack London story, with Ida Lupino, Edward G. Robinson, and John Garfield most concerned. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; and Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., May 23. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Tues., May 24-27.)

The Wagons Roll at Night—Humphrey Bogart and Sylvia Sidney in a violent sketch of life in a wandering circus. (Strand, B'way at 47; Thurs., May 22.)

A Woman's Face—Joan Crawford's experiment with the morbid and the dramatic, and quite successful in its way. With Melvyn Douglas and Conrad Veidt—morbid also. (Capitol, B'way at 51; through Wed., May 28.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, in connection with its "Britain at War" exhibition, is showing a series of reticent and brief film sketches of life in England now. There are three programs and one will be shown each day, in rotation. Weekdays at 2 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M. (11 W. 53. CI 5-8900.)

REVIVALS

The Baker's Wife (1940)—Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., May 27-28.)

The Beachcomber (1938)—Somerset Maugham's story of South Sea doings. Elsa Lanchester and Charles Laughton. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., May 27-28.)

Blockade (1938)—War, Spain, and spies. Madeleine Carroll and Henry Fonda. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. and Sat., May 23-24.)

Bluebeard's Eighth Wife (1938)—Riviera high life. Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., May 23.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Racy and French. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., May 23.)

Chaplin Comedies (1916-17)—"The Vagabond," "The Immigrant," "The Cure," "The Count," "The Adventurer," and "Easy Street," all two-reel shorts. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12.)

The Earl of Chicago (1940)—American gunmen and British aristocracy. Robert Montgomery. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., May 27-28.)

The Great Waltz (1938)—Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, "The Blue Danube," and old Vienna. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., May 28-30.)

The Hound of the Baskervilles (1939)—Basil Rathbone is Sherlock Holmes. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. and Mon., May 25-26.)

The Housekeeper's Daughter (1939)—Parodying crime thrillers. Joan Bennett and Adolphe Menjou. (Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. and Thurs., May 28-29.)

In Name Only (1939)—Kay Francis, Carole Lombard, and Cary Grant in the usual triangle mess. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., May 25-26.)

My Favorite Wife (1940)—Irene Dunne leaves, and comes back to, Cary Grant. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., May 24-27.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo's first comedy. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., May 23.)

Port of Shadows (1939)—Jean Gabin on Le Havre's waterfront. French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., May 28-30.)

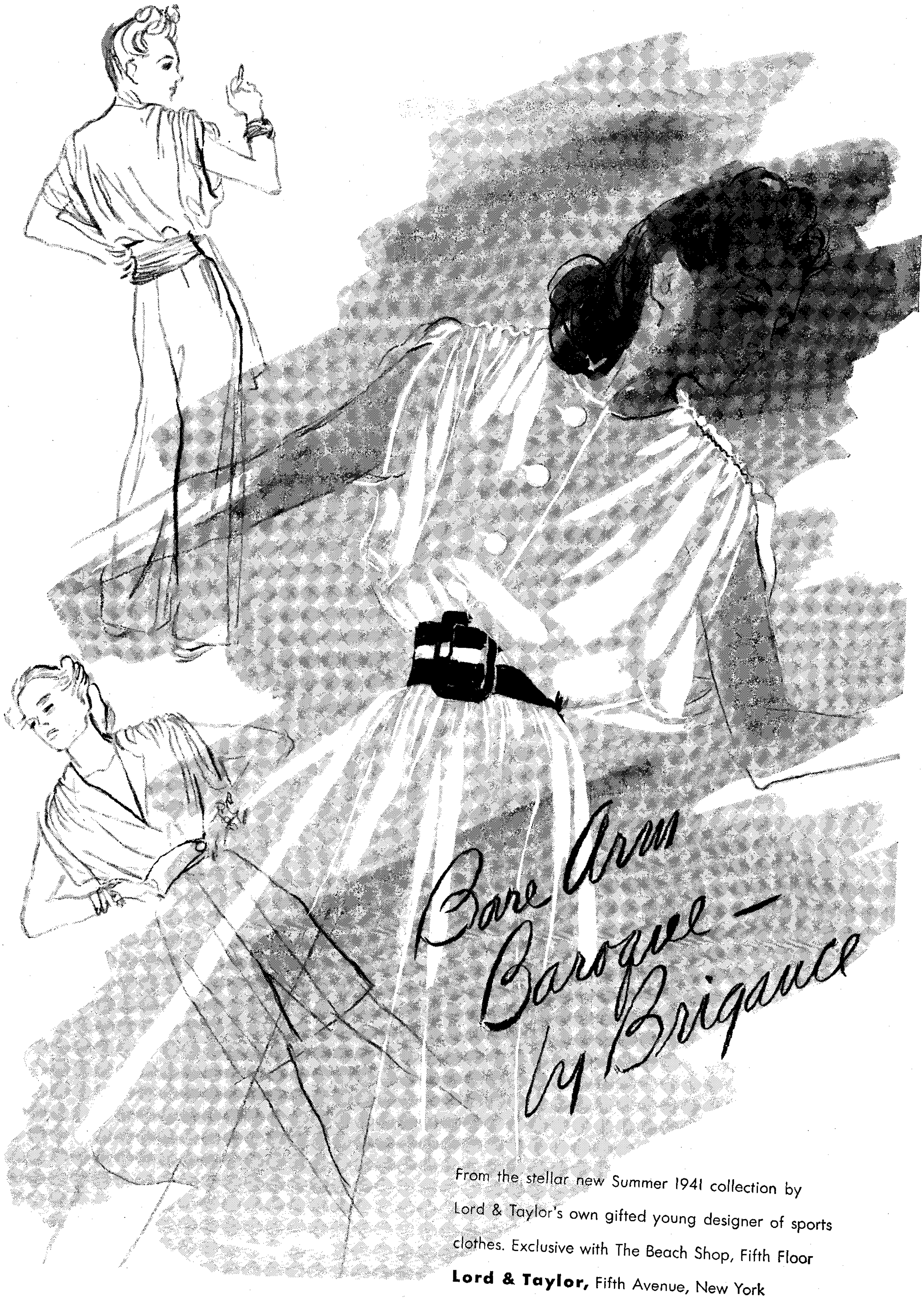
Pride and Prejudice (1940)—The Jane Austen story. Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., May 24-27.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the King. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., May 22.)

She Married Her Boss (1935)—Claudette Colbert is the secretary and Melvyn Douglas is the boss. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., May 25-26.)

The Shop Around the Corner (1940)—Whimsy in Budapest. Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., May 27-28.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—The Brontë story. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Tues., May 25-27.)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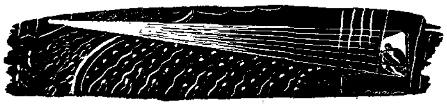
AT THE MOVIE HOUSES



THURSDAY, MAY 22, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, MAY 28

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MOTION-PICTURE THEATRES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY BLACK TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 6, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—**MAJOR BARBARA,** Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley.

Broadway, B'way at 53 (CI 6-5353)—**FANTASIA,** Walt Disney *full-length film; at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.*; also Sat. at 10:40 A.M. and Sun. at 5:40 P.M.

Capitol, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—Through Wed., May 28: **A WOMAN'S FACE,** Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas, Conrad Veidt.

Criterion, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—"Rookies on Parade," Ruth Terry, Bob Crosby.

Globe, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—Tentative: "Voice in the Night," Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook.

Palace, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—**CITIZEN KANE,** Orson Welles; at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; also Fri., May 30, at 5:30 P.M., and Sat. at midnight.

Paramount, B'way at 43 (CH 4-7022)—"I Wanted Wings," Ray Milland, William Holden.

Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)—"Penny Serenade," Irene Dunne, Cary Grant.

Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—"Blood and Sand," Rita Hayworth, Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell.

State, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., May 28: "Road to Zanzibar," Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope.

Strand, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—Thurs., May 22: **THE WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT,** Sylvia Sidney, Humphrey Bogart. . . . From Fri., May 23: "Affectionately Yours," Merle Oberon, Dennis Morgan, Rita Hayworth.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12 (AL 4-7661)—**CHAPLIN COMEDIES,** six short revivals.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57 (CI 7-1294)—"Proud Valley," Paul Robeson.

Thalia, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Through Wed., May 28: "The Ape," Boris Karloff; also "Chamber of Horrors," Leslie Banks.

World, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—**PÉPÉ LE MOKO** (French), Jean Gabin.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)—Revivals—Thurs., May 22: **THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII,** Charles Laughton; also "The Beloved Vagabond," Maurice Chevalier. . . . Fri. and Sat., May 23-24: **BLOCKADE,** Madeleine Carroll, Henry Fonda; also "Say It in French," Olympe Bradna, Ray Milland. . . . Sun. through Tues., May 25-27: **WUTHERING HEIGHTS,** Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier; also "Night Work," Charles Ruggles, Mary Boland. . . . From Wed., May 28: **THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER,** Joan Bennett, Adolphe Menjou; also "Clouds Over Europe," Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson.

Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Through Fri., May 23: **THE SEA WOLF,** Ida Lupino, Edward G. Robinson, John Garfield; also "Model Wife," Joan Blondell, Dick Powell. . . . Sat. through Mon., May 24-26: "The Lady from *Cheyenne," Loretta Young, Edward Arnold; also* "A Girl, a Guy, and a Gob," Lucille Ball, George Murphy. . . . From Tues., May 27: "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary," Mickey Rooney; also "Road Show," Adolphe Menjou.

Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Thurs., May 22: "The Great Lie," Bette Davis, George Brent; also "The Cowboy and the Blonde," Mary Beth Hughes, Alan Mowbray. . . . *Fri. through Sun., May 23-25:* "Adam Had Four Sons," Ingrid Bergman, Warner Baxter; also "Escape to Glory" (also called "Submarine Zone"), Constance Bennett, Pat O'Brien. . . . Mon. and Tues., May 26-27: "Meet Boston Blackie," Chester Morris; also "The Great Train Robbery," Bob Steele. . . . From Wed., May 28: **MEET JOHN DOE,** Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper, Edward Arnold; also "They Met in Argentina," Maureen O'Hara, James Ellison.

Lexington, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Mon., May 26: "Road to Zanzibar," Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope; also "You're the One," Bonnie Baker, Orrin Tucker. . . . Tues. and Wed., May 27-28: "Man-Made Monster," Lionel Atwill; also "Horror Island," Dick Foran.

Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Through Sat., May 24: **THE LADY EVE,** Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda. . . . Sun. and Mon., May 25-26: "I Was a Spy," revival, Madeleine Carroll, Herbert Marshall. . . . From Tues., May 27: "A Girl, a Guy, and a Gob," Lucille Ball, George Murphy.

Normandie, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., May 22: **NIGHT TRAIN,** Margaret Lockwood, Rex Harrison. . . . Fri. through Sun., May 23-25: "Nice Girl?," Deanna Durbin, Franchot Tone, Robert Benchley. . . . Mon. and Tues., May 26-27: "Little Nellie Kelly," Judy Garland, George Murphy. . . . From Wed., May 28: "21 Days Together," revival, Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier.

Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Through Fri., May 23: **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** (French), revival; also **NINOTCHKA,** revival, Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas. . . . Sat. through Mon., May 24-26: **NIGHT TRAIN,** Margaret Lockwood, Rex Harrison; also "That Night in Rio," Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Carmen Miranda. . . . From Tues., May 27: **THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER,** revival, Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart; also **THE EARL OF CHICAGO,** revival, Robert Montgomery, Edward Arnold.

R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Through Mon., May 26: **THE FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS,** Marlene Dietrich, Roland Young, Bruce Cabot; also "The Man Who Lost Himself," Kay Francis, Brian Aherne. . . . Tues. and Wed., May 27-28: "Her First Romance," Edith Fellows, Wilbur Evans; also "A Shot in the Dark," Nan Wynn, William Lundigan.

Plaza, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Thurs., May 22: "So Ends Our Night," Margaret Sullavan, Fredric March. . . . Fri. through Sun., May 23-25: "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary," Mickey Rooney. . . . From Mon., May 26: "The Great Lie," *Bette Davis, George Brent.*

68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Revivals—Through Fri., May 23: **BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE,** Claudette Colbert, Gary Cooper; also "Dark Journey," Vivien Leigh, Conrad Veidt. . . . Sat. through Tues., May 24-27: **PRIDE AND PREJUDICE,** Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier; also **MY FAVORITE WIFE,** Irene Dunne, Cary Grant. . . . From Wed., May 28: **THE GREAT WALTZ,** Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet; also "The Cat and the Canary," Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope.

Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Through Mon., May 26: "Road to Zanzibar," Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope; also "You're the One," Bonnie Baker, Orrin Tucker. . . . Tues. and Wed., May 27-28: "Man-Made Monster," Lionel Atwill; also "Horror Island," Dick Foran.

Colony, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Thurs., May 22: **NIGHT TRAIN,** Margaret Lockwood, Rex Harrison; also "That Night in Rio," Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Carmen Miranda. . . . Fri. and Sat., May 23-24: "The Texas Rangers Ride Again," *Ellen Drew, John Howard; also "Phantom Submarine,"* Anita Louise. . . . Sun. through Tues., May 25-27: **GO WEST,** the Marx Brothers; also "Come Live with Me," Hedy Lamarr, James Stewart. . . . From Wed., May 28: "Nice Girl?," Deanna Durbin, Franchot Tone, Robert Benchley; also "Scotland Yard," Nancy Kelly, John Loder.

Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—*Through Sat., May 24:* **THE LADY EVE,** Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda. . . . Sun. and Mon., May 25-26: **THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES,** revival, Basil Rathbone, Wendy Barrie, Richard Greene. . . . From Tues., May 27: **THE BEACHCOMBER,** revival, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester.

R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Through Mon., May 26: **THE FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS,** Marlene Dietrich, Roland Young, Bruce Cabot; also "The Man Who Lost Himself," Kay Francis, Brian Aherne. . . . Tues. and Wed., May 27-28: "Her First Romance," Edith Fellows, Wilbur Evans; also "A Shot in the Dark," Nan Wynn, William Lundigan.

Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Through Fri., May 23: "The Great Lie," Bette Davis, George Brent; also "The Cowboy and the Blonde," Mary Beth Hughes, Alan Mowbray. . . . Sat. through Mon., May 24-26: "So Ends Our Night," Margaret Sullavan, Fredric March; also "Maisie Was a Lady," Ann Sothern, Lew Ayres. . . . Tues. and Wed., May 27-28: **THE BAKER'S WIFE** (French), revival, Raimu; also "The Great Plane Robbery," Jack Holt.

Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., May 26: "Adam Had Four Sons," Ingrid Bergman, Warner Baxter; also "Escape to Glory" (also called "Submarine Zone"), Constance Bennett, Pat O'Brien. . . . Tues. and Wed., May 27-28: "Meet Boston Blackie," Chester Morris; also "The Great Train Robbery," Bob Steele.

WEST SIDE

8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Through Tues., May 27: "The Great Lie," Bette Davis, George Brent. . . . From Wed., May 28: **MEET JOHN DOE,** Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper, Edward Arnold.

Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Mon., May 26: "Adam Had Four Sons," Ingrid Bergman, Warner Baxter; also "Escape to Glory" (also called "Submarine Zone"), Constance Bennett, Pat O'Brien. . . . Tues. and Wed., May 27-28: "Meet Boston Blackie," Chester Morris; also "The Great Train Robbery," Bob Steele.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Through Fri., May 23: "This Is My Affair," revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Taylor; also "The Cat and the Canary," revival, Paulette Goddard, *Bob Hope, . . . Sat. through Tues., May 24-27:* **THE SEA WOLF,** Ida Lupino, Edward G. Robinson, John Garfield; also "Model Wife," Joan Blondell, Dick Powell. . . . From Wed., May 28: **PORT OF SHADOWS** (French), revival, Jean Gabin, Michel Simon; also "Break the News," Maurice Chevalier.

R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)—Through Mon., May 26: **THE FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS,** Marlene Dietrich, Roland Young, Bruce Cabot; also "The Man Who Lost Himself," Kay Francis, Brian Aherne. . . . Tues. and Wed., May 27-28: "Her First Romance," Edith Fellows, Wilbur Evans; also "A Shot in the Dark," Nan Wynn, William Lundigan.

Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., May 24: "So Ends Our Night," Margaret Sullavan, Fredric March; also "Maisie Was a Lady," Ann Sothern, Lew Ayres. . . . Sun. and Mon., May 25-26: **SHE MARRIED HER BOSS,** revival, Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas; also **IN NAME ONLY,** revival, Kay Francis, Carole Lombard, Cary Grant. . . . From Tues., May 27: "Men of Boys Town," Spencer Tracy, Mickey Rooney; also "Blondie *Goes Latin," Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake.*

Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54 (CI 7-3737)—Through Mon., May 26: "Road to Zanzibar," Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope; also "You're the One," Bonnie Baker, Orrin Tucker. . . . Tues. and Wed., May 27-28: "Man-Made Monster," Lionel Atwill; also "Horror Island," Dick Foran.

Beacon, B'way at 75 (TR 4-9132)—Through Tues., May 27: "The Great Lie," Bette Davis, George *Brent; also "The Cowboy and the Blonde," Mary* Beth Hughes, Alan Mowbray. . . . Wed., May 28: "Bowery Boy," Dennis O'Keefe; also "Shadows on the Stairs," Frieda Inescort.

77th Street, B'way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Through Tues., May 27: "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary," Mickey Rooney; also "Road Show," Adolphe Menjou. . . . From Wed., May 28: "So Ends Our Night," Margaret Sullavan, Fredric March; also "Maisie Was a Lady," Ann Sothern, Lew Ayres.

R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Through Mon., May 26: **THE FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS,** Marlene Dietrich, Roland Young, Bruce Cabot; also "The Man Who Lost Himself," Kay Francis, Brian Aherne. . . . Tues. and Wed., May 27-28: "Her First Romance," Edith Fellows, Wilbur Evans; also "A Shot in the Dark," Nan Wynn, William Lundigan.

Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Through Wed., May 28: "Road to Zanzibar," Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope; also "You're the One," Bonnie Baker, Orrin Tucker.

Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84 (EN 2-0696)—Through Fri., May 23: **THE SEA WOLF,** Ida Lupino, Edward G. Robinson, John Garfield; also "A Night at Earl Carroll's," Ken Murray. . . . Sat. through Tues., May 24-27: **NIGHT TRAIN,** Margaret Lockwood, Rex Harrison; also "That Night in Rio," Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Carmen Miranda. . . . From Wed., May 28: "Nice Girl?," Deanna Durbin, Franchot Tone, Robert Benchley; *also "Scotland Yard," Nancy Kelly, John* Loder.

Stoddard, B'way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Through Mon., May 26: "Men of Boys Town," Spencer Tracy, Mickey Rooney; also "Blondie Goes Latin," Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake. . . . Tues. and Wed., May 27-28: "Ellery Queen's Penthouse Mystery," Margaret Lindsay, Ralph Bellamy; also "The Wild Man of Borneo," Frank Morgan, Mary Howard, Billie Burke.

Riverside, B'way at 96 (RI 9-9861)—Through Wed., May 28: **THE FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS,** Marlene Dietrich, Roland Young, Bruce Cabot; also "The Man Who Lost Himself," Kay Francis, Brian Aherne.

Carlton, B'way at 100 (AC 4-8676)—Through Sat., May 24: **THE GREAT DICTATOR,** Charlie Chaplin, Paulette Goddard; also "Blondie Plays Cupid," Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake. . . . Sun. through Wed., May 25-28: **THE LADY EVE,** Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda; also "Rage in Heaven," Ingrid Bergman, Robert Montgomery.

Olympia, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through *Mon., May 26: "Road to Zanzibar," Bing Crosby,* Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope; also "You're the One," Bonnie Baker, Orrin Tucker. . . . Tues. and Wed., May 27-28: "Man-Made Monster," Lionel Atwill; also "Horror Island," Dick Foran.

Nemo, B'way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Through Wed., May 28: **THE FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS,** Marlene Dietrich, Roland Young, Bruce Cabot; also "The Man Who Lost Himself," Kay Francis, Brian Aherne.

Hamilton, B'way at 146 (ED 4-0287)—Through Mon., May 26: **THE FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS,** Marlene Dietrich, Roland Young, Bruce Cabot; also "The Man Who Lost Himself," Kay Francis, Brian Aherne. . . . Tues. and Wed., May 27-28: "Her First Romance," Edith Fellows, Wilbur Evans; also "A Shot in the Dark," Nan Wynn, William Lundigan.

Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Through Mon., May 26: "Road to Zanzibar," Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope; also "You're the One," Bonnie Baker, Orrin Tucker. . . . Tues. and Wed., May 27-28: "Man-Made Monster," Lionel Atwill; also "Horror Island," Dick Foran.

Coliseum, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Through Mon., May 26: **THE FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS,** Marlene Dietrich, Roland Young, Bruce Cabot; also "The Man Who Lost Himself," Kay Francis, Brian Aherne. . . . Tues. and Wed., May 27-28: "Her First Romance," Edith Fellows, Wilbur Evans; also "A Shot in the Dark," Nan Wynn, *William Lundigan.*

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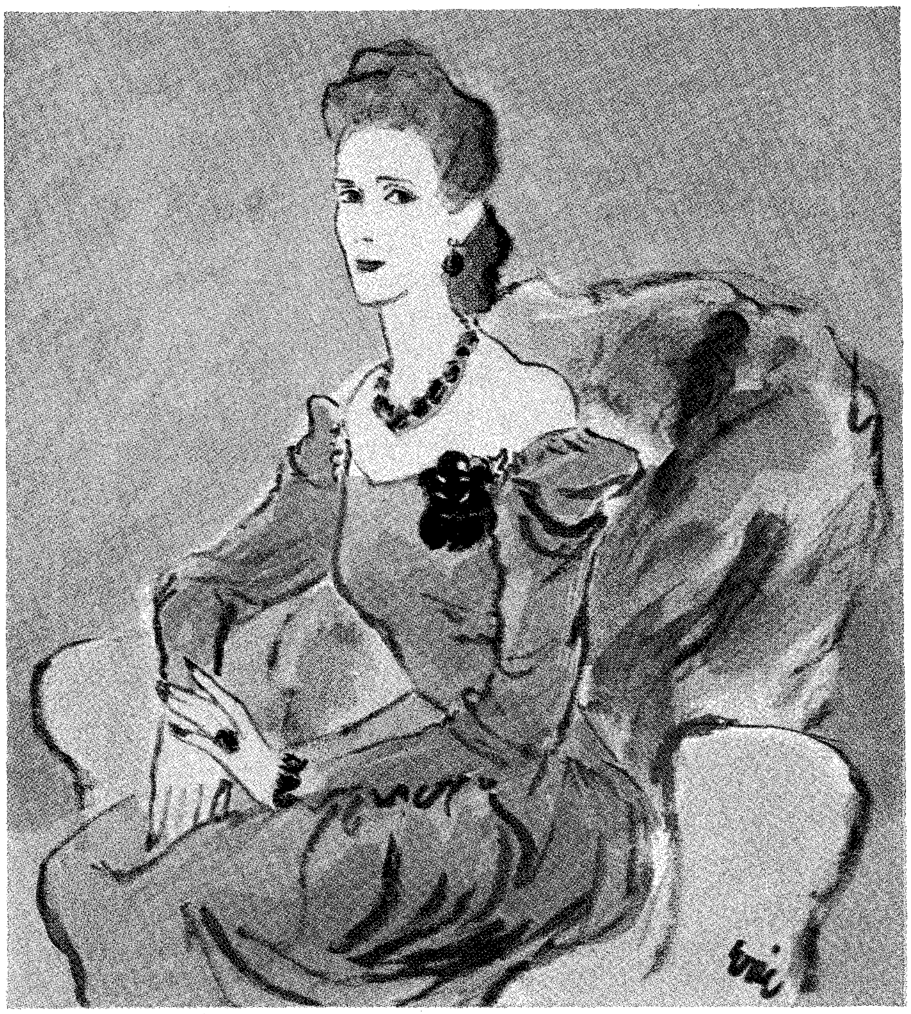

Clare Boothe, noted author and playwright—an original painting for Columbia Records by Carl Erickson

Clare Boothe

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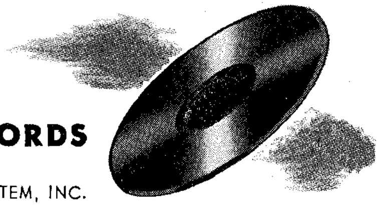

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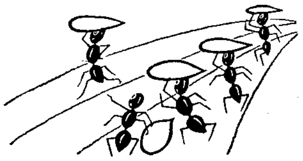
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

Comfortable Note in a Restless Hour: Farrar & Rinehart, recent publishers of a book that was twenty years in the writing, have a fellow under contract to turn out thirty novels during the remainder of his life. Less Comfortable Note: The Remington Arms Company has developed a timing device that can split a second one thousand ways.

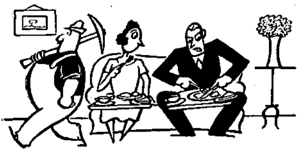
We recommend the spectacle currently being put on at the Bronx Zoo by some parasol ants, because it will develop the philosopher in you, and the philosopher in you, baby, is something you might just as well develop while the sun still shines. The ants, whom we visited personally, are in a six-foot glass cage and they are engaged in carrying rose petals from one little fake island to another over one of two runways. There is plenty of room on the second runway, but an ant is not supposed to use it, and if an ant is caught carrying a rose petal down it, the other ants find him guilty and push him into the water. The ants gnaw and snip the rose petals from fresh-cut roses stuck in a flowerpot inside the cage by Dr. Ditmars and his assistants. Some time ago, Dr. Ditmars thought he would economize by giving the ants rose petals that had dropped to the floor in florists' shops and he tried putting a handful of these in the ant cage; the ants retired into their colony for two days and on the third day a thousand of them, or one-eighth of the total population, were found guilty of something or other by their companions and pushed into the water. Dr. Ditmars then went back to giving the ants fresh-cut roses. For years, incidentally, this carrying of rose petals by parasol ants was misinterpreted by scientists. It was thought that the ants ate the rose petals or else used them to make their colonies waterproof. Actually, the ants carry the rose petals because a fungus grows on the petals and the ants like to eat this fungus. Once they get a rose petal in a dark room of their domicile, they cultivate the fungus until it grows like so many Brussels sprouts. Then they eat. Thus they are mushroom-eaters, like Alfred Hitchcock and any number of other people. Don't look at us. Philosophy is not supposed to clear anything up; it's just supposed to make you think.



The New York City Department of Housing (Division of Aimless Improvements) has just got through with the tenement house we live in. A man came the other day and knocked down most of the wall between the kitchen and the dining room. This was in obedience to a section of the Multiple Dwelling Law which says that every interior room shall have an opening somewhere in it measuring thirty-two and a half square feet. The original idea, we suppose, was to protect people who sleep in rooms without windows and have a tendency to smother. The actual effect in our case was to ruin the appearance of the dining room—thirty-two and a half square feet being a big, ugly hole, very difficult to disguise—and also to improve the ventilation into the kitchen so successfully that the smell of cooking is now visible as a thick blue haze up around the ceiling. The dining room, in short, now complies precisely with the law and the only possible objection anyone could have is that you can't eat in it.

We bring up this personal domestic crisis only because it also illustrates the absolute integrity of the city administration. As soon as we learned what the Department of Housing had on its mind, our own turned instantly to corruption and we either saw or telephoned everybody we knew who might be able to put in the fix down at headquarters. We are proud to be able to report that we got just exactly nowhere. All our influential friends agreed that the improvement was feeble-minded and even that we stood a far better chance of smothering than we did before, but the thought of slipping one of the boys a sawbuck to go away and forget all about it aroused nothing but horror. Manhattan, under the Little Flower, just isn't run that way, they explained.

As we say, our house isn't good for much any more, and there is a fine chance the ceiling will fall down with no wall to support it, but at least we know we are governed by honest men, a little dense but incorruptible. We like to think about that as we sit eating our lunch in the living room, balancing a tray on our lap.



A week or two ago, Ed Wynn took his company to entertain the soldiers at Forts Belvoir and Meade. At Fort Belvoir, seven thousand men saw the performance, which had to be cut short because a number of them yelled at the girls. The wardrobe mistress explained this by saying there were too many Reds in the Army, and Mr. Wynn sensibly remarked that soldiers tend to become enthusiastic when confronted with beautiful girls, but an officer of the Army's morale division just said grimly that it wouldn't happen again. At Fort Meade, eighteen thousand men marched out from camp with flags and mascots, and sat on the sand to take in the show. It looked like rain, and after a while the radicals back in the hills began to chant, "We want to go home!" Later the officers had a fine time stealing the girls from one another, according to rank. Some of the girls found the officers too polite, but on the whole they had a good time, too, and came away feeling that we certainly ought to hurry up and get into the war. Reading the accounts of these doings, we couldn't help feeling that twenty-four years and a new interest in machinery haven't conspicuously altered the ways of the Army.

Survey for Trappers

A WHILE back, stimulated by the arrest of a former Canadian fur trapper named Frank Hoyt for setting mink and ermine traps in Pelham Bay Park in the Bronx, James J. Lyons, president of that borough, got an idea. Hoyt had been pulled in for setting traps on Park Department property, and not for any state offence, since the state allows mink and ermine to be caught all winter. President Lyons' idea was to have a survey made of the fur-bearing wild animals of the Bronx, looking toward possible revenue. He besought Park Commissioner Moses to make such a survey, and the Commissioner went so far as to ask for an appropriation. He didn't get it, and the idea lapsed.

Knowing about this, we assigned our own research department to make a survey and, operating on a shoestring, it has been working off and on all winter. It now submits its findings, which cover not only the Bronx but the whole damned city. We can therefore report that about twenty-five thousand muskrats are trapped every year in New York City, that an adult raccoon was picked up on Fordham Road a few months ago by some policemen, and that most New York muskrats, opossums, weasels (used as ermine), mink, and raccoons hang out in the Bronx and on Staten Island, although a full-grown opossum was taken just two or three weeks ago in a back yard on East Tenth Street, Manhattan, by one Jack Red. The Bronx fauna mostly works its way down the Bronx River from Westchester, a comparative jungle. Occasionally it includes a gray fox. Anyhow, it included one, a pregnant female, a few springs ago. She settled down in Van Cortlandt Park to raise her litter, within a yoick of the Horace Mann and Riverdale Schools.

Our survey reveals that the only borough containing enough fur-bearing animals to keep trappers even moderately solvent is Richmond, where, in the marshy sections on the southeast end of Staten Island, muskrats abound. Some twenty thousand pelts were taken there last year, two hundred of them by a part-time trapper named Wallen, who sold them to the Silberman Fur Corporation of Manhattan for $288.50. A large, dark pelt fetches two dollars; a kit, or baby pelt, fifteen cents. Mr. Silberman, one of the authorities reached in our survey, advised us that Staten Island muskrats end up in Hudson-seal coats or mink-dyed coats or jackets. A Hudson-seal coat contains about fifty pelts and retails for from $90 to $250. Because the Richmond marshes are being taken over for industrial use, Staten Island is falling off as a muskrat centre. Four years ago one trapper took fifteen hundred pelts there singlehanded, and the total Staten Island take used to run to forty or fifty thousand pelts. A resolution is now before the state legislature asking for a law prohibiting the trapping of muskrats in Richmond for the next three years, "so that the muskrat may not become extinct in Staten Island, one of its most natural and beautiful habitats."

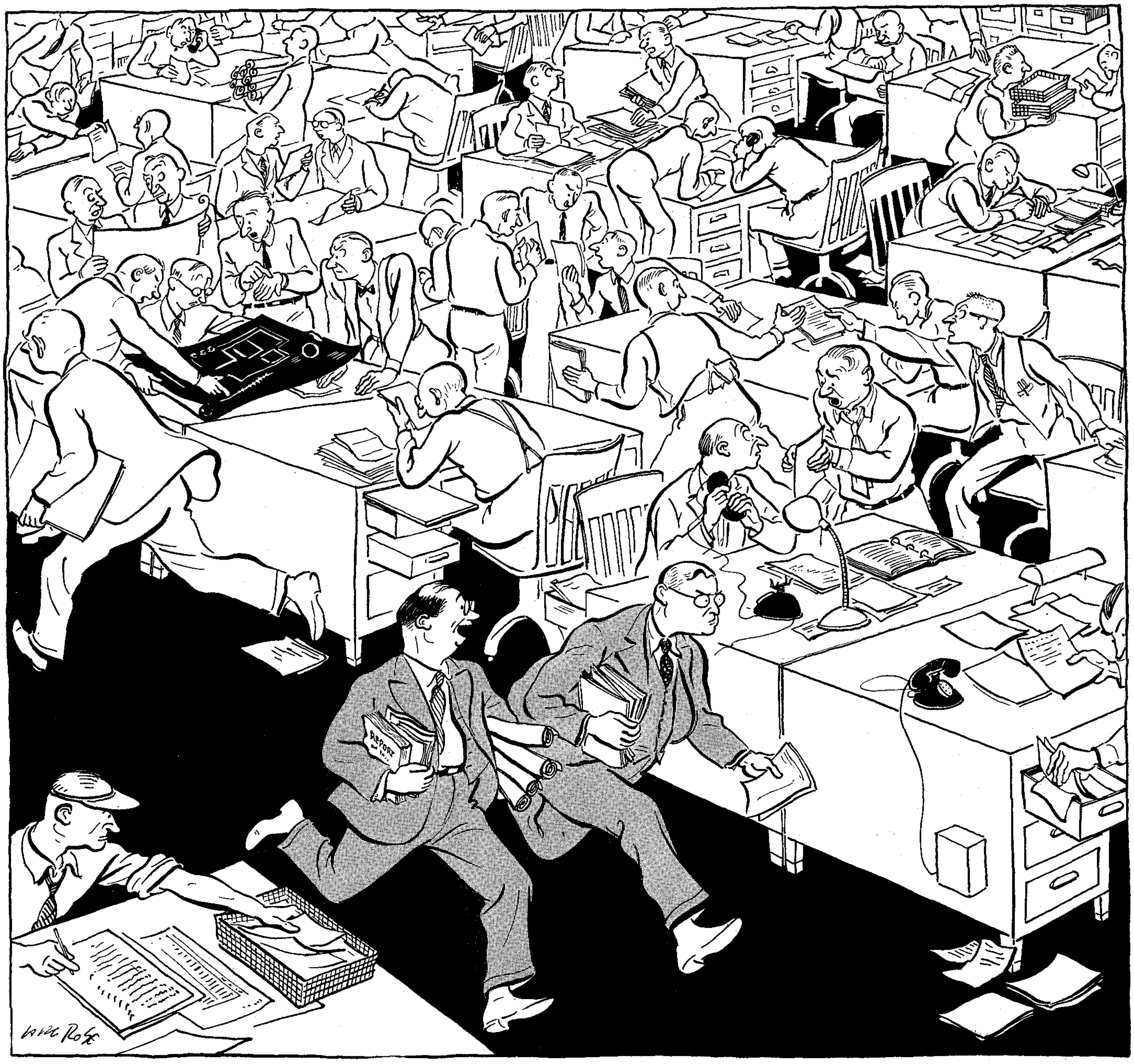
It isn't terribly relevant, but as an indication of the scope of our survey we mention that it embraced the A.S.P.C.A., whose various shelters handled five hundred and twenty-seven fur-bearing wild animals last year. These included two hundred and twenty-four rabbits, two hundred and seventy-seven squirrels, ten opossums, four foxes, three skunks, three raccoons, two woodchucks, one ferret, and one kinkajou or honey bear. Some of these were pets. The kinkajou, for example, was turned over to the Society by a man who had brought it from Central America and subsequently concluded that he was too irresponsible a type to take care of it. These statistics are exclusive, having been compiled especially for us by the A.S.P.C.A., and we turn them over herewith, along with the other information above, to Messrs. Lyons and Moses, with our compliments. There will never be another John Jacob Astor.

Foreign Exchange

AFTER the way we missed printing that Hess story before the papers did, we feel almost silly bothering people with the following trivial wartime tale, but anyhow— It seems that a British warship was laid up at Philadelphia for repairs, and that after it had been there for a couple of weeks the proprietors of a few waterfront saloons appeared at their banks with batches of one-pound notes, which they were shocked to learn were redeemable at only two dollars apiece. It came out that they hadn't heard about the current rate of exchange and had been trustingly accepting the notes from sailors who said all they knew was that they were accustomed to get five dollars to the pound.

Donor

AMONG the rare books and manuscripts which Dr. Albert A. Berg, the surgeon, presented to the Public Library in 1940, after starting the Berg Memorial Collection there with a 3,500-volume gift early in that year, were a dedication copy of "The Raven," given by Poe to Elizabeth Barrett, and a letter of thanks from her stating that since reading the poem a friend of hers who owned a bust of Athena couldn't bear to look at this object in the twilight. This letter obviously called for an answer from an articulate man like Poe, and Dr. Berg, who had for years suspected the existence of such a reply, was delighted when it turned up in the Owen D. Young collection, which he and Mr. Young jointly presented to the Library early this month. This sort of thing is immensely gratifying to Dr. Berg, a slender, intense, bearded bibliophile of sixty-eight who has been collecting English and American literature for thirty-five years; his eyes sparkled as he mentioned it to us when we called on him at his house on East Seventy-third Street last week. Dr. Berg, who was smoking a small Cuban cigar in a crooked holder specially cut for him, told us that he and his brother, the late Dr. Henry W. Berg, began collecting books in 1906. Henry died in 1938, and his brother established the memorial collection (whose original 3,500 items were increased last September when Dr. Berg added the former W. T. H. Howe collection of 16,000 items) in his honor. Dr. Berg declined to go into the details of the Berg-Young gift beyond saying that at the suggestion of the Library he had purchased half of the Young collection of 15,000 books and manuscripts and then presented it to the Library, while Mr. Young had given the other half. This present, according to the Library, represented an investment of several million dollars. It will form part of the Berg Memorial



"That last defence order . . . Old Man said . . . way you handled . . . Knudsen liked . . . congratulations."

• •

Collection. The two brothers, neither of whom ever married, both lived in the Seventy-third Street house, and Dr. Berg called our attention to a photograph over his desk which showed Henry's consulting room as it looked just after he died. A stiff collar and a cravat lay on the mantelpiece. Dr. Henry Berg, feeling badly, had taken these off.

Dr. Albert A. Berg was a pioneer in the field of abdominal surgery and one of the surgeons who developed the radical operation for stomach and duodenal ulcers. He is a native New Yorker. His office contains appreciatively signed photographs of Jascha Heifetz, Josef Hofmann, Murry Guggenheim, Fannie Hurst, and Leopold Godowsky, among others. "To Dr. Berg," the Godowsky inscription runs, "in gratitude for his most efficient execution of my most original pieces." We asked the Doctor just what this referred to, and he looked at us severely. "Have a cigar," he said. We persuaded him to outline his typical daily routine, however: he rises at six, breakfasts at seven, goes up to the Mt. Sinai Hospital, where he is a consulting surgeon, at eight, and operates all morning. From twelve-thirty to two-thirty, except for a few minutes for lunch, he holds office hours. Afternoons he attends consultations and visits hospital patients. He dines at home, calls on patients for a couple of hours, and then reads either medical or general literature until one or two in the morning. He has three canaries, all called Dickie, and at nights turns on the radio for the benefit of the one in his bedroom. "I let him hear music. It keeps him in form," he said. "No boogie-woogie."

We were told by Dr. Berg that he still owns some 2,500 volumes of classical literature and that he never tires of reading and rereading Dickens, Thackeray, Taine, Carlyle, Macaulay, and Horace. "One evening I bought an 1867 Dickens diary, covering his second visit to the United States," he said. "A prominent collector who wanted it had fallen asleep at the sale, and he sent around a dealer the next day who offered me twice my purchase price. I told him I wasn't a dealer."

Dr. Berg hasn't taken a vacation since his brother's death and has given up a camp he had in the Great Smokies, where he used to ride forty to fifty miles a day and shoot bear and wildcat. Except for reading, his only relaxation nowadays is visits to the Library two or three times a week, where he inspects the three big rooms being fixed up to accommodate his gifts. We are told that whenever he comes across something which particularly pleases his fancy there, he says, "Oh gee! Oh golly!"

Battle Cry

OUR favorite picket is the one outside Lilly Daché's who greets passers-by by chanting, "Please do not patronize America's foremost milliner."

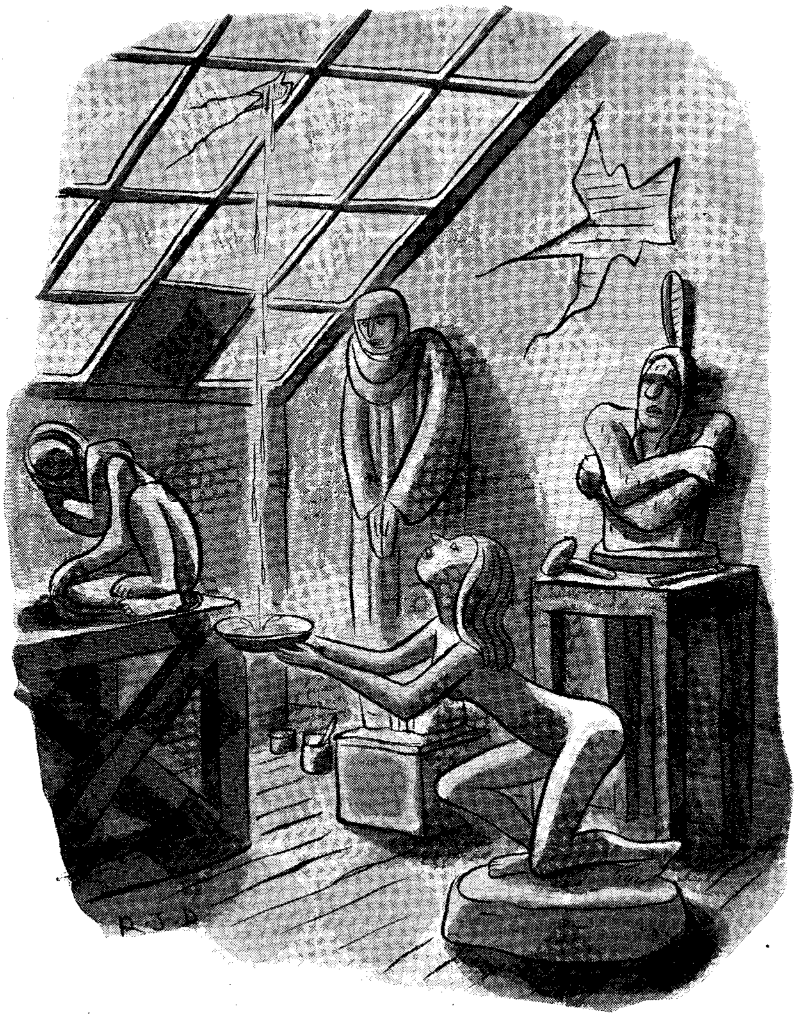
On Robbins Reef

LAST week, Mr. Stanley, our staff explorer, rode again; specifically, he continued his inspection of New York City islands by boarding the Coast Guard cutter Beech for a long-deferred visit to Robbins Reef and the lighthouse which occupies that shelf of rock. This is the lighthouse seen to starboard, a couple of biscuit tosses off, from ships bound out of the harbor. It is one mile north of St. George, Staten Island. Though it is the nearest lighthouse to Manhattan that has a keeper, it manages to preserve the traditional isolation and dreariness of such places. You come alongside in a boat and climb a steel ladder to a balcony running around the structure. Stanley was received by the third-in-command, Second Class Machinist's Mate William Gesser, a cherubic youth of twenty-one, who was alone at the time. The keeper, Gesser explained, was in Newark spending his regular six-day monthly leave, and the assistant keeper had taken a rowboat and gone to Bayonne for provisions.

The hospitality of a lighthouse consists mainly of showing one's guests the light, so Gesser showed Stanley the Robbins Island light. It is an incandescent oil-vapor lamp, runs on kerosene, and gives out a 24,000-candlepower beam visible for thirteen miles in clear weather. It takes fifteen minutes to light up, a precarious process involving smoked glasses and vaporized alcohol. Gesser's exposition was all over Stanley's head. The light rotates on a clockwork base, which has to be wound up every four hours. The foghorn practically takes care of itself, being operated by the electricity from a small generating plant. "Can't sleep when the foghorn's going," Gesser said. The lighthouse staff keep watches, as aboard ship, so that somebody is always awake and alert in case anything should go wrong.

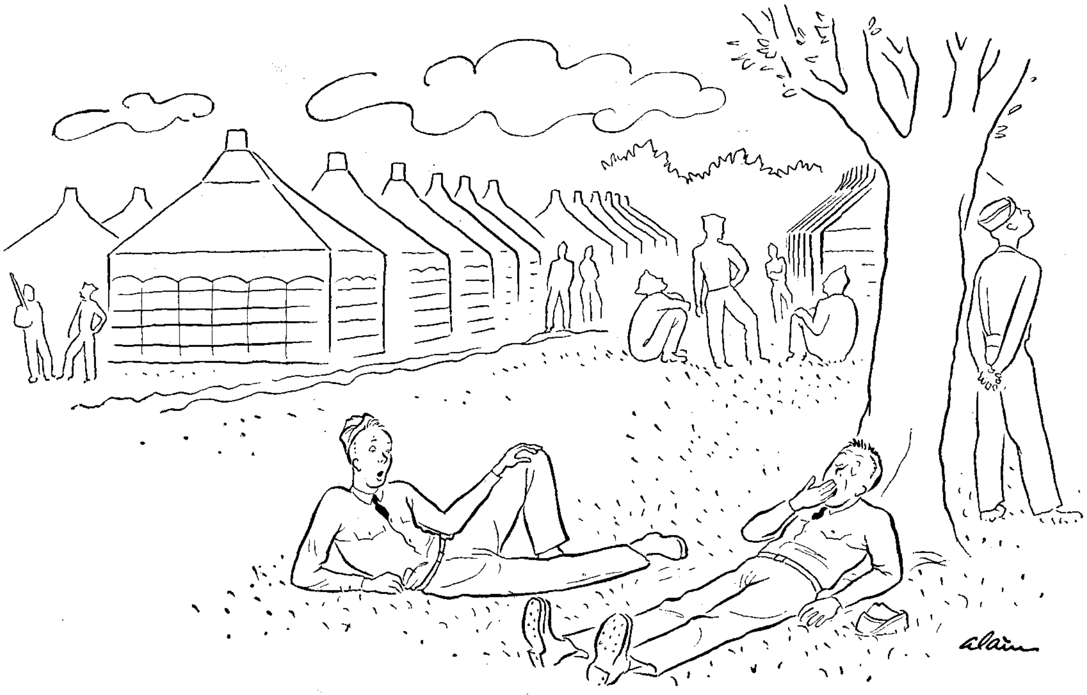
The rooms in the Robbins Reef lighthouse are round, and there is one to a floor. In descending order, they are the keeper's bedroom, the bedroom shared by Gesser and the assistant keeper, the kitchen, and the cellar. The kitchen also serves as sitting room. It contains a wood-burning stove but is without a refrigerator. The evenings are especially quiet, Gesser said. The keeper mostly reflects over back numbers of a magazine called *Outdoor Life*, the assistant keeper plays cautious solitaire, and Gesser improves himself. "I study a book on how to become a machinist's mate, first class," he told Stanley. Once in a while they relieve the monotony by patting the keeper's beagle, a lonely, long-eared bitch named Fay. This is all by the light of kerosene lamps; the only electricity on Robbins Reef is used by the foghorn. The cupboards are well stocked with canned goods, and about once a week somebody rows over to Bayonne for a roast. Gesser was a short-order cook in Baltimore before he entered the Coast Guard, but he isn't tied down to the stove. "I cook whenever I get hot on it," he told Stanley.

Daytime activities on Robbins Reef include polishing the brightwork, painting, and waving at passing vessels. The keepers shout to the freighters bound for England, "Hope you make it!" There was a strong smell of fresh paint about the lighthouse, which Stanley assumed was perpetual. No radio. This astonished Stanley, who sought to inquire into such a strange situation, but Gesser merely said, "The keeper thought of getting one, but he gave up the idea." Pinned down, Gesser said he personally did not regret the keeper's decision. It's a lonely life, but as a small compensation for it, the lighthouse has an elegant mail address: ℅ Robbins Reef Yacht Club, Bayonne, New Jersey. You could write; the men would like it.



Interruption

MAN who owns a number of race horses and had entered one of them in The Preakness was nervously watching it with a pair of fieldglasses as it was about to make the last turn and thunder into the stretch fifteen or twenty lengths behind Whirlaway, but with a chance (the man hoped) of coming in second. At that dramatic moment a lovely young thing, whose name you would instantly recognize if we were cad enough to reveal it, touched him on the shoulder and said, "Might I borrow your glasses for just a moment?" They doubt if he will recover in time for the Belmont Stakes.



"The part I don't like—when this is over I've been promised my old job back."

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Pebbles of Verdura

THE Duke di Verdura, talked about a good deal lately as having collaborated with Dali on some Freudian jewelry, was born and bred in Palermo and comes of a fiery Sicilian family, being the descendant of a Duke di Verdura who around 1800 shot a nun. "She was ringing a bell on the campanile and it made him nervous," the current Duke explained to us the other day. "He was exiled to Florence." The present Verdura is a calmer type, living quietly over the Rosary Flower Shop at 421 Park Avenue and turning up daily at his own shop on Fifth Avenue, where he designs exotic baubles for local ladies, including Mrs. Vincent Astor and Mrs. Harrison Williams. Though some of the Duke's pieces sell for $15,000, he is adapting himself to the times and has in stock at the moment a number of items fabricated from shells and pebbles. These are mounted in gold or incrusted with diamonds, or both. The shells are worn as brooches and the pebbles as buttons, ear clips, or, bunched in gold nets, as boutonnières. "What I get a kick out of is to buy a shell for five dollars, use half of it, and sell it for twenty-five hundred," said the Duke, who has black hair with a streak of gray, and an alert, friendly air. His twenty-five-hundred-dollar shells are, of course, extensively jewelled. He often buys them from the Museum of Natural History. Many of his pebbles he picks up at Fire Island, where he has spent several summers. He also favors leaves as a motif for jewelry and, since they are perishable, copies them in precious stones, which are not.

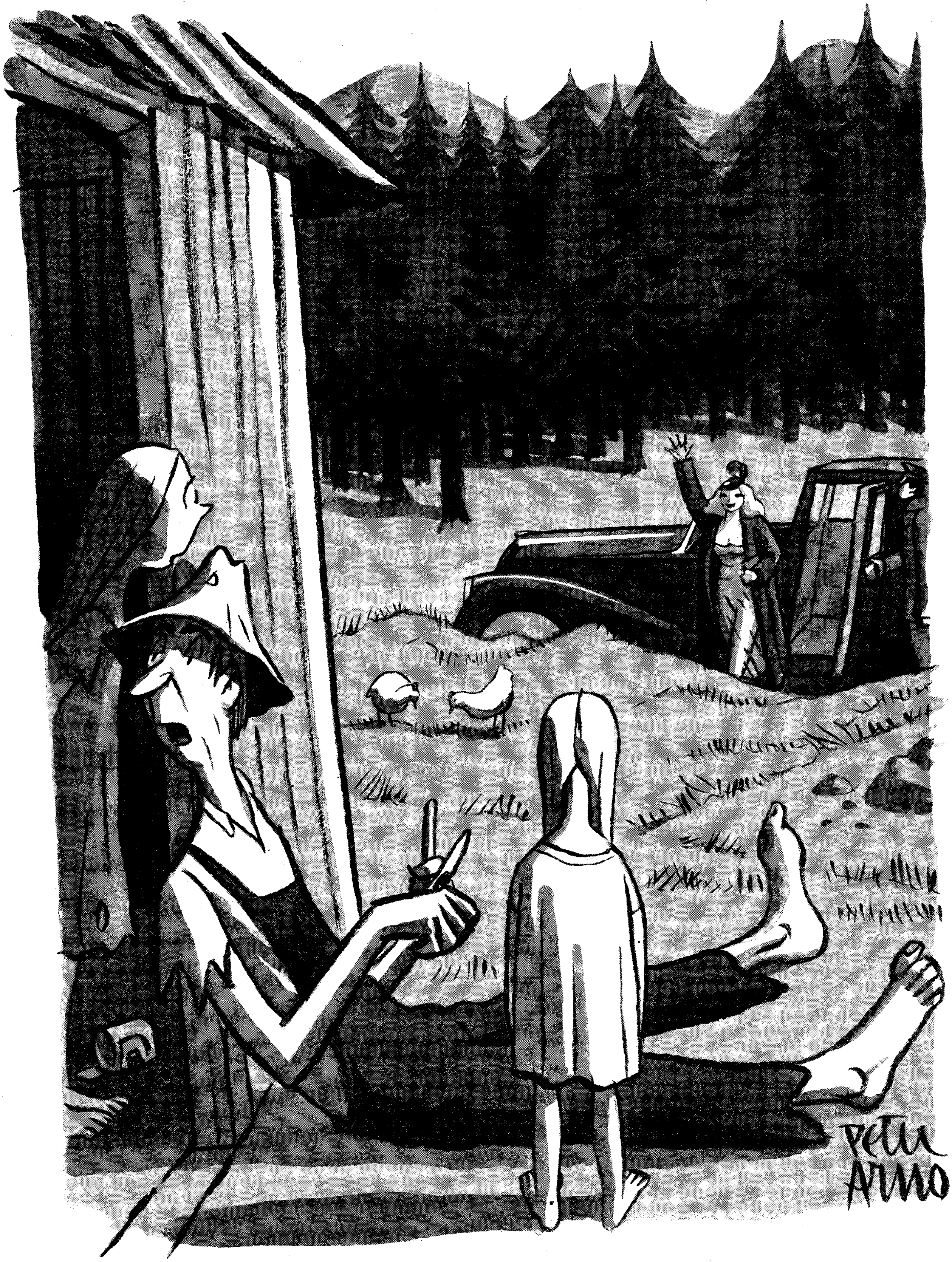
The Duke's father died in 1919, leaving him some money, and Verdura, then nineteen, spent the next few years in riotous living in Cannes, Venice, and Paris. "The kind of thing you shudder at now," he told us vaguely. "I was a real bum." In 1929, he decided to squander what he had left on a monster houseparty. He invited three hundred and fifty people to a house he owns in Palermo, which once belonged to Lady Hamilton, instructing them to wear costumes of the Lady Hamilton period. Lady Mendl came as Mrs. Siddons. "Elsa Maxwell was a cross between a drummer and an admiral," the Duke said. He himself was Napoleon. His mother still lives in the house. He visited her there three years ago and knew everything was all right with her when the toe of a nymph painted on the ceiling fell in his soup.

Following his party, which went on for a week, Verdura got a job in Paris designing costume jewelry for Chanel. In 1934 he came to this country. "There was no past for me here," he told us happily. "I didn't have to say, 'My God, Venice isn't what it used to be!'" The Duke worked for Paul Flato for a while. He opened his own place in September, 1939, the day war was declared. He feels thoroughly assimilated, and in substantiation informed us that at a party this winter Tallulah Bankhead called him a dirty Yankee.

Verdura showed us a cigarette case made in replica of the door of the Abbey of St. Albans in England, and an object consisting of a nude male glass figure mounted in gold and holding a shell containing several fresh-water pearls. "I've tilted the shell so nothing can stay in it and it can't possibly be used as an ashtray," he said. "It's god-damned nice and useless." He offered us a cigarette from a ribbed gold case he was carrying and said he really hated cigarette cases. "There's nothing better than just a pack of Camels with no weight," he stated. The Duke advised us that his hobby is history, his favorite restaurant the Vesuvio on Forty-eighth Street, where he usually eats octopus, that he believes in the evil eye, and that once, when a Pomeranian bit him at a party, he bit it right back. He thinks he has inherited his fearlessness toward animals from his father, who kept a pack of baboons and on one occasion brought a camel from Tunis to Sicily. Nine villages came to serenade the camel with guitars and a bonfire, and the family had to send the camel off to the interior to get rid of them.

Selectivity

IF you think the national-defence effort isn't seriously affecting normal civilian activities, take the case of three footloose young ladies who were strolling through Central Park late the other afternoon when they were accosted by three men. After a brief, informative chat, the girls exchanged trenchant looks and went on, by themselves. "See what I mean?" one of them was heard to say. "They're always either over or under the draft age."



"Maw! Myrtle's back. Looks like she made good."

BETWEEN MADISON AND PARK

ONE morning, when Mrs. Gibson awoke, she realized that she didn't feel very well. She had a choking sensation in her throat and couldn't seem to catch her breath. She took a warm bath and a cold shower and went into the dining room, where she sat down at the table and stared at her grapefruit. Mr. Gibson had almost finished his bacon and eggs before she spoke to him. "Ted," she said, "I feel funny."

He looked up from his paper. "How do you mean, funny?" he asked.

"I can't explain it," she said. "I have a choking sensation. You know, as though I were being strangled."

"You're probably coming down with something," he said. "Better take an aspirin."

She pushed her chair back from the table and stood up. "I believe I will," she said. "I certainly don't want any breakfast."

She took two aspirins and began to get dressed. Before she put on her dress she felt so bad that she decided to lie down for a few minutes. She was still lying down when Mr. Gibson came into the bedroom to say goodbye before he left for his office. "Better?" he asked.

"No," she said. "I really think I feel worse with my head down."

"Does your back ache?" he asked.

"No," she said. "It doesn't ache at all. My head doesn't ache, either, and I'm pretty sure I'm not running a temperature. I just feel funny."

"Well, if you don't ache anywhere, you can't have the flu," he said. He stooped to kiss her. "I'll call you up this afternoon. Take care of yourself."

WHEN her husband had gone, Mrs. Gibson reached for the telephone, which stood on the table between the twin beds, and dialled Marion Tyler's number. "Hello, Marion," she said. "How are you?"

"I'm exhausted," Mrs. Tyler said. "I'm thinking about putting up the living-room curtains. You know what a job that is! All those little rings, and getting the cord just right so that they'll pull without getting snarled. Besides, I think that man shrank them. The lining shows below the chintz. I'm worn out thinking about struggling with them. Why don't you come over for lunch?"

"I don't think I'd better," Mrs. Gibson said. "I feel awfully funny. I have sort of a choking sensation and can't get my breath. I think maybe I'll call up Dr. Hammond."

Mrs. Tyler's voice sounded cheerful. "A choking sensation?" she repeated.

"As though I were being strangled," Mrs. Gibson said.

"Well, I wouldn't bother going to see Dr. Hammond about that. I don't think he'll know a thing about it. It certainly sounds to me as though it were just plain nerves, and Hammond doesn't know anything about nerves. If you'll take my advice, you'll go to see Mitchell."

Mrs. Gibson turned on her side and propped her head up with another pillow. "Mitchell?" she asked. "What does he do?"

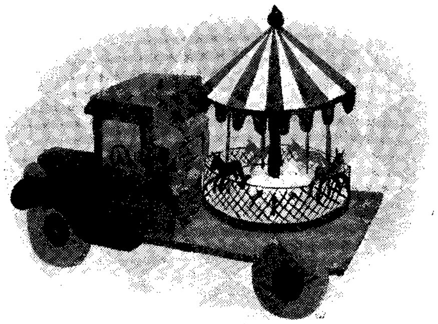
"What does he *do?*" Marion Tyler said. "What *doesn't* he do? I'm surprised you've never heard of him. He's a neurologist, and he knows all about psychiatry, too. He's the one who did so much for Peggy Crandall. Remember how jittery she used to be, and remember the day we were playing at my house and she simply threw her hand down on the table and said she couldn't play another minute?"

"I remember, all right," Mrs. Gibson said. "She was minus seventy-six. And over five dollars of it was mine."

"I'd forgotten about that," Marion Tyler said. "The main point is that Mitchell's the man who got her back on her feet. I really think you'd better call him. His office is in the Eighties, between Madison and Park. Anyway, you can find it in the telephone book. John Lorimer Mitchell."

At that moment, Mrs. Gibson's choking sensation became so bad that she drew in her breath sharply. It frightened her, and her voice grew nervous and strained. "I'll have to hang up," she said. "But I'll call him right away. I'll tell him Peggy Crandall recommended him. That'll be best, don't you think?"

"Yes, I do," Mrs. Tyler said. "He's terribly busy, but if he knows Peggy sent you and that it's really urgent, he'll probably see you today. Let me know what happens."



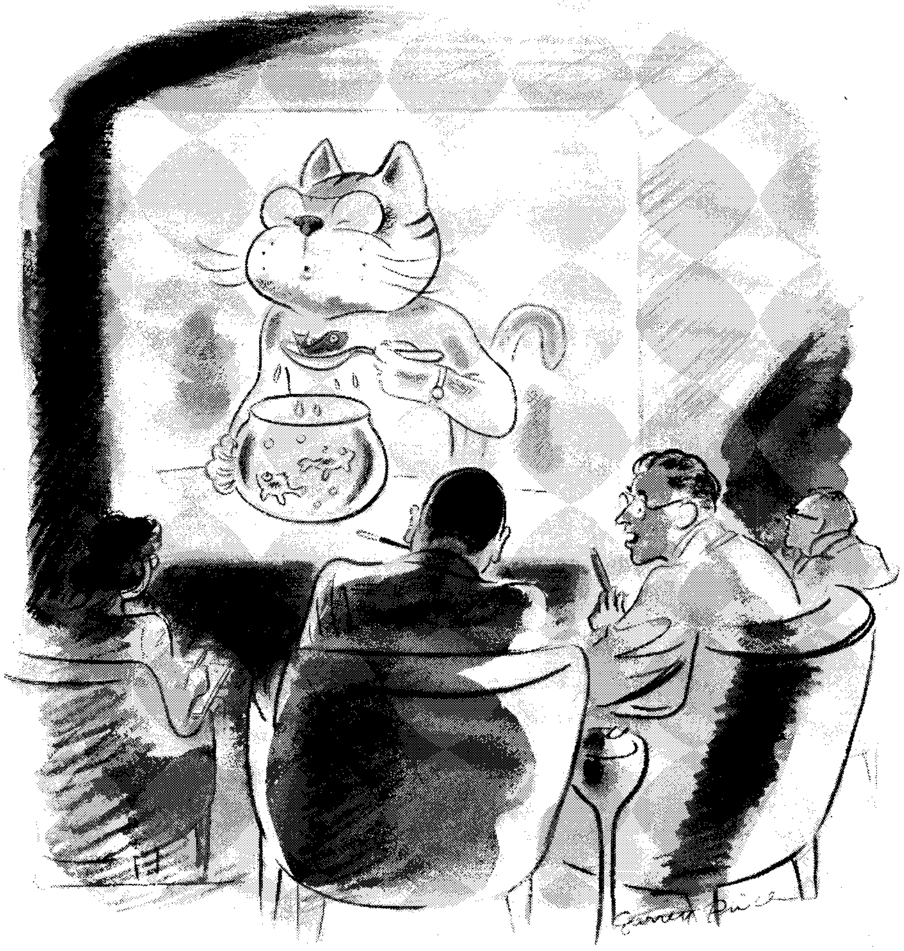
When they had said their goodbyes, Mrs. Gibson reached for the telephone book and then dialled Dr. Mitchell's office. The nurse who answered made an appointment for her to see Dr. Mitchell at eleven-thirty that morning.

MRS. GIBSON took a taxi to the Doctor's office, which was on the main floor of an apartment building on East Eighty-third Street, between Madison and Park. The building was red brick with white trim, which gave it a rather homey appearance until one looked up and saw that it was at least twelve stories high. Dr. Mitchell's office was to the right of the entrance. She rang the bell and stood tapping her foot as she waited. The young woman who answered the door was not in uniform. She wore a neat navy-blue dress with white collar and cuffs, and she had the pleasant, tolerant smile of a kindergarten teacher.

"Mrs. Gibson?" she asked. "This way. Dr. Mitchell will be ready for you in a few moments." She waved her hand toward a room at her right and disappeared into her own small office.

Mrs. Gibson went into the waiting room and sat down in an easy chair which was covered with chartreuse-colored leather. The room was sunny. There was a white iron wall bracket between the windows that held three pots of healthy-looking ivy, and pots of sansevieria stood on either end of the mantel shelf. There was a large table covered with magazines: *Harper's Bazaar*, *Time*, *Fortune*, *Reader's Digest*, *Vogue*, and the *Saturday Evening Post*. The walls of the room were painted a soft green. Mrs. Gibson looked with interest at the pictures. In a spot where the light was just right for it hung a painting that she thought might be a Matisse. There were also several nice etchings and a woodcut. The floor was covered with a fine Oriental rug. As she looked about her, Mrs. Gibson's choking sensation seemed less unpleasant. She felt that help was at hand and, judging by the appearance of the room, intelligent help. She thought of Dr. Hammond's office, with its worn black leather chairs, the ancient magazines, and the small sign that requested his patients to refrain from smoking.

After a while the door across the small foyer opened and a woman came



"I tell you, Manny, it's not logical—a cat wouldn't be eating with his left hand."

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out. "Next Tuesday then!" she called back cheerfully.

WHEN the nurse appeared at the doorway of her office and nodded pleasantly, Mrs. Gibson understood that it was her turn. Her knees shook a little as she entered Dr. Mitchell's office. The office was not as sunny as the waiting room, but it looked out onto a courtyard planted with flowering shrubs and small evergreen trees. Dr. Mitchell was seated behind a kneehole desk that had a top covered with red leather. He reminded Mrs. Gibson of someone she had seen before. His forehead was high and broad, with a receding hairline which accentuated it. His eyes were blue and sharp, with thick lids that moved slowly when he blinked. He wore a beautifully tailored tweed suit, a soft-blue hand-woven tie, and a blue cornflower in the buttonhole of his coat. He sat with his back to the window, so when Mrs. Gibson sat down facing him, the light shone full on her face.

He got up from his chair as she approached and shook hands with her warmly. Then he sat down again, leaned back in his chair, and clasped his hands together. His hands were brown and his nails were healthy and well polished. "So you're a friend of Mrs. Crandall," he said. He frowned at some memory and then his face cleared again. It was as though, in that brief moment, some disaster had loomed before his eyes and had somehow magically been averted.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Gibson said. "I've known her for years."

"Charming person," he said. "And doing beautifully now, I hear."

"Yes," Mrs. Gibson said. She began to open and shut the zipper on her handbag. "Well, Dr. Mitchell, first I want you to understand that I am not a woman who thinks she has something the matter with her when she hasn't and keeps running to doctors all the time."

He laughed pleasantly. "You don't have to tell me that," he said. "I can see that you're not."

"You'll just have to take my word for it that I'm not," Mrs. Gibson said. "It's just that—well, when I woke up this morning I felt funny. I felt as though I were choking. I mean I don't feel *sick* at all. I just have this choking sensation."

Dr. Mitchell closed his eyes.

Mrs. Gibson saw that there was a bust of Shakespeare in the centre of the bookshelves that ran across the side of the room to the right of the Doctor's desk. "Oh!" she cried. "Isn't that the funniest thing! You know, when I came in I was almost sure I'd seen you before, and I guess I was simply thinking of Shakespeare. I mean you would look almost exactly like Shakespeare if you wore a beard."

He opened his eyes. "Now, that's very odd," he said. "So many of my patients have told me the same thing. Personally, I don't see the resemblance. But I suppose one never does see one's own self." He leaned forward and looked at her steadily. "About this choking sensation which you have . . ."

Mrs. Gibson laughed nervously. "I suppose I *imagine* it, really."

"But aren't the things we imagine real to us?" Dr. Mitchell asked softly.

"I daresay they are," Mrs. Gibson said. "At least, I see what you mean. If I thought I were Napoleon, I would really think I *was* Napoleon."

"Let's hope it won't be as bad as that, dear lady," Dr. Mitchell said. He closed his eyes again. "Now, tell me, has anything been worrying you lately?"

Mrs. Gibson thought a minute. "I can't say that it has," she said. "Of course, there's the war, and lately I've noticed that I can't stand riding on the Madison Avenue buses. I didn't used to mind them at all, but really, I've been going out of my way to avoid riding on them."

"I see," he said. "And Mr. Gibson? Now, I don't expect you to tell me your private affairs. You are obviously an adult person and conduct your affairs in an adult manner, but you and Mr. Gibson—"

"Oh, Ted," Mrs. Gibson said. "He's fine."

"Money?" Dr. Mitchell asked.

"Not any more than usual."

"Have you any children?"

"No," Mrs. Gibson said. "I haven't." She added sociably, "Have you?"

"Yes, two," Dr. Mitchell said. "One twelve and the other sixteen. The younger boy is fine. Just a fine, healthy, happy-go-lucky youngster. A real boy. But Lorimer . . ."

"Yes?"

"I can't explain it," Dr. Mitchell said. "Lorimer seems to set the wrong values on the wrong things. We had to change his school again this year, and the other day we got word that he won't graduate with his class."

"Oh," Mrs. Gibson said. "That's a shame. He's probably too mischievous and doesn't like to study. I have a nephew who is like that. Simply won't study."

"Lorimer likes to study," Dr. Mitchell said. "But he only studies what he wants to study. He wants to be a writer. Now, if anyone can understand that feeling, I certainly am that one. I wanted to be a writer myself when I was a boy. But that didn't mean that I neglected my other studies. I feel that Lorimer can be a writer and still follow that pattern of life, the pattern we must follow if we are to live in peace with our fellow-men. I explained it to him when he went away last fall, but he doesn't seem to have understood me."

"Of course, he's only sixteen," Mrs. Gibson said.

"Old enough, though," Dr. Mitchell said sternly, "to realize that he is a human being in a world of human beings. Frankly, Mrs. Mitchell and I don't know what to do with him."

"Does he get into trouble?" Mrs. Gibson asked. "I mean serious trouble."

"Oh, no. Nothing of that sort. He just doesn't like people. He wants to be away by himself. He's either up in the clouds or down in the dumps."

"Maybe if you didn't send him to school and let him go to work for a while," Mrs. Gibson suggested.

Dr. Mitchell breathed in deeply. "I hadn't thought of that," he said. "I'll talk it over with Mrs. Mitchell." He closed his eyes and nodded. "That might be the solution," he said. He opened his eyes and smiled at Mrs. Gibson and she smiled back. "Now, that choking sensation," he said. He took out a prescription blank from the drawer of his desk, wrote hurriedly on it, and handed it to her. The prescription was written in Latin, but at the bottom of the blank were two words in English. "For tension," they read.

"Thank you," Mrs. Gibson said. She arose to go and they shook hands. "I hope your boy will be all right. I'm *sure* he will. After all, you must realize he's only sixteen."

"I'd like to see you again in about a week," Dr. Mitchell said. "And we'll see if that choking sensation hasn't cleared up. It may be a form of claustrophobia, or it may be that you are overtired and your nerves are playing tricks. Will you stop and make an appointment with Miss Devers, my nurse?"

"Yes, I will," Mrs. Gibson said. "Goodbye."

In the small office next to the waiting room she found Miss Devers. Mrs. Gibson left her name and address and made an appointment to see Dr. Mitchell again a week from Wednesday. "Would you mind telling me what Dr. Mitchell charges?" Mrs. Gibson asked. "My husband will want to know. You know how men are."

"Of course," Miss Devers answered brightly. "Twenty-five dollars for the first visit and fifteen dollars for all other visits, unless you wish him to come to your home. That would be slightly more."

"I see," Mrs. Gibson said. She tucked the prescription in her bag and nodded goodbye to Miss Devers.

THE weather was clear and the sky was very blue. Mrs. Gibson remembered that she had had no breakfast and realized that she was hungry. She frowned, thinking of Dr. Mitchell's boy Lorimer. She was fond of children, and as she started toward Madison Avenue she wondered if Dr. Mitchell was handling the boy in the right manner. She thought that maybe if she could have a little talk with Lorimer sometime, she might understand him better than his parents did. She decided to ride down to Marion Tyler's and have lunch with her after all. She could leave her prescription at the drugstore and pick up her medicine on her way home. She ran across Madison Avenue, hailed a bus, and got on it without thinking about it at all.

—SALLY BENSON

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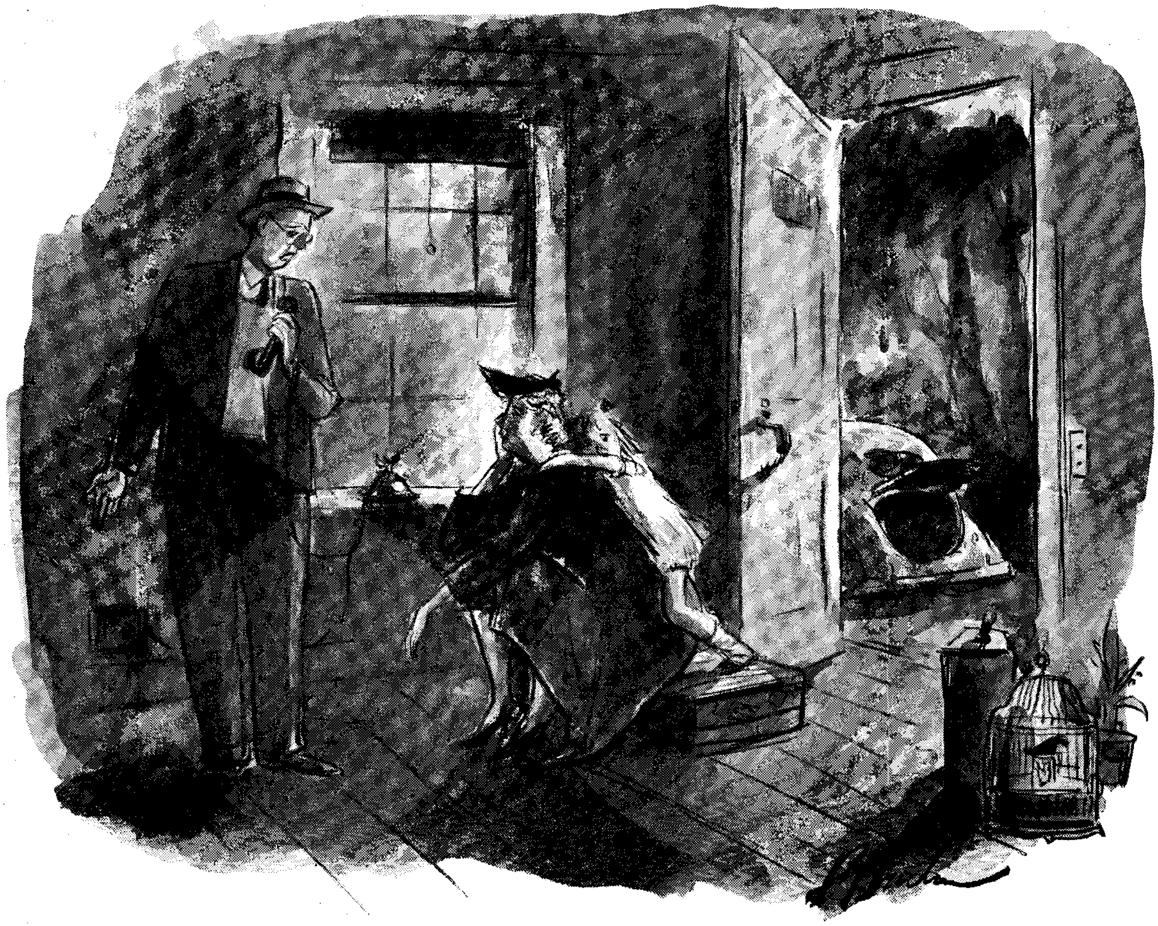
MAN—6 ft. 6; 200 lbs.; age 32, wants light work. Address B 359.—*Adv. in the Chicago Tribune.*

Hoarding the old strength, bud?



"They broke an axle. The things are all being transferred to another van."

DAYS OF INNOCENCE

V—GIANTS AT THE BAR

NOT infrequently I am asked by young college folk, sometimes male and sometimes female, whether there has been any significant change, in my time, in the bacchanalian virtuosity of the American people. They always expect me, of course, to say that boozing is now at an all-time high, for they are a proud generation and have been brought up to believe that prohibition introduced techniques unparalleled on earth since the fall of Babylon. When I support that thesis it is only to please them, for the facts run quite the other way. My actual belief is that Americans reached the peak of their alcoholic assiduity in the closing years of the last century. Along about 1905 there was a sudden and marked letting up—partly due, I suppose, to the accelerating pace and hazard of life in a civilization growing more and more mechanized, but also partly to be blamed on the lugubrious warnings of the medical men, who were then just beginning to pollute their hocus-pocus with the alarms of the uplift.

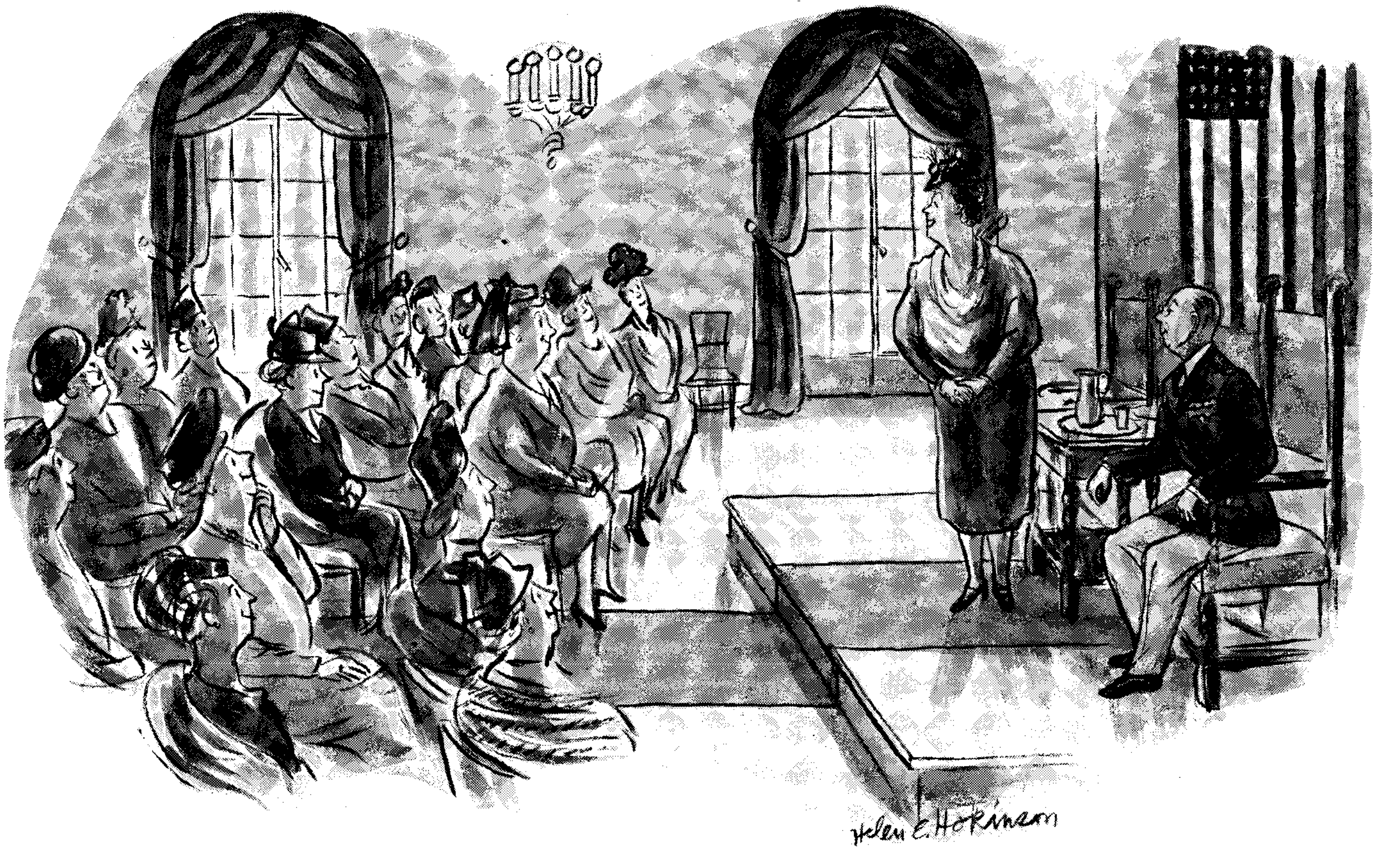
In the days of my earliest recollection, physicians had no more sense of civic responsibility than so many stockbrokers or policemen. A doctor of any decency not only had nothing to say against the use of distilled or fermented beverages; he was himself, nine times out of ten, an appreciative customer of them and argued openly that they sustained him in his arduous and irregular life. Old Dr. Z. K. Wiley, our family practitioner in Baltimore, always took a snifter with my father when he dropped in to dose my brother Charlie and me with castor oil, and whenever, by some unusual accident of his heavy practice, he had any free time afterward, he and my father gave it over to friendly communion with the decanters. His favorite prescription for a cold was rock-and-rye, and he believed and taught that a shot of Maryland whiskey was the best preventive of pneumonia in the "r" months.

Louis Jamme

I was thus greatly surprised when, as a young newspaper reporter, I first heard a medical man talk to the contrary. This was in the winter of 1899-1900, and the place was a saloon adjacent to a messy downtown fire. I was helping my betters to cover the fire and followed them into the saloon for a prophylactic drink. The doctor, who was a Fire Department surgeon, thereupon made a speech arguing that alcohol was not a stimulant but a depressant, and advising us to eschew it until the fire was out and we were relaxing in preparation for bed. "You think it warms you," he said, supping a hot milk, "but it really cools you, and you are seventeen and a half per cent more likely to catch pneumonia at the present minute than you were when you came into this doggery."

Such heresies naturally outraged the older reporters, and they became so prejudiced against the doctor that they induced the Fire Board, shortly afterward, to can him—as I recall it, by reporting that he was always drunk on duty. But his words made a deep impression on my innocence and continue to lurk in my mind to this day. In consequence, I am what may be called a somewhat cagey drinker. I never touch the stuff by daylight if I can help it, and I employ it of an evening not to hooch up my faculties but to let them down after work. Not in years have I ever written anything with so much as a glass of beer in my system. My compositions, I gather, sometimes seem boozy to the nobility and gentry, but they are actually done as soberly as those of the late William Dean Howells.

BUT this craven policy, I should say at once, is not general among the literati, nor was it to be noted among the journalists of my apprentice days. Between 1899 and 1904 there was only one reporter south of the Mason and Dixon line who did not drink at all, and he was considered insane. In New York, so far as I could make out, there was not even one. On my first Christmas Eve in the newspaper business but two sober persons were to be found in the old Baltimore *Herald* office, one of them a Seventh Day Adventist office boy in the editorial rooms and the other a superannuated stereotyper who sold lunches to the printers in the composing room. There was a printer on the payroll who was reputed to be a teetotaller



"After hearing Colonel Morgan, I'm sure all of us have overcome any fear we may have had of Japan."

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—indeed, his singularity gave him the curious nickname of the Moral Element—but Christmas Eve happened to be his night off. All the rest were full of what they called hand-set whiskey. It was sold in a saloon next door to the *Herald* office and was reputed to be made by the proprietor in person—of wood alcohol, snuff, tabasco sauce, and coffin varnish. The printers liked it and got down a great many carboys of it. On the Christmas Eve I speak of, its effects were such that more than half of the linotype machines in the composing room broke down and one of the apprentices ran his shirttail through the proof press. Down in the cellar four or five pressmen got hurt, and the city edition was nearly an hour late.

Nobody cared, for the head of the whole establishment, the revered editor in chief, was locked up in his cubbyhole of an office with a case of Bourbon. At irregular intervals he would throw a wad of copy paper over the partition which separated him from his slaves, the editorial writers, and when this wad was smoothed out it was always found to be part of an interminable editorial against General Felix Agnus, editor of the rival *American*. The General was a hero of the Civil War, with so much lead in him that he was said to rattle as he walked, but the town scandalmongers alleged that he had come to America from his native France as a barber, so the editorial was headed "The Barber of Seville." It never got into the paper, for it was running beyond three columns by press time and the night editor killed it for fear that its point was still to come. When the editor in chief inquired about it two or three days afterward, he was told that a truck had upset in the composing room and pied it.

THE hero of the *Herald* composing room in those days was a fat printer named Bill, who was reputed to be the champion beer-drinker of the Western Hemisphere. Bill was a first-rate linotype operator and never resorted to his avocation in working hours, but the instant his time was up he would hustle on his coat and go to a beerhouse in the neighborhood and there give what he called a setting. He made no charge for admission, but the spectators, of course, were supposed to pay for the beer. One night in 1902 I saw him get down thirty-five bottles in a row. Perhaps, in your wanderings, you have seen the same, but have you ever heard of a champion who could do it without leaving his place at the bar? Well, that is what Bill did, and on another occasion, when I was not present, he is said to have reached forty-two. Physiologists tell me that these prodigies must have been optical illusions, for there is not room enough in the coils and recesses of man for so much liquid, but I can only reply *Pfui* to that, for facts are facts.

In the year 1904, when the *Herald* office was destroyed in the great Baltimore fire and we had to print the paper for five weeks in Philadelphia, I was sent ahead to look for accommodations for the printers. I found them in one of those old-fashioned dollar-a-day hotels that were all bar on the first floor. The proprietor, a German with goat whiskers, was somewhat reluctant to come to terms, for he had heard that printers were wild fellows who might be expected to break up his furniture and rough his chambermaids, but when I told him that a beer champion was among them he showed a friendly interest, and when I began to brag about Bill's extraordinary talents he proposed amiably that some Philadelphia foamjumpers be invited in to make it a race.

The first heat was run the very next night, and Bill won hands down. In fact, he won so easily that he offered grandly to go on until he had drunk twice as much as the next-best entry. We restrained him and got him to bed, for there had been some ominous whispering among the other starters and it was plain that they were planning to call in help.

The next night it appeared in the shape of a tall, thin man from Allentown, Pennsylvania, who was introduced as the champion of the Lehigh Valley. He claimed to be not only a beer-drinker of high gifts but also a member of the Bach Choir at Bethlehem, and when he got down his first dozen mugs—the boys were drinking from the wood—he cut loose with an exultant yodel that he said was one of Bach's forgotten minor works. But he might very well have saved his wind, for Bill soon had him, and at the end of the setting he was four or five mugs behind and in a state resembling suffocation. The next afternoon I saw his fans taking him home, a sadder and a much less melodious man.

On the first two nights there were only slim galleries, but on the third the bar was jammed, and anyone could see that something desperate was afoot. It turned out to be the introduction of two super-champions, the one a short, saturnine Welshman from Wilkes-Barre and the other a hearty, blond young fellow from one of the Philadelphia suburbs, who said that he was half German and half Irish. The Welshman was presented as the man who had twice drunk Otto the Brewery Horse under the table, and we were supposed to know who Otto was, though we didn't. The Celto-Teutonic mongrel had a committee with him, and the chairman thereof offered to lay twenty-five dollars on him at even money. The printers in Bill's corner made up the money at once, and it had grown to fifty dollars in forty minutes by the clock, for the hybrid took only that long to blow up. The Welshman lasted much better, and there were some uneasy moments when he seemed destined to make history again by adding Bill to Otto, but in the end he succumbed so suddenly that it seemed like a bang, and his friends laid him out on the floor and began fanning him with bar towels.

Bill was very cocky after that and talked grandiosely of taking on two champions at a time, in a marathon series. There were no takers for several nights, but then they began to filter in from the remotest wilds of the Pennsylvania-Dutch country, and the whole *Herald* staff was kept busy guarding Bill by day, to make sure that he did not waste any energy on malt liquor in the afternoons. He knocked off twenty or thirty challengers during the ensuing month, including another alleged member of the Bach Choir, two more Welshmen from the hard-coal country, a Scotsman with an ear missing, and a bearded Dunkard from Lancaster County. They were mainly push-overs, but now and then there was a tough one. Bill did not let this heavy going interfere with the practice of his profession. He set type every night from 6 P.M. to midnight in the office of the *Evening Telegraph*, where we were printing the *Herald*, and never began his combats until twelve-thirty. By two o'clock he was commonly in bed, with another wreath of laurels hanging on the gas jet.

TO ease your suspense, I'll tell you at once that he was never beaten. Germans, Irishmen, Welshmen, and Scotsmen went down before him like so many Sunday-school superintendents, and he bowled over everyday Americans with such facility that only two of them ever lasted more than half an hour. But I should in candor add that he was out of service during the last week of our stay in Philadelphia. What fetched him is still a bone of contention among the pathologists at the Johns Hopkins Medical School, to whom the facts were presented officially on our return to our rehabilitated printing plant in Baltimore. The only visible symptom was a complete loss of speech. Bill showed up one night talking hoarsely, the next night he could manage only whispers, and the third night he was as mute as a giraffe.

There was absolutely no other sign of distress. He was all for going on with his derisive harrying of the Pennsylvania lushers, but a young doctor who hung about the saloon and served as physician at the bouts forbade it on unstated medical grounds. Some of the Johns Hopkins brethren argue that Bill's potations must have dissolved the gummy coating of the pharyngeal plexus and so paralyzed his vocal cords; the rest laugh at this as nonsense savoring of quackery and lay the whole thing to an intercurrent laryngitis induced by insufficient bedclothes on very cold nights. I suppose that no one will ever know the truth. Bill recovered his voice in a couple of months and soon afterward left Baltimore. Of the marvels, if any, that marked his subsequent career I can't tell you. He was only one of a notable series of giants who flourished along the Eastern seaboard in the early twentieth century.

—H. L. MENCKEN

• •

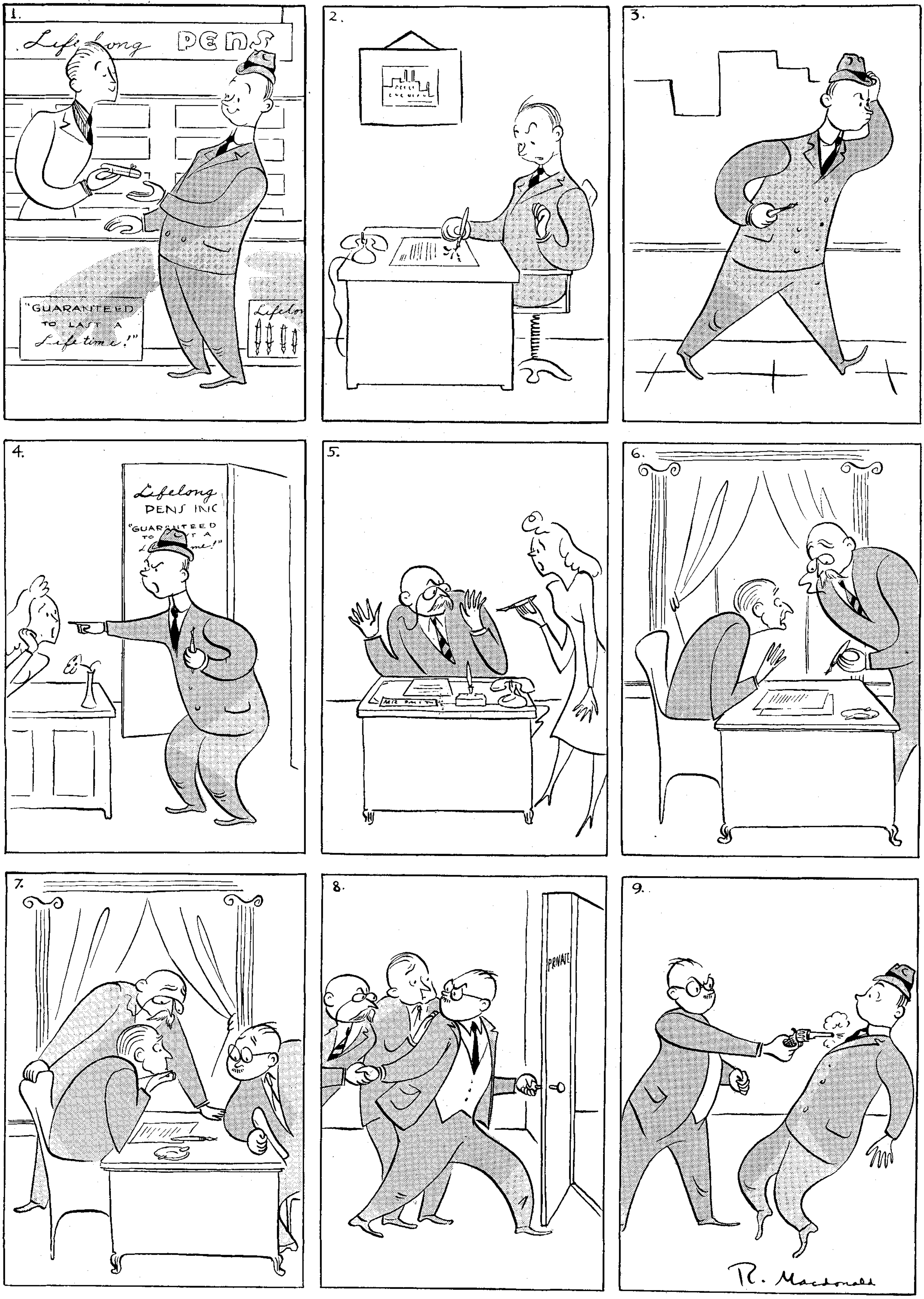
TO BE IN ENGLAND

Cuckoo, this year
Did the journey from Africa
Seem no more
Than to migrate from one shore to another shore?

And the stir
Of blood, and the fever,
And the setting forth,
And the long flight impaled upon the sense of north,
And the green
Arrival—no more than it has always been?

And no new
Compulsion, no power summoning you—
From those who cry,
"Let me hear the cuckoo again before I die!"?

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER


1.
Lifelong PENS
"GUARANTEED TO LAST A Lifetime!"
Lifelon
2.
3.
4.
Lifelong PENS INC
"GUARANTEED TO LAST A Lifetime!"
5.
MR SMITH
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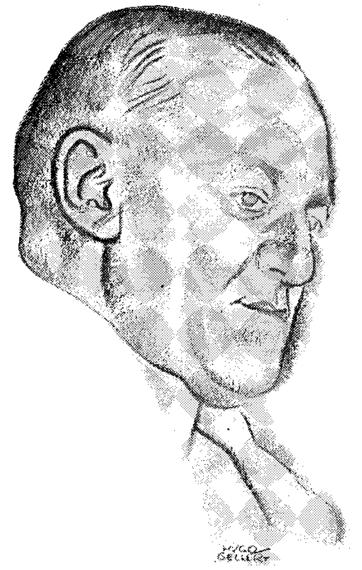
PRIVATE
9.
R. Macdonald

PROFILES

PREXY



Michael Joseph Delehanty

WHEN Nicholas Murray Butler walks down the street he is unlikely to meet a Columbia alumnus who knows him well enough to come up and say, "Hello, Nick!" When, however, Michael Joseph Delehanty, president of the city's leading Civil Service school, the Delehanty Institute, walks down the street he is almost sure to run onto a cop, and the cop is almost sure to be an alumnus who says, "Hello, Mike!" The Institute, which specializes in teaching people how to pass Civil Service examinations, has turned out about three hundred and fifty thousand graduates, of whom about fifty thousand became policemen and fifty thousand became firemen. Nine out of every ten cops and eight out of every ten firemen in the city graduated from the Delehanty Institute, or, as the boys call it, Delehanty U.

According to Delehanty, many people, when they think of Civil Service at all, picture a dull, stringy-looking man poking amiably through a mail sack. They have heard vaguely that this innocuous fellow makes around $200 a month and that after he has exhausted a substantial part of his life expectancy he will receive a pension which expires simultaneously with himself. They suspect that the world of Civil Service, everything considered, is somewhat lacking in variety and exhilaration. Delehanty, who has spent the last thirty years steering men and women into the comfortable confines of Civil Service, has no patience with such naïve views. He believes fanatically that Civil Service is the shrewdest way in the world to make a living: a job that is yours as long as you mind your own business, a job that gives you a chance for regular promotion and a pension at the end. That program, Delehanty contends, is exciting enough for anyone. As for variety, he points to a list of courses his school offers and says, "Everything from prison guard to subway conductor—I don't know how you could want more to choose from than *that*." In between there are courses for cops, firemen, postmen, city electricians, state court attendants, federal unemployment-insurance referees, and sixteen other kinds of Civil Service workers.

Delehanty also points, though with a twinge of pain, to the variety of the questions asked in recent Civil Service examinations. In the last one for municipal firemen, for instance, candidates were asked questions involving the personnel of the Supreme Court and the National Labor Relations Board, advanced physics, plane geometry, and the Minimum Wage Law of New York State. One formidable section of the exam was devoted to philology. The aspiring firemen were asked the meanings of words like "covenant," "harpy," "astringency," "foible," "enervate," and "precursor." After the examination one of the applicants, a bit groggy, remarked, "I'd like to know what the hell good a harpy would do me once I got a fire hose in my hand." Delehanty shares that applicant's skepticism, but he nevertheless makes it his business to adapt his courses to any trend, however cultural, the examinations take.

DELEHANTY is a stubby, black-haired, suspicious-eyed, ruddy man of sixty-three who seems ten years younger. He looks like an exceptionally prosperous fire captain. Most of the time he tries to maintain a stern air. "They tell me," he says, "that I have one hell of a frosty face." As might be expected, he also has his mellow side. He is famous as a soft touch; every day he hands out small loans to a dozen or more callers at his office. One of his employees said a while ago, "M.J.'s heart is too large for his body. He can scarcely take a step without somebody puts the bite on him." Also, he is usually good for a hundred or more tickets for a police or fire benefit. However, the success of his school has probably depended less on any peculiarity of character, or even on his solid business judgment, than on his fundamental ability to sniff out questions that will appear on Civil Service examinations of the future. To accomplish this, he studies examinations already given, reads all books and articles published on the subject of Civil Service, talks to Civil Service workers, and tries to anticipate questions arising out of such changes in the times as the invention of the horseless fire engine or the radio. He has been saddened by the tendency these days to make the questions more highbrow and less predictable. Civil Service examinations are prepared under the supervision of three Civil Service Commissions, federal, state, and municipal. All three commissions have been tough lately, and Delehanty feels that the Municipal Commission particularly is going about its duties in too progressive a manner. It is becoming almost rudely inquisitive about the Civil Service applicants' general knowledge, their familiarity with current events, and their innate intelligence. One of the instructors at the Institute said recently, "There was a time when they asked things that had a direct bearing on the job at hand." Typical of the questions once asked a candidate for the job of fireman were "What is a ladder?" and "How do you get a kink out of a hose?" The new type of exam is above such obvious considerations. Among the problems in the last test for city fireman was the following:

> Suppose that you are employed as fireman. A new man is appointed to your company. The man has red hair. It is most probable that this man will (A) have a fiery, uncontrollable temper, (B) be very aggressive, (C) be very intelligent, (D) be much like other men in your company, (E) be unusually obstinate.
>
> *Answer*: D.

Another question, involving a backward couple named Mr. and Mrs. Smart, was:

> At two o'clock in the morning Mrs. Smart awakened her husband and said the house was on fire. Mr. Smart dressed hurriedly, ran seventeen blocks past five fire-alarm boxes to the fire station and told the firemen that his house was on fire. When Mr. Smart and the firemen returned, the house had burned down. This is an illustration of the (A) need for a plentiful supply of fire-alarm boxes, (B) fact that fire is no respecter of persons, (C) necessity of preventing fires, (D) desirability of educating the public, (E) need for more fire stations.
>
> *Answer*: D.

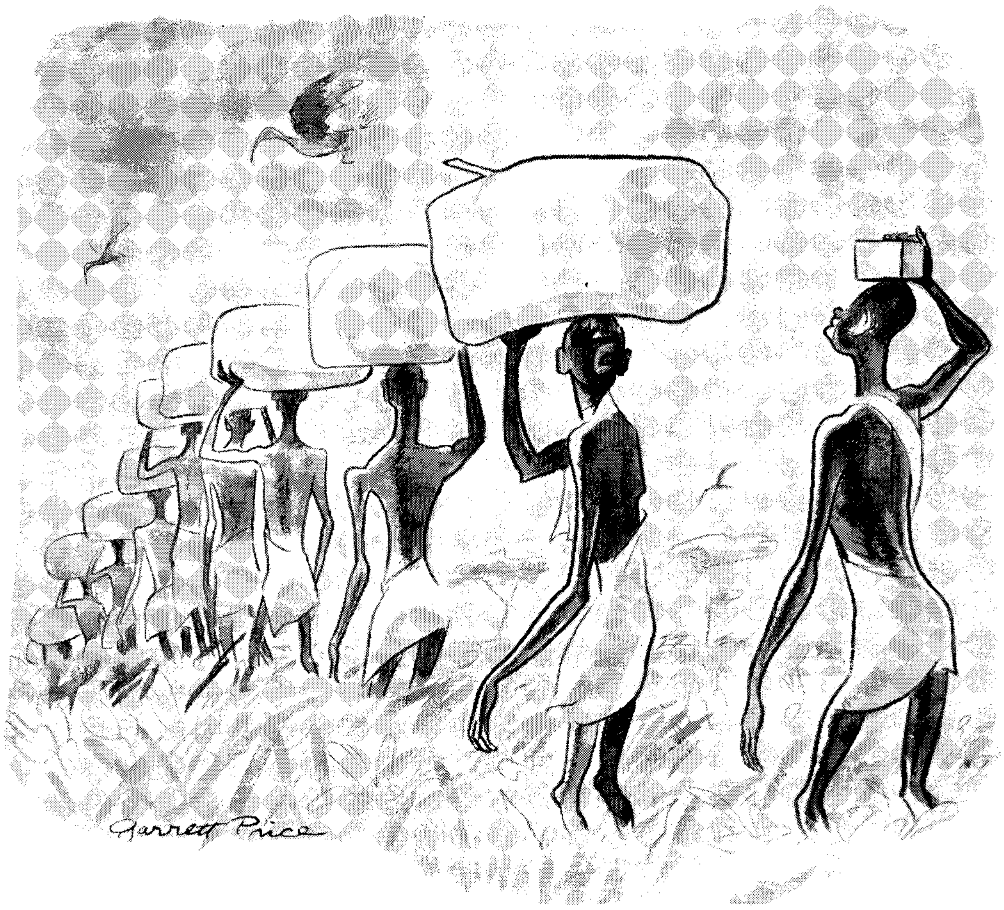
Candidates for the police force, who used to be asked such things as "How do you use a night stick?," are now, like the firemen, given complex human predicaments to ponder. In the last exam for patrolmen, this one was offered:

> Suppose that while you are directing traffic at Columbus Circle, a young man approaches and asks, "How can I get to Columbus Circle?" You should say (A) "On your way, young man." (B) "This seems paradoxical. You seek what you have." (C) "Columbus Circle is on Fifty-ninth Street and Broadway." (D) "By turning around and inspecting your surroundings." (E) "This is Columbus Circle. Where do you want to go?"
>
> *Answer*: E.

Delehanty Institute is not the only Civil Service school in the city, but it has a larger enrollment than all the rest combined. Often, discussing the prosperity of his institution, which today has around ten thousand students, Delehanty proudly pulls out a list containing the names of all the officers, from captains up, now on the police force. Out of a total of a hundred and ninety, only four did not prep at the Institute. "Three of *them* have retired since the list was drawn up," Delehanty says. "Dropped out cold." Even Commissioner Lewis Valentine is a graduate (Delehanty '27). On the force there are a great number of serious-minded cops who come back to Delehanty for postgraduate courses that will get them ready for promotion. A city official, in remarking recently that Delehanty had made a big contribution to public morale, said, "He has played a glorious part in the intellectual evolution of the policeman. When Mike Delehanty drops the reins of his Institute, it will be the saddest day in the annals of Civil Service."

Delehanty Institute is a direct result of its president's skill in passing examinations as a small boy and young man. Delehanty, with his mother and an older brother, Charles, came to New York in 1889 from a small farm in northern Pennsylvania. The boys' father had just died. The family lived here with an uncle who owned a small dairy. The uncle put the lads in school and set them to hauling milk cans before and after classes and on Saturdays and Sundays. In spite of these rather onerous extracurricular activities, Michael became an impressive examination-passer at St. Vincent's Parochial School. In his finals one year he made a hundred in arithmetic, ninety-eight in history, ninety-six in geography, and ninety-five in English. Examinations fascinated him, and his friends regarded him as an eccentric because he preferred taking an exam to playing baseball. Following graduation, he tarried for several years in the dairy business, first with his uncle and later with his brother, who had gone on his own. In 1903, Michael had his first encounter with Civil Service. He read a newspaper advertisement of an examination for the position of milk inspector at an attractive salary. Recalling that he had been one of the most celebrated examination-passers at St. Vincent's and that he knew the milk business thoroughly, he entered the competition. The examination proved about as difficult for him as one in fourth-grade spelling. As it turned out, the ease with which he passed led to his not becoming an inspector at all. He figured that since he possessed this special knack, he might as well take some more Civil Service examinations for the pure hell of it before settling down. Proceeding without any particular plan, he disposed of tests for jobs as sanitation inspector, sergeant of aqueduct police, attendant in Magistrate's Court, and New York County deputy sheriff. He finally accepted the job of deputy sheriff and served for six years. During this period he continued to take one or another Civil Service examination whenever it was convenient.

In 1910, when Delehanty was thirty-three, he took a Civil Service examination for attendant in the State Supreme Court, passed it, and switched from the executive to the judicial branch of the law. He found the duties of court attendant surprisingly light and began casting about for some project to fill out the day. He realized that he had not yet adequately exploited his mastery of exams. He paid a visit to Professor H. W. Titus, a retired weight-lifter who ran the town's first Civil Service preparatory school. Professor Titus operated on the theory that all a Civil Service worker needed was a set of big, hard muscles. Standing among Indian clubs and parallel bars, Delehanty tried to convince the Professor that examinations were growing more difficult and that it might be well to give his students some mental stimulation. At the climax of his sales talk, he showed Titus a list of the examinations he had passed in the last few years. The Professor, dazzled, put down a weight with which he was warming up for a class and agreed



"Why don't you just try carrying it in your hand?"

to take Delehanty into partnership with him. The plan was that Titus would continue to groom the students for physical exams and Delehanty would look after their minds.

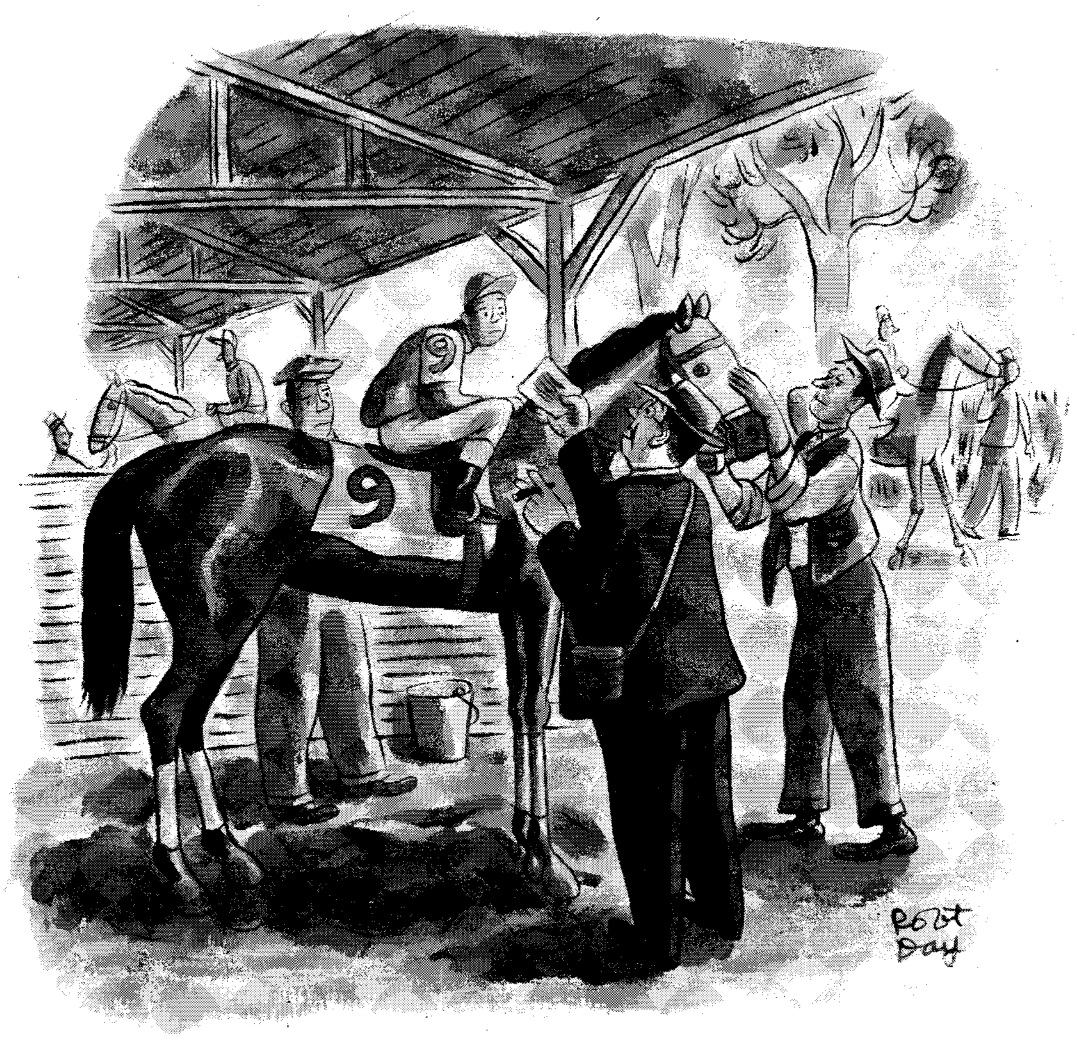
The Titus school consisted of one large room on the second floor of a building at 156 East Twenty-third Street, over a pool hall. Since his establishment was cramped for space, Professor Titus had a small group in gym clothes heaving weights in one corner of the room while Delehanty was lecturing a class in another corner. Along one wall was a row of showers, which the Professor had installed for his students. He had frugally neglected, however, to include hot water. As the men stepped into the showers, the Professor would call out, "Toughen up, men, the water's good for you!" "They used to take on something fierce in cold weather," a police sergeant has recalled. "They would complain that Titus was trying to murder them."

In spite of such inconveniences, the school flourished. Most of the classes were held at night, as not only a majority of the students but Delehanty himself worked in the daytime. Delehanty grew progressively more restless in the Supreme Court job, even though in 1913 he advanced, by passing another examination, from court attendant to clerk. In 1918 he made a startling move: he picked up his hat in court one afternoon, shook hands all around, and quit his job. His colleagues were bewildered. They had always assumed that entering Civil Service was tantamount to taking the veil. "To me," Delehanty has said, "the Supreme Court had grown to resemble a mausoleum."

Freed of the Court's musty influence, Delehanty pitched into his new job with fresh zeal. When he joined Titus, all of the school's courses were for postal, police, and fire jobs. Now, over the Professor's objections, he added courses in milk and meat inspection. From the beginning of the partnership the Professor had been disquieted by the cultural stirrings he detected within his school, and when Delehanty added two men to the faculty simply to teach milk and meat inspection, he felt he was being persecuted. The new men, to illustrate their lectures, took to bringing in samples of stale milk and overripe meat and sometimes forgot to take these exhibits along with them when they left for the day. Finally the Professor reached the breaking point. "They're stinking up the joint," he said, facing Delehanty defiantly. Delehanty, who thought Titus was intolerant, said he was nothing but a weight-lifter. The partners were unable to reconcile their differences, and Delehanty pulled out to go into business for himself.

Delehanty's first school was at 119 East Eleventh Street. He called it the Delehanty Institute. His principal means of reaching prospective students was advertising in the *Chief*, a publication which has a wide circulation among Civil Service workers and aspirants. Professor Titus also advertised in the *Chief*. Delehanty felt that the Professor took unfair advantage of him in his advertising campaign, for his ads always contained a picture of himself dressed in tights and holding aloft a large dumbbell. Nevertheless, the Delehanty Institute almost immediately moved ahead of the Titus school in enrollment. Delehanty himself lectured as much as seven and eight hours a day and worked until late at night at his desk, reading the announcements of examinations for Civil Service jobs and trying to devise new courses of preparation for them.

The school grew rapidly. At first, however, Delehanty was hampered by a certain prejudice in the Police and Fire Departments against higher learning. As one of Delehanty's old instructors says, "In those days, if a man did any studying, he was considered a dunce." When a few of the more enlightened members of the forces were promoted after taking a course at Delehanty's, the prejudice began to disappear. It became known that Delehanty's pupils answered Civil Service questions coolly and speedily while other,



"Break him on top, open up a short lead, pull away two lengths in the stretch, win going away, and here are a few words to say over the radio."

unprepared men sat moodily in their chairs, staring at the walls. One unforeseen result of Delehanty's handiwork was that the better informed the police force became, the harder the entrance exams grew. Cops came to realize that the happy era of free-style skull-cracking was passing. To a certain extent, Delehanty is responsible for the high standards of the examinations which today cause him pain.

Notwithstanding his aversion to Titus's basic principles, Delehanty did not neglect physical training. First of all, he equipped his school with an elaborate gymnasium. Then, for the fire and police courses, he engaged a track coach, who amazed the students by making them do their running in track shoes. One of the requirements of the departments was that the candidates should be able to run a mile in less than seven minutes, but up to the time of Delehanty's innovation, no candidate had ever thought of running in anything except street shoes. When examination time came, non-Delehanty men, loping along painfully in their street shoes, found the going difficult. The Delehanty students, who were permitted without question to wear their track shoes, made record time. Another advantage the Delehanty alumni had was their ability to avoid funks during examinations. Throughout their courses at the Institute they were given frequent sample tests to build up their resistance to examination nerves. Delehanty also drilled them in the mechanics of handwriting to develop speed, which is important, since the examinations are long and the time allowed is relatively brief.

"Suppose you're flying along and a bottleneck develops?"

• •

By 1920, students were matriculating at the Institute in such numbers that Delehanty decided to move into roomier quarters. He leased a large stable at 115 East Fifteenth Street and remodelled it. The building, four stories high, originally contained the entire establishment, but now houses only the executive offices and a few classes. Delehanty was so pleased with his stable that in 1936 he leased another one, at 126 East Thirteenth Street. The Institute today occupies twelve buildings scattered around the city, mostly in the neighborhood of Union Square. Among them is the one at 105 East Thirteenth Street, formerly occupied by the University of Titus, which folded during the early twenties, a few years before the Professor himself died.

THE Institute now offers thirty-six courses, not all of them for Civil Service jobs. In 1925, Delehanty began to worry about the fact that many men were unable to pass examinations for licences in trades like plumbing and engineering, and added courses to remedy this condition. In 1930 he established a secretarial school here, and there are now branches in Jamaica and Newark. The most recent burgeoning of the Institute has been the establishment of vocational courses in such mechanical trades as machine-shop work, welding, and switchboard operation. The newest course, called Airplane Sheet Metal and Riveting, can be attributed to Hitler. Three years ago Delehanty foresaw that national defence was going to provide many new jobs and sent one of his faculty out on a tour of airplane factories to see what kind of labor was needed. "Don't give us any fancy engineers," said one representative airplane official. "What we need is a man who can take a piece of duralumin and cut it according to a blueprint." Delehanty engaged some former airplane workers as instructors and started his course. About four hundred students at the Institute are learning to cut duralumin. Six hundred graduates of this course, which runs for ten weeks and costs $200, have already been absorbed by the airplane industry.

At present Delehanty has twenty-one courses for examinations in Civil Service. No amount of upstart vocational activity will keep Civil Service from shaping the campus spirit as long as he remains head of the school. "She was built on Civil Service and on Civil Service she rests," he said recently. The regular classes for men who want to join the police or fire force run two years, meet three times a week, except in July and August, for lectures and twice for physical instruction, and each course costs only $80 all told. Delehanty says the school does not make much profit on this educational bargain. Most of the men who get jobs, however, come back later to train for promotions. Courses for promotion take three or four years and cost $25 a year. About eighty per cent of all Delehanty students pass their Civil Service exams.

There are now about a hundred instructors on the faculty of Delehanty Institute. All of them are college graduates, but Delehanty, who hates to be suspected of anything chic, says it is only a coincidence. The main qualification for a Delehanty instructor is a voice like a foghorn. This is necessary to hold the attention of grown men and maintain discipline. The classes are large and the students, most of them men, are robust. "I usually warn a new instructor," Delehanty says, "that he's not dealing with sissies." There is considerable mischief in classes, especially in those for policemen. Sometimes, when the students get bored, they take to sniping at one another with spitballs. Delehanty feels that this is not a good way to train for the police force, and he counsels his instructors to be firm. The faculty agrees that no other instructor has ever attained the hypnotic power of Delehanty and he himself says that his unexpected entrance into a classroom is likely to cast a spell not only over the students but the instructor as well. "I have seen men gulp and their voices fade to a low wheeze," he says.

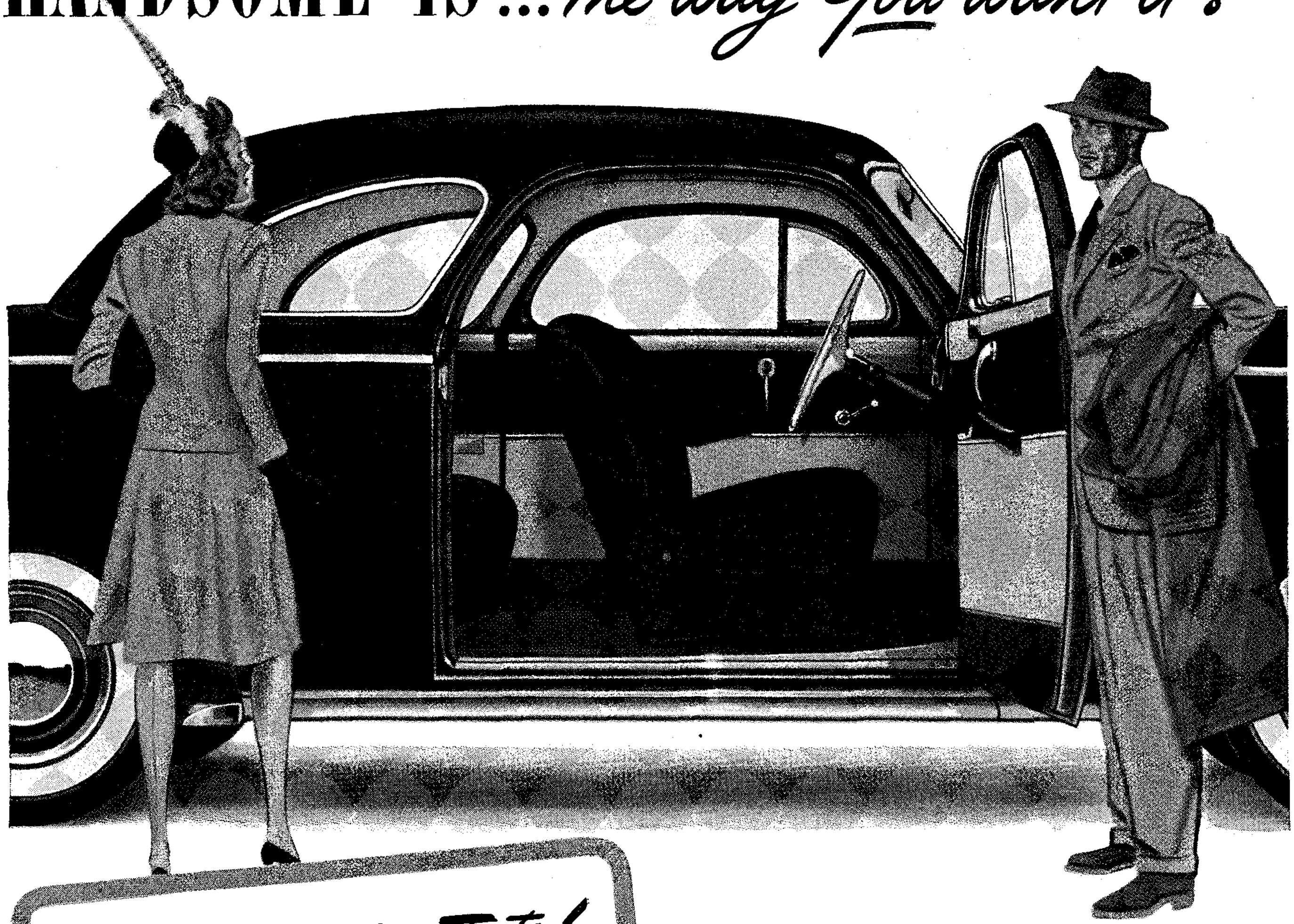
Delehanty seldom lectures any more. When he does, it is generally to caution the students not to get nervous in examinations. Sometimes, though, he takes over a class for an hour and concentrates on an analysis of a single complicated question from a past examination. He usually starts off by saying, "Let's get rid of the bunk!" Then he shows the students how to shuck off the excess wordage of the question and get down to the meaning. He frequently complains to the students that Civil Service examinations are written in a tricky style. "You'd think you were trying to solve a confounded riddle," he says. When Delehanty was lecturing more regularly, it was his habit to burst into a room, write down a statement on the blackboard, and bawl out "Why?" Explaining why always gave him a feeling of great satisfaction, because the men were so obviously impressed by the simplicity of the statement once they understood it. "Why?" is his favorite word.

Classroom instruction at the Institute is by lectures, followed by questions and open discussion. In these discussions the class can iron out such misconceptions as the one held by a taxi-driver student who, in answer to the question "Why should a policeman know how to swim?" during a sample test, wrote "So he can jump in Central Park lake and save actresses trying to commit suicide." There are often as many as five hundred students in a class for policemen and firemen seeking promotion. The police usually change into mufti before coming to school, unless they arrive directly from work, but nearly all of them prefer to keep their revolvers strapped on. Around the walls of the rooms are hooks for the men to hang their coats on, and every few feet there is a sign saying, "Smoking Prohibited—Silence." The lecturer stands on a platform and behind him is a large blackboard, on which he can illustrate his talk with diagrams. On a hot day, five hundred burly, conspicuously armed men, sitting quietly in shirtsleeves, listening to a talk about the penal laws, can be a shaking sight. On a recent visitors' day, a lady walked into a crowded classroom, looked around her, felt a little faint, and ran out. "Why," she said, "one of them might suddenly go crazy!"

"The only thing we have to fear is over-confidence."

DELEHANTY arrives at his office, a handsome, panelled room, every morning except Sunday around nine and leaves around six in the evening. A chauffeur drives him to and from his apartment at 1185 Park Avenue in a Buick limousine, which has licence plates bearing the single letter "Y." The "Y" stands for "Why?" and was Delehanty's own idea. He has had these plates for several years. They were given to him by his friend Charles Harnett, then Motor Vehicle Commissioner. He usually lunches with two or three of his instructors at a restaurant on Irving Place called Pete's, which was once a hangout of O. Henry's and has been turned into a kind of shrine. There, surrounded by O. Henry mementos, Delehanty and his colleagues talk Civil Service shop and make fifty-cent bets on prizefights and ball games. Much of his time in his office is given to interviews with prospective students, many of them firemen and policemen who want to talk over promotion courses. Delehanty unquestionably knows more men in the Fire and Police Departments than anyone else in New York, and they all call him Mike. His office staff, right down to the stenographers, call him M. J. Being addressed as "Mister" makes him uncomfortable. "When I hear 'Mister' I feel like picking up my hat and taking a powder," he says. The walls of his office are covered with certificates of membership in various fraternal and other organizations. He is one of the city's most indiscriminate joiners. He is unable to remember all the organizations of which he is either a member or an honorary member. A brief sample is: the First Avenue Boys (of which he is past president), the National Standby Association of the Disabled American Veterans of the World War, the Police Athletic League, the Detectives Endowment Association, the Chief Officers' Endowment Association of the Fire Depart-

HANDSOME IS ... *The way You want it!*



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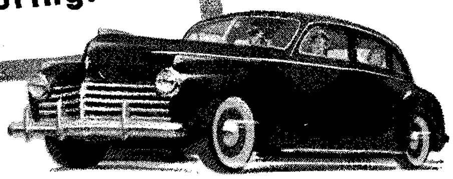

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Expensive? Quite the contrary. That's what makes it such a sensation. Custom beauty without custom cost! In the regular line of Chrysler's thirty beautiful cars, you can get fifteen handsome exterior color combinations! You can have upholstery in broadcloth, pile fabric, Bedford cord, leather, or leather and cloth!

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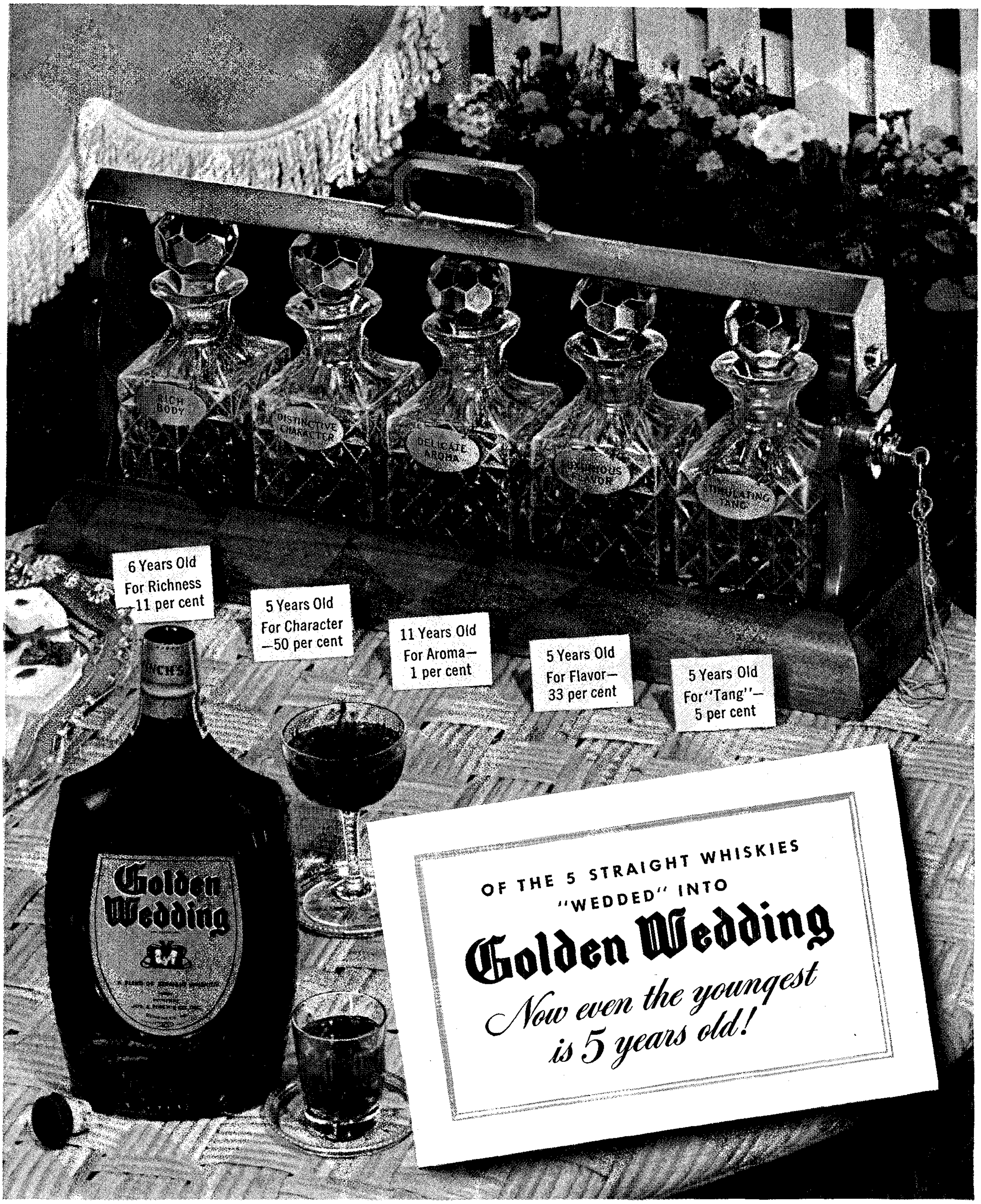
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For Richness
—11 per cent
5 Years Old
For Character
—50 per cent
11 Years Old
For Aroma—
1 per cent
5 Years Old
For Flavor—
33 per cent
5 Years Old
For "Tang"—
5 per cent
RICH BODY
DISTINCTIVE CHARACTER
DELICATE AROMA
STIMULATING TANG
Golden Wedding
OF THE 5 STRAIGHT WHISKIES "WEDDED" INTO
Golden Wedding
Now even the youngest is 5 years old!

A RICHER, FINER *GOLDEN WEDDING* now awaits you—for your fullest enjoyment. These five prized straight whiskies are now 5 years or more old! Each one is rare, selected for excellence in one highly desirable whiskey quality...delightful even if tasted alone.

But any of these whiskies, however fine, would lack the rich contribution that *all five* make to your enjoyment.

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A Blend of Straight Whiskies—90 Proof—Bourbon or Rye. The straight whiskies in Golden Wedding *are 5 years or more old. 11%, one straight whiskey 6 years old. 1%, one straight whiskey 11 years old. 88%, three straight whiskies 5 years old.* Copr. 1941, Jos. S. Finch & Co., Inc., Schenley, Pa.

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IT'S THE HIT OF BROADWAY!
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ETHEL MERMAN in
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COLE PORTER Songs
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with IRENE BORDONI
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The Comedy Murder Hit
PEGGY CONKLIN ALBERT HACKETT
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PAL JOEY
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BOOK by JOHN O'HARA
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A Play by PAUL GREEN & RICHARD WRIGHT
"★★★★" —MANTLE, NEWS
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ment, the New York Athletic Club, the Manhattan Club, the National Democratic Club, the Elks, the Dalcassian Boat Club, and the North Hills and Mount Vernon Country Clubs.

Delehanty keeps fit by spending Sundays playing golf at North Hills or Mount Vernon. He is not particularly adept, but he contrives to win a lot of games from better players. He has a habit of giving friendly tips to his opponents as he plays. "Watch out for that trap, men!" he will cry, and add a few minutes later, "Careful you don't get in those trees, now." His opponents find that they get into traps and trees a good deal. Delehanty has presented each of about twenty intimate friends with one of his business cards on the back of which he has written, "A close personal friend —M.J.D." The cards are not without value in minor emergencies; the average cop would as soon heckle his mother as a friend of Mike Delehanty's.

Delehanty estimates today that he has about half a million dollars invested in his school, and others estimate that he has made twice that amount since he went into business. The Institute's best year was 1931, after a lot of people had lost jobs in the depression. The gross was $300,000. This year's gross is expected to reach $1,000,000, but Delehanty thinks that his net will be lower than in 1931 because of his higher overhead. "We'll be lucky to net fifty thousand dollars," he says. Three years ago, Delehanty incorporated and sold twenty per cent of the stock in his company to his employees. "The corporation has a board of directors," he says, "and we all sit down together and they listen to me talk."

Delehanty has been married twice. His first wife died some years ago. He and his second wife live in a sedately furnished six-room apartment. They do considerable entertaining, confining themselves largely to the police and fire-fighting set, and are earnest theatregoers. He has one son, Kenneth, by his first wife. Kenneth is employed as an instructor in a new aviation course at the Institute. Delehanty is afraid that the young man does not share his own idolatrous affection for Civil Service. Delehanty's brother Charles, who quit the milk business several years ago, now is a consultant at the Institute. He acts as troubleshooter, helping students get adjusted to schoolwork and giving advice to the harried. His suggestions are greatly respected, for, like his brother, he took and passed a strenuous series of Civil Service examinations before he settled down to teaching. Mike Delehanty stands alone,

SAM H. HARRIS PRODUCTIONS
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
in a Musical Play
"LADY IN THE DARK"
by MOSS HART
Music by KURT WEILL Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN Production by HASSARD SHORT
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"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"
by Moss Hart & Geo. S. Kaufman
with MONTY WOOLLEY
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Sonja Henie & Arthur Wirtz present
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IT HAPPENS ON ICE
2nd Edition
"A Great Show."—Herald Tribune
Eves. incl. Sun. at 8:40: $2.75 to $1.10. Mats. Sun., Wed. & Sat. at 2:40: $2.20 to $1.10. CO. 5-5474. No Monday perf. Unreserved 75¢ seats on sale ea. perf. when doors open.

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Vote These Members of CRITICS' CIRCLE
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JOHN MASON BROWN GRENVILLE VERNON
SAROYAN'S New Comedy
"THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE"
"TENDER AND BEAUTIFUL"—Walter Winchell
LYCEUM THEATRE, 45 East of Broadway. Eves. 8:50
Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:50—SUN. PERFS. at 8:45 P.M.

"A PERFECT COMEDY" —ATKINSON, Times
LIFE WITH FATHER
with HOWARD LINDSAY and DOROTHY STICKNEY
EMPIRE Theatre

"The best new American play of the season"
Richard Watts, Jr., Herald Tribune
JOHN GOLDEN presents
"CLAUDIA"
BY ROSE FRANKEN
BOOTH THEATRE, 45th St. W. of B'way
CI 6-5969. Mon. Thru Sat. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

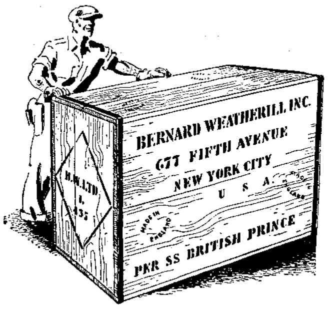
HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
with BORIS KARLOFF • ALLYN JOSLYN
Josephine Hull • Jean Adair • John Alexander
FULTON Thea. W. 46 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Sat. & Dec. Day

"A HONEY OF A SHOW"
—Walter Winchell
MY SISTER EILEEN
BILTMORE, W. 47 St. CI 6-9353
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40

BY APPOINTMENT TO
H. M. KING GEORGE VI

Little Things Help

THE magnificent record of achievement to the credit of the BRITISH WAR RELIEF SOCIETY is also a record of thousands of small but devoted services which have resulted in saving time and money, and speeding up of shipments.



The fact of our handing over to the B.W.R.S. the special packing cases in which our woollens arrive from England, for its use in shipping relief donations back to England, would not be worth mentioning, were it not for its suggestion value to others.

In this hour of our country's heroic struggle, we who are British-abroad know how terribly important it is to render it every possible service.

Upholding British standards of business practice; selling British goods to keep British labour making money (which will be paid out in taxes); that is not enough. We must leave no task undone.

That is why we like to think of the packing cases which brought over our stock of British woollens, speeding home, filled with comforts for the homeless.

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however, as a Civil Service seer. His peculiar ability to anticipate the examination questions of the future has won the confidence of men like the police captain who called him a while ago to announce the birth of a son. "Mike," said the captain, "put him down right now for the police course. That's the way the Roosevelts do it for Groton, and that's the way I want to do it for Delehanty U."

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

•

THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*190 Georgia Reports, page 438, April term, 1940, Supreme Court of Georgia*]

MCINTIRE v. MCQUADE, executor

The Court of Appeals (in Case 27922) certified the following question:

"1. Where a plaintiff excepts pendente lite to an order of the court striking a portion of his petition on demurrer, and a proper bill of exceptions pendente lite is sued out, certified and filed, and where the case proceeds to trial on that portion of the petition not stricken, and results in a verdict against the plaintiff, and where the plaintiff's motion for a new trial is overruled, and he excepts to that judgment in a bill of exceptions brought to the Court of Appeals, and where the plaintiff does not specifically assign error in such bill of exceptions upon the exceptions pendent lite, or directly upon the judgment excepted to pendent lite, but it is recited in the bill of exceptions that the court sustained the demurrer to the part of the petition as amended, and that within the time allowed by law the plaintiff properly had certified and allowed and filed as a part of the record in the case the exceptions pendente lite, 'in which exceptions the plaintiff did assign the said order and judgment of the court as error and as being contrary to law,' and where it is recited afterwards in the bill of exceptions that the plaintiff in error prays that the bill of exceptions be certified 'in order that the errors complained of may be considered and corrected by the Court of Appeals; and the plaintiff specifies in the bill of exceptions the exceptions pendente lite as a material part of the record, and there is certified and sent to the Court of Appeals, as part of the record in the case, the petition as amended, the demurrer of the defendant, and the exceptions pendente lite to the judgment sustaining the demurrer, and where this court can ascertain from the bill of exceptions, including the exceptions pendente lite and the other portions of the record, the real question raised under the petition as amended, and the demurrer, and the judgment sustaining the demurrer, is there 'enough in the bill of exceptions, or transcript of the record presented, or both together, to enable the court to ascertain substantially the real questions in the case which the parties seek to have decided therein' (Code, 6-1307), does there appear enough, as provided in the Code section, to authorize this court to pass upon the question presented by the petition as amended, and the demurrer, and the judgment of the court sustaining the demurrer?"

"TINKLING CHARM," *Lockridge, N. Y. Sun.*
RAPHAEL & ROBERT HAKIM present
The Happy Days
A comedy by
Claude-Andre Puget. Adapted by Zoe Akins
HENRY MILLER'S, 124 W. 43. BR. 9-3970
Eves. $1.10 to $3.30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. $1.10-$2.20

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the miracle music of RCA Fantasound
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Second Week!
Joan CRAWFORD • Melvyn DOUGLAS
"A WOMAN'S FACE"
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

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Directed by George Stevens • A Columbia Picture
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Uncomfortable Shoes Made Comfortable

THE THEATRE

FINIS

CRITICISM falls right on its ugly face when confronted with a job like "The Happy Days," by Miss Zoë Akins, which sifted into the Henry Miller Theatre one day last week. In a brighter period, this would be the kind of thing that the reviewer would assassinate with one lighthearted phrase and then move on to more agreeable matters. Since, however, there isn't anything particularly wonderful about May, 1941, I am driven against my will to think back over Miss Akins' play. "The Happy Days," then, is the sort of work that a lady feels obliged to adapt from the French either because she has some extra time on her hands or else because she wants a plausible excuse to get away from some of her dull friends.

The plot is easily summarized. On a large and cheerfully ornamented stage, love assails a small group of kindergarten children, who forget about it in the end and go upstairs to the nursery to cheer up a sick playmate. They wear funny hats, but the indications are that the patient gets better. The acting is more difficult. At the moment, there appears to be no program around this house except that of "My Fair Ladies," one of the many nightmares that come to haunt the proprietors of the Hudson Theatre, and it is very little help to me. Nevertheless, I remember that Miss Diana Barrymore was one of those who took part in this misguided swipe from the Gauls. She is a young woman of touching appearance, who from time to time seemed to share my own distaste for her repulsive vehicle. The others, clearly commanded to be youthful, were indeed youthful to such a degree that it was possible to suspect that the management had also contracted to change them between acts. Miss Akins' prose is that of a busy artist who has good-naturedly consented to write an article for her old school magazine.

All this, I think, just about exhausts the critical possibilities of this final squeak of the dying season. If you are going away now, as I am, to the sea or the mountains, I wish you happiness and repose.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

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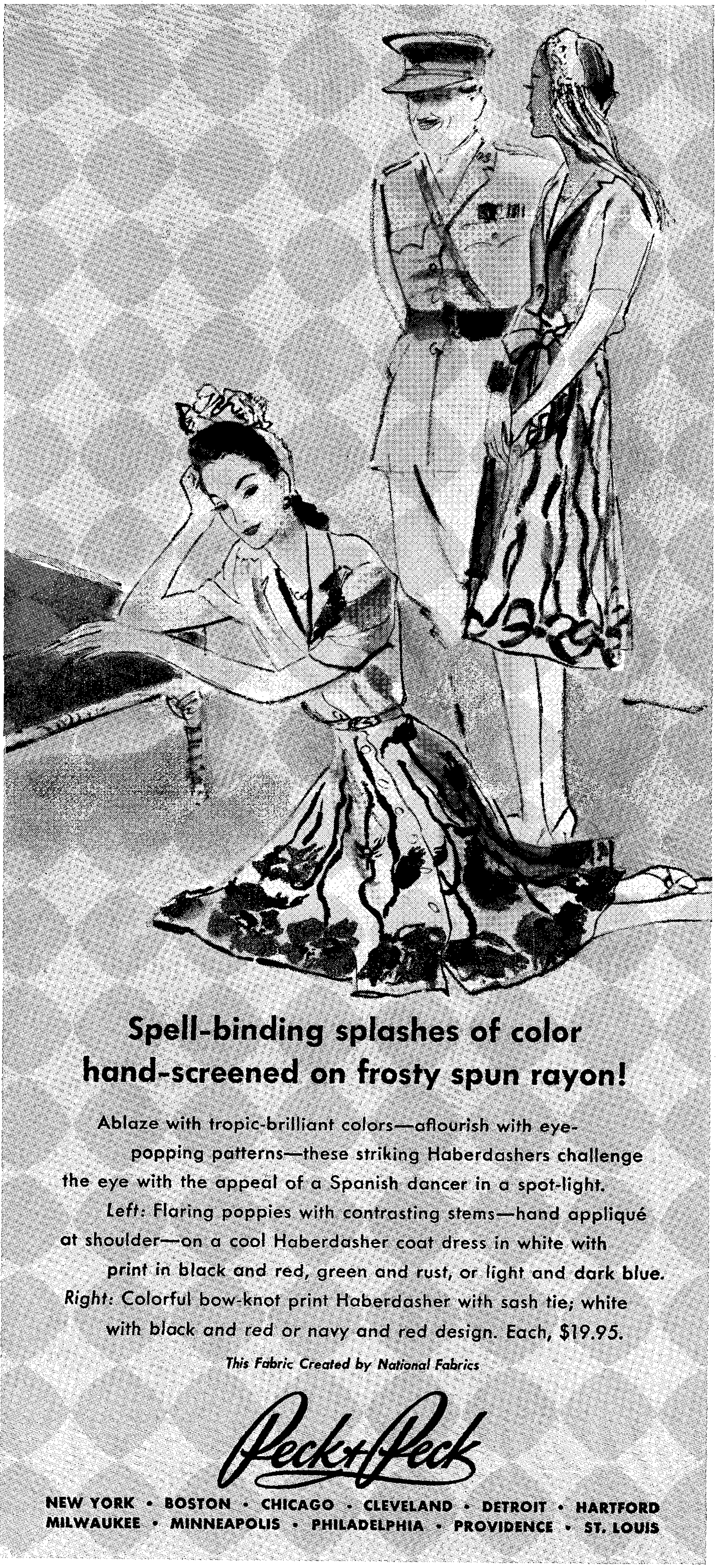
—*Adv. in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Sight unseen?



Spell-binding splashes of color hand-screened on frosty spun rayon!

Ablaze with tropic-brilliant colors—aflourish with eye-popping patterns—these striking Haberdashers challenge the eye with the appeal of a Spanish dancer in a spot-light.

Left: Flaring poppies with contrasting stems—hand appliqué at shoulder—on a cool Haberdasher coat dress in white with print in black and red, green and rust, or light and dark blue. *Right:* Colorful bow-knot print Haberdasher with sash tie; white with black and red or navy and red design. Each, $19.95.

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Take this wonder portable where ordinary portables will not work efficiently; in a train, airplane, bus, ship, auto or any windowed building where metal construction *keeps out reception*. The secret of why it works while others fail is in the *Patented* Movable Wavemagnet, exclusive with Zenith. Check up on your next train trip. See how many Zeniths are playing *well* . . . and how many other makes *fail* to do so. Your money back if *Zenith* fails.

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. . . can you obtain this radio or a portable that *is*, *has*, and *does* so many things! *Patented* Wavemagnet—built-in yet movable—combination battery *and* lighting current operation—loudspeaker *and* earphone reproduction—adjustable to varying conditions—reception at home or travelling. Don't buy until you see and hear the Zenith Universal Portable at authorized Zenith Dealers everywhere.

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AGAIN A YEAR AHEAD
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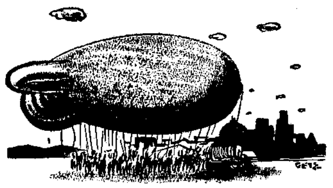
LETTER FROM LONDON

May 17 (by cable)

A Nazi leader, catapulting down onto a Scottish moor, succeeded for several days last week in shifting the war into the key in which war rightly belongs—that of large-scale lunacy. The debt which the nation owed to Herr Hess showed in relaxed, smiling faces everywhere. After the strain and anxiety of recent events, people were glad to open their morning papers and find headlines that weren't tragedy but pure comic opera with a libretto which might have been better if it hadn't been a trifle farfetched. The subsequent twist, the report that the unexpected visitor had hoped to tumble in on a duke, amused everyone—except, presumably, the duke in question, whose picture, snapped by the photographers, showed him shielding his face with a newspaper. A columnist in the *Express* told his readers, "Your Hess guess is as good as mine," and put forward one to the effect that Hess, a sick man, had come over because he knew that all the best German doctors were in this country as refugees. A London cinema audience roared when a newsreel commentator, anticipating further Nazi monkey business, said that even the arrival of Göring wouldn't surprise anyone, and added, "But I hope he brings his ration card."



Although the press spoke solemnly about maggots in apples, handwriting on the wall, and cracks in the rotten Nazi façade, the simple and wholehearted reaction of the public was enjoyment of the first good laugh that had come its way in weeks. The erudite readers of the *Times* contributed their own bit of scholarly merriment, one lady writing in to say that a passage from "Hamlet"—Act V, Scene I—might be pretty apt just now. (First Clown: "He that is mad, and sent into England." Hamlet: "Ay, marry; why was he sent to England?") Another reader, in a slightly more sinister vein, pointed out that Vergil, Herodotus, and Ovid all tell of classic and warning counterparts of "the devoted servant of the besieging leader who gets himself made prisoner in order to betray the beleaguered city from within."

On the whole, the devoted-servant theory led among people who have come around to the sound and skeptical way of thinking that any apple proffered on a Nazi platter usually has the maggot in the British bite. To these people, Mr. Ernest Bevin's voice had a refreshing ring when he declared roundly at a public luncheon that Nazism remained Nazism to him, however charmingly it spoke to flustered Scottish housewives, and that so far as he was concerned, Hess was a murderer. This was a pleasant antidote to all those papers which had gone to town on Hess's looks, ideals, clean living, and devotion to the wife and child whom he had inexplicably elected to leave behind in Germany. After a couple of days of such stuff, the public was justly a bit muzzy as to whether it was reading about Hitler's right-hand man or Gary Cooper.

Naturally, there were endless theories between the extremes of seeing the adventure as a dark piece of Nazi diplomacy and as the beginning of the end in Germany. It was variously held that Hess's flight was a link in an invasion attempt which hadn't jelled, that Hess had been taking a look at the big Saturday-night raid on London, that it wasn't Hess at all, and that it wasn't anybody, but only a violent and unprecedented brainstorm on the part of the British propaganda department, which had seized the opportunity offered by early stories from Berlin of the Nazi leader's disappearance. Incidentally, the singular ineptness of the German handling of the story is taken here as proof, depending on how you look at it, either of genuine Nazi discomfiture or of Hitler's having been in the know all the time. People who hold the second view reason that Dr. Goebbel's department is usually so efficient that such elaborate confusion, contradiction, and general flatfootedness must be part of the gag. Probably the only view to hold until further facts are available is the simple one that this flight into fantasy has provided the best mental holiday anyone has had since the hair of most thinking adults over thirty started to turn gray.

After such a pleasant little excursion into unreality, the weekend news of the capitulation of Vichy and of the subsequent German move into Syria made an unpleasantly realistic impression. The English suddenly woke up to the harsh fact that if they weren't actually at war with their old ally, they were only a couple of jumps from it. On the basis of the resulting bitterness and anger against Vichy that one hears expressed on all sides, it would seem that the Englishman's traditional mistrust of the French has been alive under the surface all these years, waiting only to be scratched into open antagonism again; what German propaganda has for so long attempted, the men of Vichy have at last accomplished. For lovers of France, these are sad, bad days.

Although Dakar isn't a name that the English remember with pleasure, owing to de Gaulle's abortive expedition there, most of this weekend's discussion centred around it. To millions of Britons, that remote dot on the African coastline has become real and tremendously important. They had already read with intense interest President Roosevelt's stern message to French listeners. Every pronouncement he makes is scanned by the press and the public alike in these anxious times, not only for its obvious meanings but for two or three oblique ones as well. Naturally, there is hopeful speculation as to what he is going to say on May 27th, if by that time actions have not spoken louder than words. In ten days quite a lot of history can be made—enough, possibly, to change the world for some time to come.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Those dreadful moments when the conversation languishes! You fiddle nervously with matches while your date, alas, sneaks a glance at his watch.

Girls men enjoy being with know how to avoid such awkward silences. They lay in a store of apt, gracious phrases.

You can easily encourage a silent companion to talk by saying interestedly, "Tell me everything you've been doing lately." Keep up your end with an occasional "Do go on!" "Then what happened?"

Stuck with strangers at a party? A good conversation starter is "Perhaps we should trade biographies! I'm Ellen Smith." When viewpoints clash, soothe with a tactful "Perhaps we aren't discussing the same thing."

Over the telephone, too, impress with your poise. Leaving a message, say, "Please have Miss Smith call me."

Then, to give spice to your talk, learn vivid figures of speech. "He makes us walk the chalk mark." "My goose is cooked!"

—Los Angeles Times.

Or you could just go back to those matches.

•

UP LIFE'S LADDER

[*From the Penn State Alumni News*]

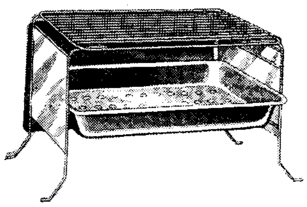
After serving for a year as assistant pastor of the First Baptist Church in Phoenix, Arizona, John O. Linton is now in the undertaking business, temporarily, hoping sooner or later to get into radio announcing.

THE A&F GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

Well Done!

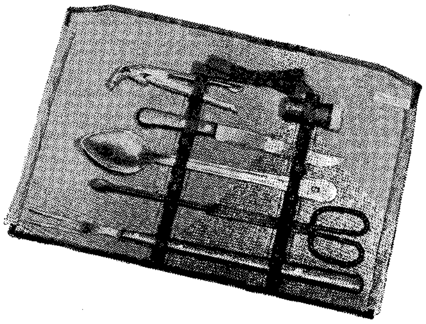
Steaks sizzle...coffee simmers...appetites on the rise! Every kind of equipment for inspired barbecues is on hand at A&F.

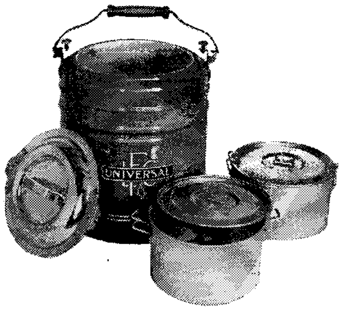
New Camp Catalog sent on request



HI-LO CHARCOAL GRILL—Fire pan adjusts to 3 levels to regulate heat. Back shield swings over top for hamburgers, bacon, fish. With carrying case. $3.75.

CAMP CHEF OUTFIT—Roll-up leatherette case contains carving knife, steak tongs, pot lifter, other utensils. $6.75. ASBESTOS COOKING GLOVES, not illustrated, $3.50.





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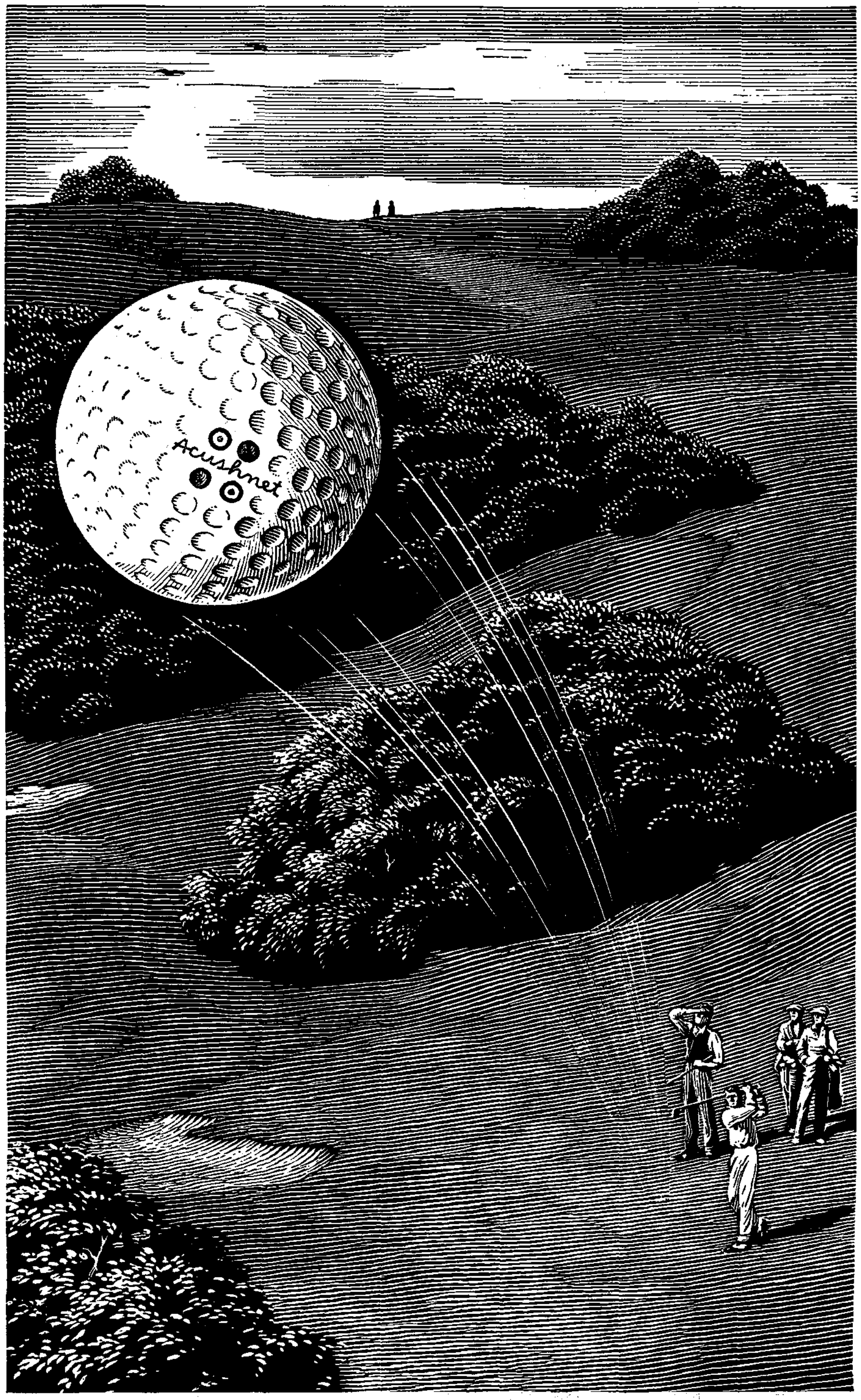

Take your pro's advice on what ball to buy. Play the Acushnet he suggests and you will see why more Acushnet Balls were sold last year than ever before.

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GOLF BALLS
SOLD *ONLY* THROUGH PRO SHOPS

Titleist, 75c Bedford, 75c Green Ray, 50c Pinnacle, 35c

OF ALL THINGS

As far as this department can make out, the Axis has exchanged Rudolf Hess for the French empire. Democracy did not do so well for itself in the midseason trade.

●

Marshal Pétain tells his people not to think but just follow him along the path of honor. His definition of honor is, of course, subject to change without notice.

●

The Italian reverses in Ethiopia have been a bright spot in the general gloom. In fact, Mussolini's troubles have been the only really enjoyable features of the war.

●

The vote of Congress to boost the crop-loan rate caused a sharp rise in prices. Our lawmakers have the remarkable idea that there is a public demand for costlier groceries.

●

A Gallup survey reports that Florida is the most interventionist of all the states and Wisconsin the most isolationist. It makes some difference whether you know the Atlantic Ocean personally or merely by hearsay.

●

On the eve of the NLRB election, Ford employees got a pleasant boost in pay. Thus far the unions have uttered no cries of "You can't do this to us!"

●

Striking workmen may argue that their motives are purely patriotic. The way income taxes are shaping up, every man owes it to his country to get a raise.

●

Mr. Hoover believes that we should make vast quantities of supplies for Britain but say goodbye to them at the pier. It doesn't seem to matter much to Herbert whether they reach John Bull or Davy Jones.

●

There is every indication that the Soviet Union is moving closer to the Axis. It may be several days yet, however, before Stalin goes all out against the Red Menace.

●

Tobacco dealers are protesting against further taxation of their products. Cigarette buyers already pay more in taxes than they do for the tobacco and the radio programs.—Howard Brubaker

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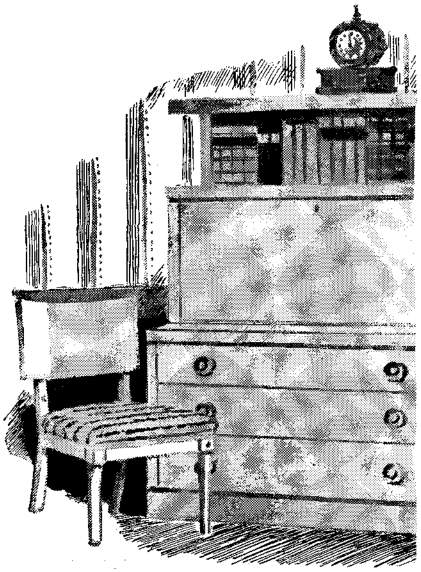

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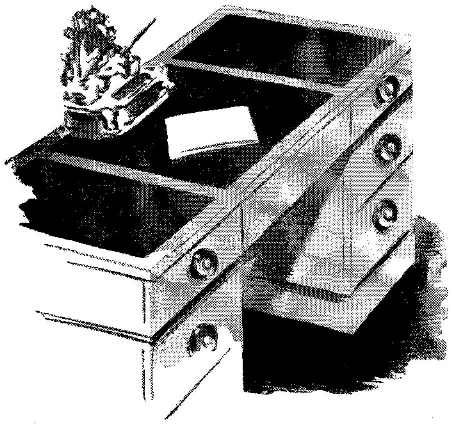

Masculine desk in tawny bleached oak, with smoke-brown leather top, and bold, dynamic brassware—**64.95**

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FRANKIE GOES TO CAMP

Sophie Halenczik comes to our house once a week to give us a thorough cleaning. As a rule, her son, Frankie, who is twenty-one, brings her out from town in his car. Frankie's car is almost as old as he is, but with the cajolery that is in his hands, Frankie keeps it going. Sophie is very proud of this, in spite of the fact that it takes most of Frankie's time. Whenever we have tried to get Frankie to do some work for us, he invariably answers that he's got the car to fix. So distasteful is the offer of gainful occupation to Frankie that for several months now he has taken to stopping his car at the top of the hill and letting Sophie walk the quarter of a mile down to our house. Sophie shakes her head at this, but not with too much anger. To her Bohemian mind, menfolk are superior and Frankie has always enjoyed privileges of irresponsibility never accorded to her three daughters.

When I read Frankie's name in the list of draftees in the town *Gazette*, I wondered how Sophie would get to us after he left for camp and how she felt about losing her son for a year. Sophie answered both questions with the simplicity and directness which are her outstanding qualities.

"I fix it good," she said. "After Frankie goes, you come to Jordan's in the morning and you take me there when I get through with work. No?"

Jordan's is a general store which has miraculously survived the invasion of the chain units in our town. Old residents deal there because they have always done so, summer people because it seems the smart thing to do. They like buying nails and grass seed at one counter and meat and groceries at another. Jordan's is about five miles from our house and about two from Sophie's.

"We all must do something for defence of America. No?" she went on, clearly putting the matter of transportation up to me as a patriotic duty.

"How'll you get home from Jordan's?" I asked, almost shamed by her attitude into offering to take her all the way.

"I get," she replied cheerfully. "Always there is somebody at Jordan's who go down my road. When they know Frankie is in the Army, they take me."

Her attitude surprised and tantalized me, for other mothers I knew, those of deeper national roots, had found it difficult to respond with grace to the defence program of the country. Sophie came from a land that had had compulsory military service for a long time, but from all I had read, I gathered that it was never considered anything but a necessary and unpleasant duty and lucky was the man who could escape it. Frankie could have applied for exemption, claiming to be the support of his widowed mother, but apparently neither Sophie nor he had considered such an application desirable.

"Do you like Frankie's going off to the Army?" I asked her. "Do you want him to be a soldier?"

"In the old country I hate soldiers," she replied gravely. "But here is different. Everything is good. Look at Mary. And look at Irene and Annie. Look what America do for them. So it is right Frankie should be a soldier."

"What about Mary and Irene and Annie? What did America do for them?" I asked, knowing that her answer would take time off from the floors and windows but that it would not be time wasted.

"I say, 'Look at Mary,' and then I say, 'Look at Irene and Annie,' " Sophie corrected me, indicating by her inflection that there was a difference. I nodded, although I didn't see it. "You know about my Mary," she went on. "I tell you about her long time ago. No?"

Everybody who knew Sophie knew about Mary. She was eighteen when she came to this country and to our town with her widowed mother and the rest of the family. She found a job immediately as hired girl and within a year had a baby, a little girl. She left the child, whom for some strange reason she christened Dolores, with her mother and went to work in another home. Dolores was now ten years old. People knew who her father was, but there was nothing that could be done about it. He was married and a respected member of the community. Possessed of some special dignity of her own, Mary Halenczik was also a respected member of the community. She was a good worker and a devoted mother.

These things went through my mind, and I indicated to Sophie that she could assume I knew about Mary and carry on from there.

"Well," said Sophie, "she get in trouble because she is a foreigner. She is a foreigner and she is old-fashioned."

That was one way of looking at it and I didn't see any point in disagreeing, if this was how Sophie felt.

"And Irene and Annie are Americans," I prompted.

"Yes," she answered, smoothing her

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apron. "Annie more better than Irene. You know about Irene?"

I DID and I didn't know about Irene. There had been a little mystery about Sophie's second daughter. She had left home to get a job in a factory in Bridgeport, which is about thirty miles from our town. This was not unusual. Many of the local girls do that, for there is nothing they can turn to here to earn a living. Irene, Sophie used to report to us, made good wages and lived with the family of a friend who worked with her. On Sundays, whenever she could get a lift in a car or a truck that was coming that way Irene visited her family, and she always impressed with her clothes and bright American chatter.

About six months ago, Sophie announced, in the midst of polishing our silver, that Irene was getting married at St. Francis' Church the following Sunday. I was mildly astonished. As a rule, Sophie casts the shadow of coming events weeks before they occur. We know all about the birthdays of her children, her wedding anniversary, and the anniversary of her husband's death. Such things are important to Sophie and she thrives on them both in anticipation and in retrospect.

When I said, "It's pretty sudden, isn't it?" Sophie, with a queer look made up in part of shrewdness and in part of triumph, answered, "No, not sudden. The baby is four months old."

And that's all she would say, although she knew I was eager to hear more. For the first time in the five years I had known her, Sophie preferred polishing silver and waxing floors to talking. The only details I got about that wedding I read in the *Gazette* the following week. It said, "The bride was simply but becomingly dressed in a blue tailored suit," and that "the happy newlyweds are going to New York for their wedding trip." Of course, nothing was said about the baby.

So when Sophie asked me whether I knew about Irene, I said reproachfully, "All I know is that she's the married one."

For a moment I was afraid she was going to let it rest right there again, but she must have remembered that she was, in a manner of speaking, holding a brief for the defence of American democracy.

"I tell you," she said. "You like labor unions? No?"

"Well, sure," I answered. "Sure I like labor unions."

"Good," said Sophie approving-

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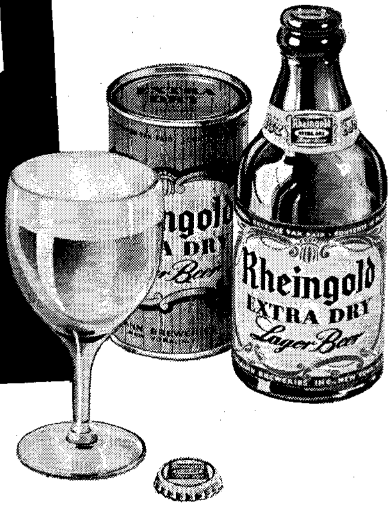

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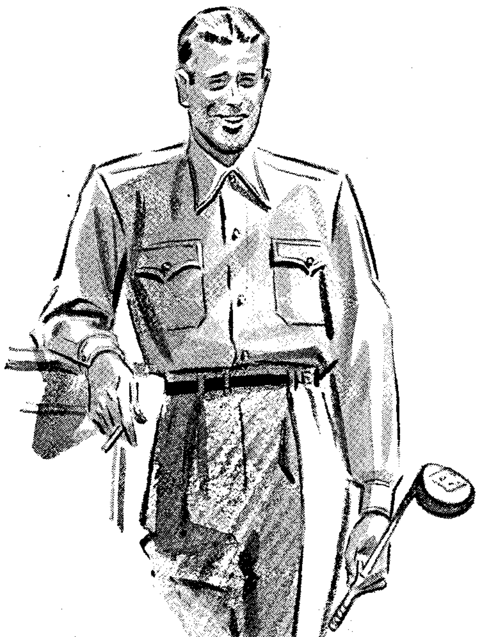

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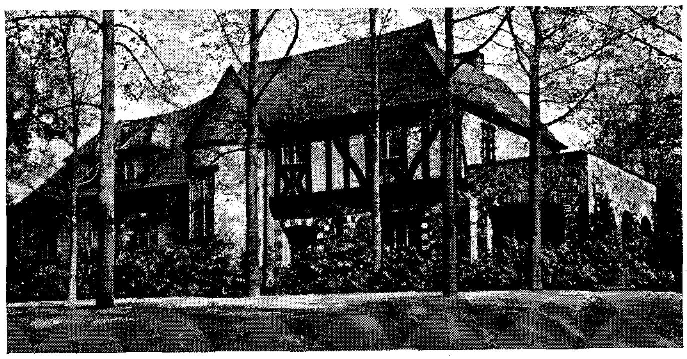

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ly. "You know, in the old country we have no labor unions."

She knew she was confusing me and I could see that she was relishing it.

"All right, I tell you," she finally declared. "I tell you. Irene, she work in the factory at Bridgeport. She make good wages. She look nice and stylish, real American. You never seen my Irene. No? All right. Never mind. Well, she go to socials in Bridgeport and she meet George. George, he work in the lumber mill. He make fine wages. George's people come from Hungary, but George is born in Bridgeport. He is real American. He don't need citizen paper. Born American. No?"

"Yes," I agreed. "George is a born American."

"Well, you know what happens," Sophie continued, her voice lowered to a note of fatalism. "Irene get in trouble with George. I find out about it and I think, 'All right. That is life. It make no difference if a girl work in a house or if she work in a factory. If there is a man, she get in trouble.' No?"

I shrugged my shoulders in a way that didn't commit me. Sophie's lips opened in a wide grin.

"It make a difference," she said. "Oh, yes, it make a difference. Irene get in trouble, but the labor union help her."

The expression on my face must have amused her, for she laughed out loud and added, "Yes, sir, after the baby is born the labor union help her."

"But Sophie," I said, "I never heard of such a thing. Labor unions don't bother about such things."

Sophie waved her forefinger quickly back and forth before her nose several times, and the gesture was somehow highly eloquent in saying that these were complex and devious things we were discussing.

"No, they don't bother about such things," she agreed. "But Irene learn from them. George is a fine feller, but he is thickheaded. What you call stubborn. All Hungarians are like that. He say he like Irene but he don't want to get married. Irene beg and cry and tell him the baby look like him, but George just don't do nothing. 'What's the rush?' he say. He tell her to go back home and someday he come for her. But Irene stay right there in Bridgeport with the baby. She pay three dollar a week extra to the lady she live with for the baby's board. She don't bring that baby home to me. She is no fool, my Irene. She is smart. She is no more a foreigner. Oh, no. She know there been many strikes in Bridgeport. In front of the factories men and girls—what you call them,

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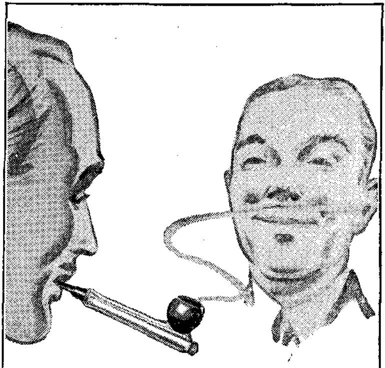
*Look at Marian's left shoulder; if there's a mole there, you'll know she's not Virginia.



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pickers? No, pick-its—walk with signs. And then the bosses settle. No?"

"Yes," I said.

"Yes," Sophie continued, her voice warm with pride in her offspring. "Irene, she put little George in a baby carriage and over him she put a sign which say, 'George Odanos is unfair to baby.' Irene make this sign herself and put it over the carriage. Every day, lunchtime, all dressed up fine, she go to the lumberyard and she walk this way and that way before the door. All the men what work with George they come out, and when they see her they laugh and they pat her on the shoulder. They say she is a great girl. At first, George he get mad like hell, and then, when he see the other men think Irene is pretty smart, he come out one day and he say, 'O.K., kid. You win.' "

Sophie's palms went out in a gesture of happy conclusion.

"Nice. No?" she asked me, pleased with her tale and pleased with the effect she was making in telling it. "Can this happen in the old country?" she continued. "No. Only in America. Only in this wonderful country."

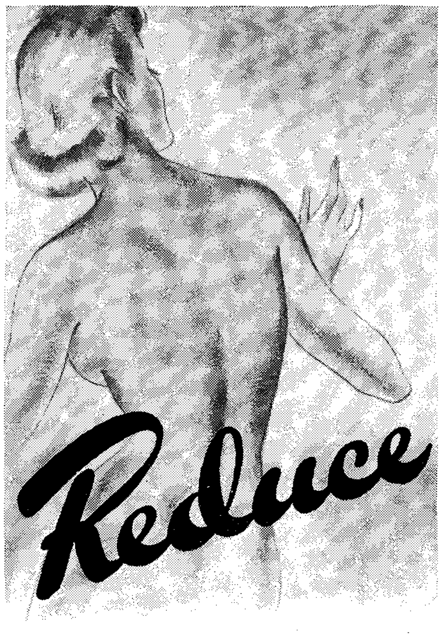
"You bet," I agreed, moved by other emotions besides patriotism. "You're absolutely right. And Irene is a smart girl. Now, what about Annie? You said something about her, too."

Sophie's eyes lost their shrewdness and grew tender.

"Ah, Annie," she said softly. "Annie is my baby. Annie is eight year old when we come to this country. She graduate public school. Annie is all right. She work in beauty parlor. She don't get into no trouble." Sophie shook her head in pleased contemplation of Annie. "Not my Annie," she went on. "Annie is engaged to a Yankee. She say his family been in this country two hundred year. Can you imagine? Two hundred year! Last Christmas he give Annie a diamond ring. Oh, yes, Annie is real American. She have her baby after she is married, maybe a whole year after. That is what she say. She show them."

And then, lest I get the impression that Annie looked down on her own family, Sophie added quickly, "Don't think she is a stuck-up, my Annie. Oh, no. She is good like a good piece of bread. She is crazy about Dolores. She take her to the beauty parlor and give her a permanent for a birthday present. You know what Annie say? She say Dolores must go to high school. She say she must go to high school and get a job in a office. That's fine. No? More and more American."

"That's fine," I agreed. "There's



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no reason why she shouldn't do that."

"You know what I think," said Sophie, moved by my answer to take me further into her confidence. "Dolores go to work in an office and marry her boss. That is what I think maybe will happen."

IT was clear that in Sophie's mind the personal affairs of her daughters were the steps marking the growing Americanization of her family. Mary, the oldest, had come burdened, as Sophie declared, by Old World tradition; Irene had not been entirely free of this handicap, but using a weapon that the American factory had put into her hands, she had come out on top, so to speak. Annie, who had gone to the public schools, would accept nothing but the best, and Dolores would go to high school and marry her boss.

Here, then, lay the answer to Sophie's delight about Frankie's going into the Army. But now that I understood it, I was still curious about one thing. From what I knew of Frankie, he was not the sort of young man to be fired by gratitude for gifts lavished on his womenfolk.

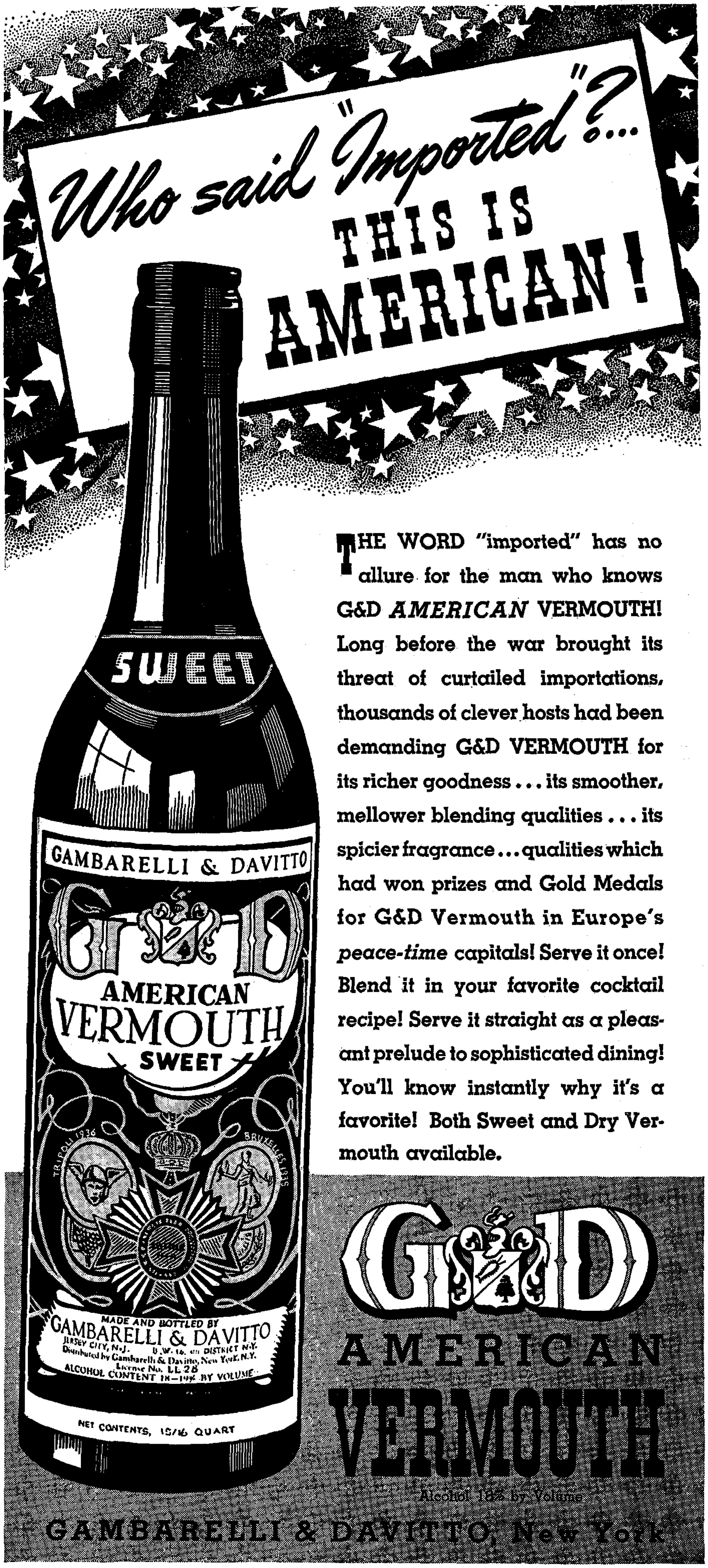
"So Frankie is going to camp because of his sisters," I said, knowing that Sophie would set me straight.

Her eyebrows knit in perplexity as she weighed the obviously new idea and then, with complete honesty, she answered, "No. I don't know why he want to go. Maybe it is because he wear a uniform." She smiled. "You know what he say, that young devil? He say he knock the girls cold. I bet he break plenty hearts. He just like his father." She remained silent for a moment, dwelling, no doubt, on the memory of Frankie's father. Then she continued, abandoning the father in favor of the son, "Maybe he want to go because his friends go. Anyway, he come to me and he ask me and I say to him, 'Ain't you an American, Frankie? Sure you go.' I don't need him to stay home for me. All he do is fix the car. I work anyway. And when I go to Jordan's everybody in the store know I have a son in the Army."

Before I could say anything her face suddenly lit up with the nearest thing to complete joy I have ever seen on a human countenance.

"I just think of something," she said in a hushed voice. "I don't go to public school, I don't go to labor union, I don't have citizen paper. But I am American. When Frankie go to camp, the *Gazette* take my picture with Frankie just like they do with American ladies, and they say under the picture, 'Sophie Halenczik and her soldier son.' No?"

—ROSE C. FELD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Don't be surprised if you find an Indian smoking a peace pipe at 531 Fifth Ave., for that's the New York Ticket Office of Southern Pacific, the West's Greatest Railroad. Drop in and let us show you how to see twice as much on your trip to California, or telephone MUrray Hill 2-8400. H. H. Gray, *Gen. Pass. Agt.*

See the Old West This Year on

S·P

The Friendly Southern Pacific

KODAK...

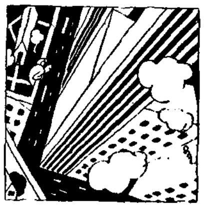
THE GIFT PREFERRED
BY THE GRADUATE

Give your graduate a Kodak or Ciné-Kodak--to record the great day's activities on film--to start him, or her, on a hobby that will yield a lifetime of pleasure. Kodaks from $3.95; Ciné-Kodaks from $28.50. See them all here today. We'll help in the selection, too.

EASTMAN Kodak STORES, Inc.
MADISON AVE. AT 45th
745 FIFTH AVE.
235 WEST 23rd STREET

NEW APARTMENTS

Spreading Out



ONE thing that may strike you in looking over the new apartments which are up or going up in town is that cracks are beginning to appear around the edges of the nineteen-twentyism known as the "good address." Our forebears were inclined to settle in certain neighborhoods because the Right People were there, but more and more nowadays it seems to be a question of creature comforts (and a view to stretch your soul on) that matters, rather than what you may or may not think of your neighbors. This means that instead of being limited to a couple of miles along two or three avenues, your hunting ground can now extend all the way from the George Washington Bridge practically down to the Holland Tunnel, I guess. Quite a jolt. To ease you over it as gently as possible, I've decided to grapple with the familiar district between the Thirties and the Sixties first and play both ends of town against the middle next time.

None of the buildings I'm about to call to your attention is as yet ready to move into, but all are scheduled to be before October 1st and are far enough along right now to give you a good idea of what to expect. One thing to remember in any inspection of a new building is that not all real-estate agents talk the same language; some of them refer to a little extra space as half a room and some don't bother to mention it. If the prospectus of a place you're interested in doesn't list any fractions, investigate anyway. Likely as not you'll find a dressing room or a dining alcove thrown in unlabelled.

Casement windows, master aerials, concealed radiators, Venetian blinds, kitchen linoleum, and dazzling plumbing are now taken for granted in almost any newcomer. A garage on the premises, though, is something else again and, so far as I know, the first apartment building right in the heart of midtown to have one is the fifteen-story John Murray House, at 220 Madison Avenue (37th). Simple storage or full service—your pick, at rates similar to those prevailing in the district. I can't imagine a more conveniently arranged heaven than the John Murray. With your apartment (the range is from one

SERVICE WITHOUT SERVANTS

...You may luxuriate in a well-ordered home and yet escape the task of training and supervising servants—by living at The Drake. Here your home is maintained by a staff trained to cater to individual needs. See our unfurnished and newly furnished suites of 2, 3, 4 or more rooms, some with terrace, all with serving pantry and walk-in closets, for immediate or Fall occupancy.

W. W. MYERS, *Manager*

HOTEL
DRAKE
440 PARK AVE., at 56th St.
NEW YORK

Specializing in
BRIDES' APARTMENTS
Period or Modern Furniture, Carpets, Curtains, Draperies, Lamps, Accessories
from $2,000 *up*
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Charm AND Dignity
- 1 to 4 rooms
- Serving pantries
- Furnished or Unfurnished
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- Modest Tariff
- Superb Cuisine

Booklet and rates upon request

The Surrey Hotel
20 EAST 76th STREET
NEW YORK • RH 4-1690

and a half to five rooms in size and from $870 to $3,600 in price), Duff & Conger offer you a switchboard in the building to handle messages, a restaurant and bar with room service, maids and housemen and valets at your call, a porter to sign for packages in your absence, and, if you're on the Madison Avenue side, Mr. Morgan's garden to look at. The living rooms are all 14′ by 22′ or larger, the kitchens are outside, and the dressing rooms have three closets, with doors that form triple mirrors when open.

Above the tenth floor, there's a whole nest of duplexes. Some of them give you two bedrooms upstairs in the customary manner, and some a bedroom and bath upstairs and a bedroom and bath downstairs; either style, they face east on Madison and are pretty impressive. If you need only one bedroom, I think you'll be satisfied with a three-and-a-half-room duplex facing north on Thirty-seventh. Larger duplexes higher up come with terraces, but you have to choose whether you want yours outside your living room or outside your bedrooms; you can't have both. As for the penthouse apartments (the "A" one is practically regal, with a bona-fide dining room and two bedrooms and two baths), they all have terraces, even the two-roomers. The only thing I can possibly see against the location is that it might be a little bus-noisy at times, but if Mr. Morgan can take it, why can't you?

No. 40 Central Park South is to have twenty stories and the runner-up to a garage—a parking lot, which is also its Fifty-eighth Street frontage and protects its southern exposure. The building isn't too far along yet, but look for miracles, because up to the seventeenth floor they're using a new kind of apartment-house construction—reinforced concrete instead of girders—driven to it by the shortage of steel. This costs more but is faster to work with, and it eliminates ceiling beams. Telephone arrangements here are to be just about perfect; they provide for something called interceptor service, which means that an operator downstairs will cut in on your apartment wire and take messages for you if your bell is still unanswered after a certain specified number of rings. There will be a restaurant, bar, and room service, too, and as a further step along the road to bliss, private dining rooms for parties that are too much for your cook and too cosy for the general public.

The same wonderful people who thought up 240 Central Park South have designed No. 40 and it will simply

trumps

Quick tricks to turn an ordinary New York cliff-dwelling existence into an enchanting way of living! Each apartment listed is an ace in our hand, destined for those who want the top cards in any suit.

Two demand value

12 ROOMS—that will win honors in comfort. Half a block front on Park Ave. 29-ft. corner living room, open fireplace. 4 bedrooms face West, 1 with dressing room, 26-ft. dining room. $4100. 1175 Park Ave.

For social finesse

15 ROOMS—on a Park Ave. corner in the 70's. Big enough for a King and Queen to live in style. 6 bedrooms, 4 with full southern exposure. 32-ft. living room, library, 3 fireplaces. 778 Park Ave.

A good deal

12 ROOMS—You can sit East, West, North or South in this suite with windows on all four sides. In a distinguished Park Ave. building in the 70's. Town house spaciousness. Corner living room. Open fireplace. 4 quiet bedrooms. $4900. 895 Park Ave.

Eleven trumps

11 ROOMS—that will give you a high score in entertaining and comfortable living. Duplex, 29-ft. living room, open fireplace, library, dining room downstairs; 3 bedrooms upstairs, 2 overlook the Park. $5700. 1040 Fifth Ave.

Five honors

5 ROOMS—that are strong support for any social activity. New suites being created from a large apartment. All have 3 exposures, 24-ft. living room, 2 bedrooms facing south, dining room, completely modern kitchen, pantry, 3 baths. $2900. 820 Park Ave

Doubled advantages

9 ROOMS—that double living pleasure with adjacent hotel service available. 28-ft. studio living room, where you can set 6 tables of bridge. Open fireplace. 2-story windows. 3 bedrooms. $4200. 50 East 77th St.

Over-tricks

8 ROOMS—that give you all the comforts you bid for, plus the extra values of glorious Park views from 30-ft. living room and 1 of 3 bedrooms. Fifth Ave. building in the 70's. Open fireplace, modern kitchen. $3300. 912 Fifth Ave.

Winning trick

6 ROOMS—that make your bid for comfort. All outside on corner in the East 70's. Grand living room with open fireplace, 2 bedrooms, dining room, modern kitchen and 8 closets $2050. 135 East 74th St.

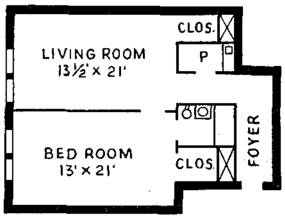
A grand slam

12 ROOMS—Entire floor to yourself. And a grand arrangement for entertaining your whole bridge club. On Park Ave. corner in the 60's. Four exposures, 30-ft. living room, 27-ft. dining room, 4 bedrooms, 3 on quiet sidestreet, 1 on corner, 4 open fireplaces. $4500. 635 Park Ave.

Just phone or write — you will be put in touch with one of our expert brokers who will be able to give you further details about these and other fine apartments. No undue annoyance—no cost to you of any kind.

Douglas L. Elliman & Co.
MANAGEMENT
15 East 49th Street
PLaza 3-9200

2 Room Suites



FROM $1,500 UNFURNISHED

Perfectly arranged rooms for a comfortable and convenient residence in New York City. Suites include private foyer, complete serving pantry and ample closet space. Free electricity and maid service.

Suites of two to five rooms, on yearly lease from $1,500 unfurnished. Also furnished on monthly or yearly basis.

HOME OF THE Raleigh Room
HOTEL Warwick
65 WEST 54TH STREET
UNDER FRANK KRIDEL MANAGEMENT
TWO BLOCKS TO ROCKEFELLER CENTER

Apartments
One to Five Rooms
...many with terraces

Spacious rooms...large closets...serving pantries...hotel service...moderate rentals...furnished or unfurnished...long or short periods

The Beverly Hotel
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W. K. SEELEY, GENERAL MANAGER

glisten with glass-parapeted balconies and tile terraces. The balconies (all apartments above the fifth floor on the Park side have them) aren't much wider than a catwalk, but they give you that step out into the open which can do wonders for your state of mind. No. 40 also has darn near the only wood-burning fireplaces I've been able to find in the new lot of buildings; they start above the sixth floor on the Park side. Apartments run from two rooms with one bath to five rooms with two baths and a lavatory, and prices from $840 to $3,700. A three-room duplex in a field of terraces perched on top of the edifice is $3,600; if you want to be just as grand and also have a second bedroom and bath, consider a four-room apartment with a terrace on the eighteenth floor for $3,700. Culver, Hollyday & Co. will tell you anything else you want to know if their representative isn't already on the premises.

IN the choice of a name, the twenty-story Berkeley House, at 120 Central Park South, follows the example set by its neighbors, Hampshire House and Essex House, and now its sponsor's only worry is how many people will know how to pronounce it. This is a Pease & Elliman building and like the others under the same management it has the service problem licked to a frazzle with a new device: a central office, maintained by the company for all its tenants, which is prepared to supply trained help for almost any need. If you're a P. & E. tenant, you simply ring up this office and ask for whatever you want, be it a chauffeur to drive your visiting parents around town, somebody to stamp letters or take the children to the newsreel, or a maid to revive your wardrobe after a hard weekend—the odder it is, the better they like it. Berkeley House is prepared to take phone messages (you give your friends the downstairs number), and offers everything from labor-saving devices in the laundry in the basement to a garden on the roof by way of inducements.

Most of the apartments have natural cross ventilation and those with only one exposure have air ducts, which are supposed to do just as well and won't slam any doors, either. There are terraces on the eleventh floor (where peeking neighbors are thwarted by glass-brick partitions), the eighteenth floor, and all around the lavish three-bedroom penthouse. Prices start at $780 for what the management (wisely, I think) elects to call simply one room and kitchen and mount to a juicy $4,800 for

Luxury for less

These highly desirable apartments were designed by Rosario Candela in the "luxurious twenties" for discriminating cooperative ownership. Now, for the first time, they are released for renting. Two and three exposures, wood-burning fireplaces, a few with terraces, spacious rooms and convenient location, warrant much higher rentals.

14 Rooms $5900
11 Rooms from $4100
6 Rooms $3600
6 Room Penthouse $4900
(with large terrace)

775 Park Avenue
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The Town House
108 EAST 38th STREET
Just off Park Avenue

One of exclusive Murray Hill's most imposing apartments. 1-3 room suites $70 up, includes maid service, terraces, fireplaces, dressing rooms, complete kitchens. Also unusual 5-room tower duplex apartment, terrace, 3 exposures.
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There's a "Beaut" of a 6-Room Apartment at Parc Vendome
• Will you inspect it?
Studio 29x20
Terraces—3 baths
Wm. A. White & Sons
Agent
340 West 57th St., Tel. Circle 7-6990

JAMES BLAUVELT & Associates
DESIGNERS of INTERIORS
38 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK

the penthouse. Gas for cooking is on the house.

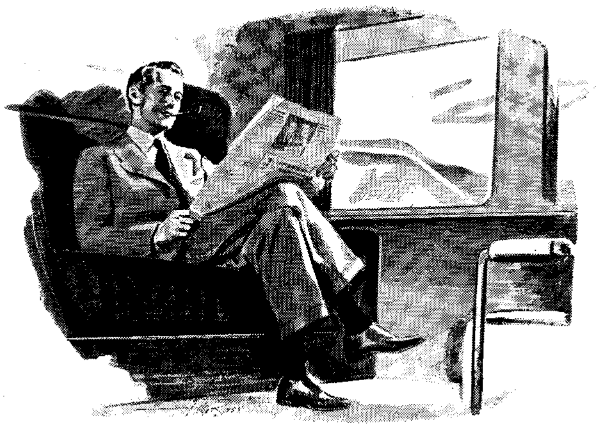
No. 530 Park Avenue, at Sixty-first, is as progressive as any of them and brings you right back into the address belt besides. Partly because it is next to a non-skyscraping church, and partly because its architects have been good and smart about layouts, its eighteen stories are full of light. I, as usual, liked the duplexes facing on the Avenue, but others will probably have just as much admiration for the large one-floor apartments, which include (unique, I believe, in this year's crop) a maid's room and a real dining room. There are terraces on the seventeenth floor and all around the three fine penthouses, one of them—run like a hare—with a real fireplace. This building (Brown, Wheelock, Harris, Stevens, agents) is another that does without ceiling beams. The windows, except for the casement corner ones, have metal sashes counterbalanced so they'll pop up and down at the flick of a finger. You'll also have phone-call interception, package-receiving service, and maids ready to serve you by the hour, week, or month. The rents will be anywhere from $1,300, for a living room, kitchen, bedroom, and bath, up to $4,800.

At No. 44 East Sixty-seventh Street (also Brown, Wheelock, etc.) they're mighty proud of their fine location, and who can blame them, tucked away as they are in a quiet block with a number of charming private houses? The building is only twelve stories high and a good many of the apartments have already been rented. Most of the layouts are planned to provide cross ventilation and all of the kitchens have windows. If you want a terrace you can have it on one, two, or three sides, depending on which duplex or penthouse you choose; regular apartments don't have them. I found the two duplexes facing south on the eleventh floor awfully hard to pass up. As you might expect in this sort of building, there are many real fireplaces—all, however, above the eighth floor. Maid service will help you make use of the lavish kitchen equipment—oversize refrigerators and things like that. Three, four, and five rooms here, at from $1,200 to $3,600. —Kay

•

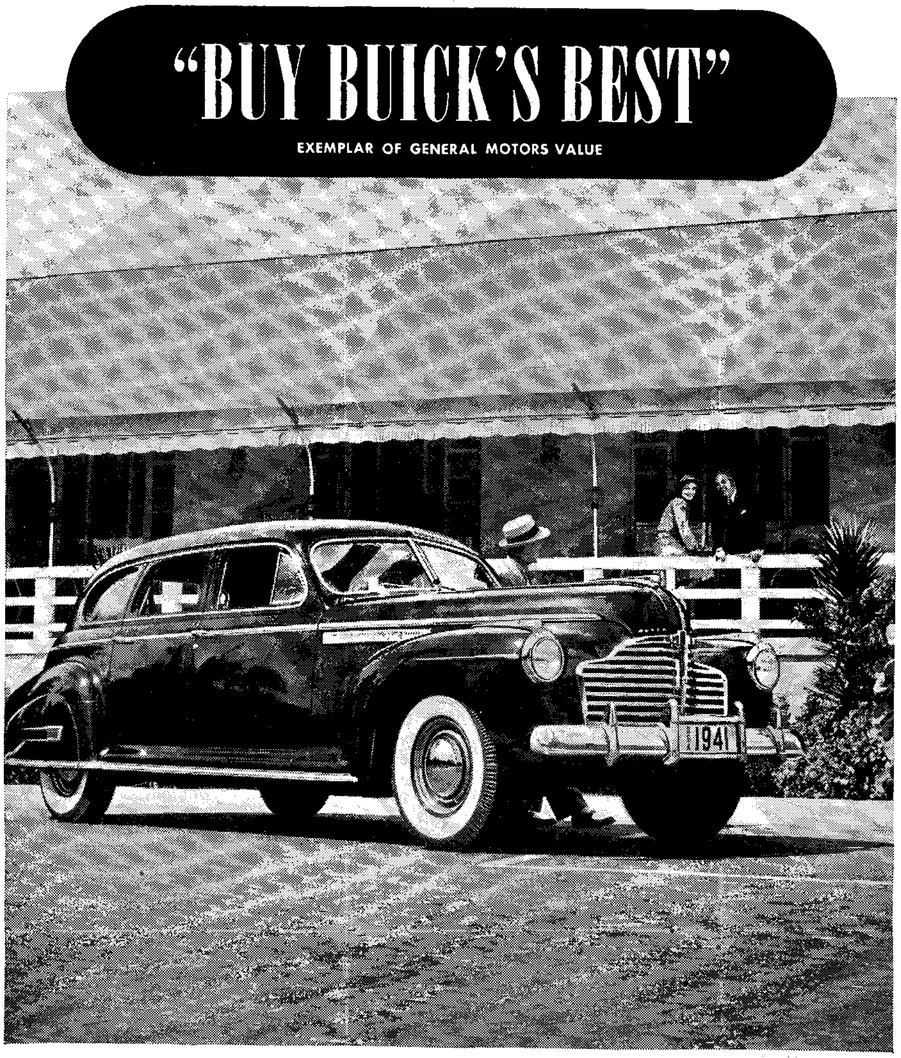
The trial disclosed that Weiner, whose only kin are two nieces, had saved $35,000 in as many years.—*The World-Telegram.*

Patient devil.



Drawing Room or Lower Berth?

When it comes right down to it, you could probably sleep equally well in either, but that maybe doesn't stop you from indulging in the well-earned luxury of a drawing room's space when you travel. The point is, why not figure the same way when it comes to cars, where the little extra money you put in a Buick LIMITED really buys something that can't be found in less spacious automobiles? To find out what, ask any Buick dealer to let you try out one of these grand cars.



SEE YOUR NEAREST BUICK DEALER

A REPORTER AT LARGE

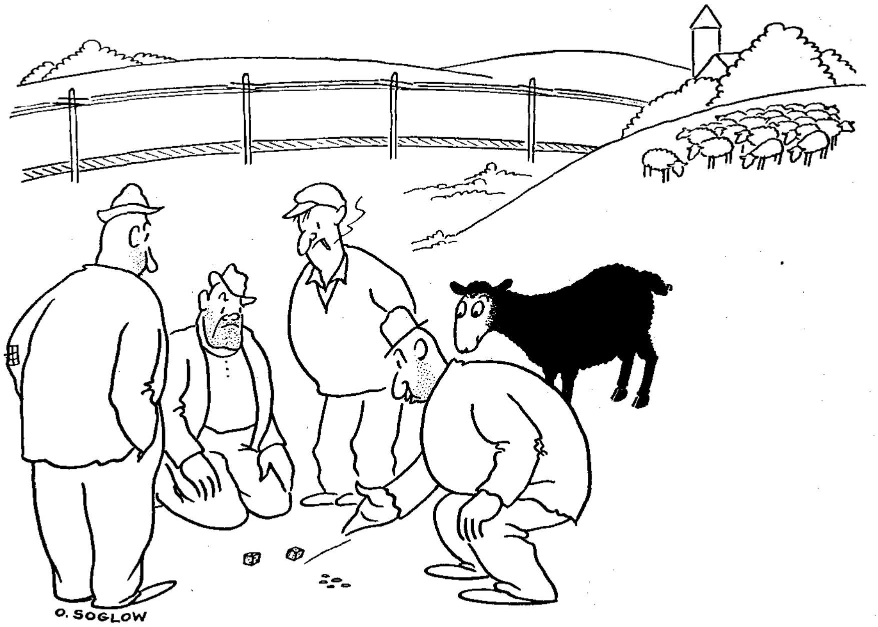
THE GOOD WOMEN OF GROSVENOR STREET

SINCE last spring, American sympathy for the British stand has been expressing itself in all sorts of practical ways. Millions of dollars, raised by almost every possible type of charitable drive, have been translated into clothing, boots, surgical dressings, knitting wool, blankets, and drugs and shipped across the Atlantic. The job of sorting them out on arrival is a complicated one. In London, everything sent over by the British War Relief and the Allied War Relief, which recently amalgamated, and a certain proportion of the shipments from the American Red Cross and Bundles for Britain clear through an organization of ladies known as Dudley House. Originally its headquarters actually were at Dudley House, the home of the chairman, Lady Ward, a daughter of the late Whitelaw Reid of New York. Some months ago a bomb which fell in the ballroom made the place uninhabitable and the ladies moved in a hurry to the American Women's Club on Grosvenor Street, which, being unoccupied at the time, had been offered to them rent free.

When I went over there not long ago to put in a morning's volunteer work, it was pouring rain, and two or three umbrellas were standing, dripping dejectedly, in the ornate marble fountain in the inner hall. The fountain was about the only remnant of the former luxury of the clubhouse. There was no covering on the floors and the rooms were inadequately heated. Most of the ladies, I noticed, had put on their working overalls, bearing "D.H." on the breast pocket, and were wearing their coats besides. The furnishings were functional. In the entrance hall on the ground floor, where the donated clothes were sorted, there was a long trestle table divided by partitions into bins, in which were piled mountains of garments of all kinds. The workers, who were about to dive into this bargain-hunter's nightmare, were under the command of Miss Nelson, a sturdy, middle-aged American with a jolly eye and a brisk manner. She said that several of her helpers hadn't turned up yet. Pretty soon, however, the missing ladies began to arrive; after parking their umbrellas in the fountain and putting on their overalls, they reported to Miss Nelson for duty. There was a girl called Nancy and a lady in eyeglasses and opossum fur who was introduced to me as Lady Alexis—I never did get the last name. There was also a lean, tweedy lady with white hair who stalked over to the table, regarded the piles of garments bleakly, and remarked, "Not so good this morning, I see."

"No, dear, not so good this morning," said Miss Nelson cheerfully. This consignment was all second-hand clothing, she told me. "Most of the things are perfectly all right," she said, "but you can imagine what a treat it is, after handling this sort of stuff for a couple of days, to get a lot of brand-new clothing in. Oh, we get the most beautiful new things! Do you remember the consignment of knitted suits Best's sent us?" she asked one of her helpers. "They made you think of Paris," the helper said. "You know, all those darling touches." Miss Nelson explained that such clothes were not sent to the usual folk who receive British War Relief assistance—poor families in bombed areas who didn't want to be reminded of Paris but wanted merely to be warm and decent again. The more fashionable clothing, whether new or second-hand—occasionally even dinner suits and evening dresses turned up in these consignments—were allotted to needy officers' wives or to charitable organizations which looked after theatrical folk who had fallen on hard times. The sorting system was simple and effective. From an immense central bin, children's garments were transferred to another, smaller bin, women's to another, and men's to another. The various garments were then stacked in classified heaps—underwear, socks, woollies, and so forth. Finally, each article was appraised for quality and size. After that, a small tag was attached to it, saying "America to Britain," and it was put in a sack containing assortments of either men's, women's, or children's clothes.

"Where are the women?" cried one of the helpers suddenly, brandishing a pair of pink knickers. "The women are right behind you," said Miss Nelson. I looked round, rather startled, and gathered that the ladies in question were half a dozen tall, portly sacks leaning against one another. Each sack was stamped "British War Relief" and bore the Grosvenor Street address, and a label gave a list of the contents. Miss Nelson took me over so that I could see what sort of things were in them. If the clothes in a sack were especially good the word "good" appeared on the label, if they were new the word "new" appeared, and if the garments came from the American Red Cross the label bore a red chalk cross. "We try to get the clothes grouped in complete outfits as far as possible," Miss Nelson said. "Now, here's one sack I did." The contents included several complete outfits—coats, dresses, stockings, bloomers, brassières, gloves, and carefully packed hats. Men's and children's clothes were dealt with in the same way. Men's clothes were always in keen demand. "I wish you had been here the other day," said Miss Nelson. "We had a consignment of men's overcoats in—beautiful new ones. There were a thousand of them, and we cleared them off in two days. At the end we were so dished they almost



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ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS with Lux Toilet Soap help skin stay smooth...

Every woman who enjoys causing a few heart throbs knows the practically *irresistible* effect of lovely skin! That's why Lux Toilet Soap facials are part of the beauty routine of famous stars. Just pat the lather lightly *in*, rinse with warm water, then with cool. Pat dry with a soft towel. Now your skin feels *smoother*—looks beautifully fresh!

LUX
TOILET SOAP

Dorothy McGuire

To win audiences and fascinate people is easy for the enchanting young heroine of "Claudia." Her skin—smooth and fresh as apple blossoms—gets gentle, protecting care in regular Lux Toilet Soap facials. "I give my skin this gentle, *thorough* care every day," she says.

Baclanova

The incandescent opera singer of "Claudia" knows a thing or two about complexion care. "Every woman wants the charm of soft, smooth skin. I never neglect my daily Lux Soap facial," she says.

Frances Starr

Full of wisdom and serene charm as "Claudia's" handsome mother. Wise in her choice of a complexion soap, too. "Lux Soap is a wonderful aid in keeping my skin smooth and soft," she tells you. "I use it regularly."

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Overlooking Park

3 ROOMS	from $1000
4 ROOMS	" 1500
5 ROOMS, Open Fireplace	" 1700
6 ROOMS (corner apt.)	" 2400
7 ROOMS (special)	" 2800

1111 Park Ave.
South East Cor. 90th St.

6 ROOMS	from $2300
7 ROOMS	" 2600
8 ROOMS	" 2800
9 ROOMS (corner apt.)	" 3300

65 East 96 St.
Between Madison and Park Aves.

5 ROOMS	from $1450
6 ROOMS	" 1700
7 ROOMS	" 2100

DOCTORS' SUITES, 5 & 6 ROOMS

112 East 74 St.
Adjoining Park Ave.

8 ROOMS	from $2400
10 ROOMS	" 3300

DOCTORS' SUITES, 3 & 4 ROOMS

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MEN'S TURKISH BATH
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EXPERT SWEDISH MASSAGE,
ULTRA VIOLET RAY, ETC.

Luxurious, Separate and Complete
Facilities for Both Men and Women

Rate, $1.50 up

had to put us in the sacks and drag us off too, I can tell you."

JUST at that moment, Lady Ward turned up—a pretty, gray-haired, birdlike lady wearing a feathered toque and a good many winking and quivering diamonds. She suggested that I have a chat with her before I started work under Miss Nelson, and I followed her into her office, where a coal fire was burning. "The cold in this place is terrible," she said. "Of course, we're very lucky to have the place at all, but it certainly has its drawbacks. For instance, the sorters in the front hall will have to work under electric light even in the summer, I'm afraid, and that is very tiring for them. We've got a wonderful crowd of workers—mostly Americans, though there are some English too. Last year such a lot of Americans went home, and our numbers were very much depleted, but we managed to carry on somehow. Now we've got all the shifts running full strength again."

She explained that every Thursday the Dudley House administrative committee meets and decides which organizations—hospitals, missions, and so on—shall be given assistance that week. Sometimes appeals are too urgent to wait for the next Thursday, so it is the custom to set some clothes aside in an emergency store to meet sudden calls from, say, vicars of blitzed parishes, or relief centres faced with an unexpected rush of homeless, destitute families. The Dudley House organization does not deal with individual cases. Although clothing is distributed chiefly in London and the nearby counties, some of it is sent to other parts of the country. If a call comes from any area near the port at which a shipment has entered and the shipment consists of straightforward things, such as boots, which don't have to be sorted, the crates are routed direct to save time.

Dudley House also has a knitted-garments department. This was started by the members of the American Women's Club, who thought they'd like to do a bit of knitting for the armed forces, and grew until now two hundred and fifty depots all over the country are working on wool sent from the United States. According to figures compiled not long ago, 10,187 pounds of wool have been received. Of this amount, six thousand pounds have arrived since November. Over a thousand pounds were in Dudley House when it was bombed, but seven hundred were salvaged, dusted off, and sent out to ladies who were soon merrily, if grittily, knitting away. An average

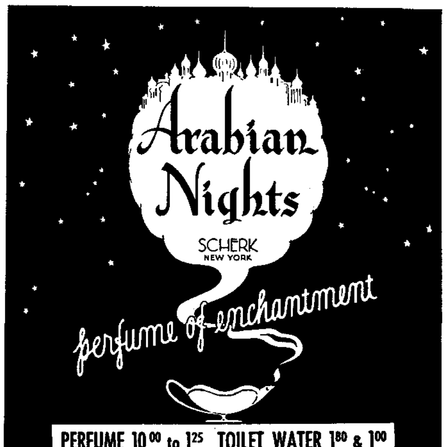
MM-M-M-M-M!
MILSHIRE
MILSHIRE
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN

In cocktail,
Collins or gin fizz,
MILSHIRE GIN'S
The best there izz

Made in small pot stills
—the slower, better way

The POT STILL GIN

90 proof. Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.



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International Cuisine • Seafood Supreme
Table d'hote • A la carte
Sunday Dinner $1.50
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JACK STUTZ
WILL MAKE YOU RIGHT AT HOME
AT THE
Game Cock
14 EAST 44th STREET
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER

of five hundred knitted garments have been turned in every week and distributed to the civilian and fighting services, the bombed areas, hospitals, and refugee organizations.

AFTER Lady Ward had finished telling me all this, I returned to the entrance hall, where I found Miss Nelson's helpers wading into the pile of unsorted garments. Whenever the supply showed signs of dwindling, large wicker baskets of things were brought up from the basement and piled into the central bin by a man in shirtsleeves. There was a strong smell of mothballs and old clothes, and the prowling ladies kept yanking out garments and crying triumphantly, "Just what I need to finish off a good woman!" After I got used to thinking of a good woman as a sack of women's clothes marked "good," I was able to listen calmly to a dialogue in which Miss Nelson said to one of her helpers, "Are all your men *good*, dear?" and the lady replied doubtfully, "We-ell, only middling."

I was given the job of helping sort men's clothes. Some of the suits were in excellent condition, and I had a poignant vision of American husbands coming home to closets that enthusiastic wives had stripped for Great Britain. If American manhood had given the shirt off its back, it seemed nevertheless to have hung on grimly to its pants. "This shortage in trousers is really terrible," wailed Lady Alexis. "I've got a whole stack of jackets here and nothing matching." The man in shirtsleeves, who had just dumped a fresh basketload, said confidentially, "I think as how I've got some odd trahsers in the next crate, My Lady." "Bring 'em up!" boomed Miss Nelson. "They may match. Now, will you just take a look at these jodhpurs," she added. "Isn't someone going to look cute in them when they come up out of the shelters and go for a canter in Rotten Row!"

Before long Miss Nelson was beaming over an armful of battered women's hats that must have been lying right at the bottom of a crate. "Now, here's some perfectly beautiful hats," she said, tenderly tweaking a little velvet number which looked as though it had come a long, long dusty trail since it left Saks. "Some poor soul is going to love *that*."

EVERY now and then, as the clothes were sorted, a slip of paper bearing a contributor's name and address fell out of a batch of clothes. I was told that good wishes for the British cause were often added. "Some people send

"In New York he's a stuffed shirt!"

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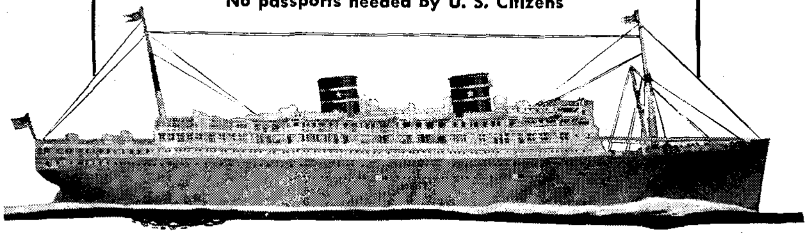

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prayers," said Miss Nelson, rolling her eyes to the ceiling to suggest she felt that a couple of flying fortresses tucked in a pocket would weigh much more heavily with Providence. A gray-haired lady standing beside me was going through the children's bin. I suddenly heard her make the kind of noise a woman makes when she sees a cockroach, and found her looking glassily at a knitted dress down the front of which something had been rather thoroughly and messily spilled. "Put it in Salvation," said Miss Nelson. Seeing that I was puzzled, she explained that garments which were not in their first freshness were put in sacks for the Salvation Army, which washed, mended, and then distributed them. "I do try to see that my dear Salvations don't get all the rubbish, though," she said. "After all, they do splendid work all the time among the poorest of the poor in the shelters. Nonsectarian, too, which is what appeals to me. Pass me over those blankets. They might be sent along to Salvation, too." Things that were too far gone even for the patient Salvations were put into an enormous sack hanging in a corner and destined for the ragman—"who pays us for 'em," Miss Nelson announced triumphantly.

After I had had an hour or so of the work myself, I began to look at the ladies with a good deal of respect. It was extraordinarily tiring. The fatigue produced was rather the same sort that you get after taking in a couple of museums and a picture gallery in one afternoon—leaden feet, a headache, and slight nausea. The impact of so many people's lives, crumpled and done up in mothballs but still documentary, was exhausting. Also, it was very cold. I mentioned the cold to the lady opposite me, who was busy stitching up a good woman with twine and a big bodkin. "It comes up your legs," she said gloomily. "When my sister puts in a day here, she brings four or five woollen scarves and ties them round her stomach." The shirt-sleeved man staggered in again and tipped a load of eiderdown quilts, toys, and boots into the central bin. The lady wrinkled her nose and remarked that the quilts smelled a bit musty. "Damp, maybe," she said. "Often they've been mussed with sea water."

I WAS glad—though I felt guilty to be—when it was suggested that I might like to go down to see the storeroom with Mrs. Wheeler, the Dudley House secretary, a red-haired Englishwoman. Mrs. Wheeler first took me to her office, a little oasis of warmth in

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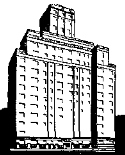
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the basement. In the storeroom crates were everywhere, piled up to the ceiling, and two men were opening one which turned out to contain women's shoes. A couple of baskets full of babies' woollies were standing ready to be taken upstairs. These reminded Mrs. Wheeler to tell me that British War Relief supplied St. Christopher's Nursery College, a country hostel for babies who have spent most of their lives in air-raid shelters and are usually in terrible shape when they arrive there. "Infants six months old often wear our layettes for the newly born," she said, "but the improvement in their health is always marvellous."

She said she had figured out that, all told, Dudley House had handled a hundred and fifty thousand garments, five thousand blankets, and four thousand layettes. I asked her if the organization had lost many shipments in transit, and she said that a certain amount had gone down. "Often the stuff gets terribly held up at the ports, too," she said. "For instance, consignments packed in June weren't unpacked here until November. Just when we had hoped for good, warm things for people in the shelters, we had nothing but stacks of thin clothes that had probably been sent in a heat wave." Some of the summer things had been put away for the coming season, some had gone to outfit refugees from Gibraltar and Malta who, after shivering unhappily in Kensington for a while, had been shipped off by the government to a warmer climate.

Mrs. Wheeler said that she would let me see some of the letters of thanks, and I was turned loose in a basement office containing the files. There were endless letters from generals of the Salvation Army, matrons of hospitals and institutes, vicars of bombed parishes, and members of the armed forces and auxiliary services. The letters from people who had been clothed by British War Relief were of course touching, especially the children's. One letter ran:

> DEAR AMERICAN FRIENDS,
>
> I write this little note thanking you for the clothes you sent me. I lost all my clothes when our house was demolished by a bomb. I lost my father and mother too. Well, that's all for now. I thank you.
>
> Yours faithfully
> JOSEPH HISLOP
> (15 years in 9 months)

A little girl named Jean began in a conversational way, "Dear America, What do you think of the war? I think it's dreadful," and ended, "Thank you for sending me that dress." The adults' letters all expressed the same gratitude for being helped to feel self-respecting

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appear in other than evening clothes in the cool, outdoor

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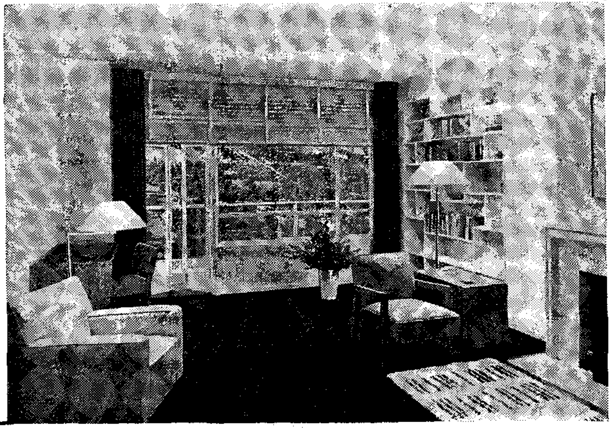

again. One elderly couple who had lost their home and been wounded in a raid wrote, "Thanks to American help, we were able to leave the hospital looking like respectable British people."

Presently I went back upstairs, where I found that the workers were beginning to knock off for a quick lunch. The bins were empty. "I always like to get my decks clear before we go," said Miss Nelson. There was a great collection of stuffed and labelled sacks leaning against the wall in the hall. As Miss Nelson and I were counting the sacks, the ladies, looking a bit wan but bouncily cheerful, picked up their umbrellas in the fountain and hurried off.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

GIRL WITH PIGTAILS

Firmly she raps her ruler on her book
and scornfully dissects the youthful brains
stumbling in panic. She stands erect and sharp,
intolerant of dreams and growing pains.

She has no memory of the girl with pigtails,
ink on her fingers, a smudge of chalk on her cheek,
who regal sat, in truth, on purple cushions,
a gracious queen who bade her brave knight speak,

or, choosing a stick of peppermint for a penny,
or at the counter in the dry-goods store,
or in the ice-cream parlor, from her casement
smiled on tall heroes riding home from war.

The girl who dawdled under shadowy maples,
hearing the whistle of the valley train,
yearned for wild banners streaming on the evening,
for love's impetuous gauntlet at her pane.

But as she grew, the mythologic queens
withdrew before the urgency of fate;
no armor clanked from the hammock on the porch,
no palfrey pawed before her picket gate.

She holds court now behind a sombre desk,
captures love missives passing on the sly,
sternly keeps whisper addicts after school,
and squelches dreamers with a baleful eye.

—FRANCES FROST

THE RACE TRACK

Big-Money Opening

I FEAR the most important thing about the first week at Belmont was that $5,567,493 was wagered there. This sort of money may make lots of people betting-conscious, and no good is likely to come of it. Owners of tracks, preoccupied with improving the breed of the thoroughbred, are going to deplore the situation because the taxes on the handle are likely to be increased. Don't ask me what to do about it, though.

For the rest, the park was never greener, the crowds never larger, an opening day never gayer. For the carriage trade, there was a fine, big green-and-white-striped awning from the clubhouse gate to their stand; for grandstanders, there were free buses from the Independent Subway's 169th Street station in Jamaica to the track, reserved seats in the stand and the enclosure (at, respectively, fifty cents and a dollar extra), and parking space for thousands of cars. By the way, if you're driving, better get there early, for there is always a maddening traffic jam outside the gates at post time. One more thing: before the races on Wednesdays there's a fashion show on the clubhouse terrace. No one could blame you if, after taking it in, you dash off to buy a daily double on Lelong and Schiaparelli.

Everyone spent most of the opening day complaining about the new course for two-year-olds, about which I heard lots of comment, none of it favorable. In my candid and unrequested opinion, it is no improvement over the old straight Widener Course through the infield, and that wasn't exactly what you'd call popular. Now the horses start beyond the far end of the backstretch, in what used to be part of the steeplechase schooling ground, run down out of a chute which leads to the main course, and finish in front of the stands. The chute is at such an angle that one can't tell much about what is happening in a race until the horses are out on the regular track. Eventually, I suppose, we'll become accustomed to it. Horseplayers get used to anything.

Jock Whitney won the first race over the new course. His Court Manners and Even Tan led home New Trick, from his mother's Greentree Stable, with Searchlight, from his sister's Manhasset Stable, fourth. Later in the afternoon, Mrs. Payne Whitney's Spanish Moss won the Fashion Stakes by a nose from her son's filly, Banjo Eyes. The Whitneys have more fun beating each other than they do beating outside-the-family owners.

Many good judges say that the Manhasset Stable's Amphitheatre is the best two-year-old they've seen so far this season. He may be, too. He ran the five furlongs of the new course in 58⅗ the other afternoon, nearly a second faster than other youngsters have been doing it, and won galloping from Colonel Teddy, of whom Calumet Farm is so proud. Mrs. Charles Payson gave $6,800 for Amphitheatre, a brown colt by Sir Gallahad III and Arena, at the Saratoga sales last August. She thinks she got a bargain, and so does her trainer. If the animal doesn't catch the croup or something, he'll run for the Juvenile Stakes at Belmont on Saturday, and I think he'll win it. Another two-year-old I like is Sonny Whitney's filly, Mackerel.

I HAVE not lost my fondness for Eight Thirty, who won the Toboggan Handicap again. I hope, however, he won't have the bad luck in the Metropolitan this weekend that he had in the race last year. Obviously, Jack Joyner, who has been a trainer for half a century, still has the knack of getting an old horse fit enough to win a stakes race the first time out—something the younger school of trainers seem to lack. Although Eight Thirty looked rather roly-poly, he had all his old speed.

Nobody was particularly surprised at King Cole's winning the Withers Stakes. It was confidently expected that he would make all the pace, as he did in The Preakness, and that nothing would catch him. Nothing did. Dispose and Porter's Cap ran as though they were tired from too much riding on trains, which I daresay they are, and Robert Morris, who went to Kentucky but didn't go to Maryland, finished second. I have a notion that Monday Lunch needs more time and racing to wind him up; he is just the opposite of his brother, Hash, who runs well without undergoing much preparatory work. I don't suppose Monday Lunch is going to beat Whirlaway in the Belmont Stakes. Still, he is a horse to keep an eye on.

If Alfred Vanderbilt's colt Afghanistan can figure out how to lose races

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more spectacularly than he has been losing them, you'll at least have to admit that he is ingenious. On the opening day, a furlong from the winning post and just when he seemed to be home free, he suddenly bolted across the track. How he avoided bowling over five or six horses nobody knows. At that, he finished third. On Saturday he was in front when he was only half a dozen strides from the finish, but allowed Chaldar to slip through on the rail and pass him. Your guess is as good as mine as to how he will toss off the next one.

ALTHOUGH steeplechasing isn't as good at Belmont Park as it was last year, the International Handicap, in the middle of the week, was a first-rate show. Ossabaw seems more tractable than he used to be; at least, he sensibly galloped along for a mile behind the pace of Bachelor Philip before taking the lead. On the opening day, Pete Bostwick rode as well as ever, but his mount, Sussex, wasn't good enough to catch Chuckatuck.

NOTES ON AN OLD RACE CARD: After the Jockey Club Plate, an elderly sentimentalist wondered why more members who have not shown their colors for years don't lease horses for the race. . . . Ben Jones, who trains Whirlaway, has given Arcaro, who rode the colt in the Kentucky Derby and The Preakness, the silks the boy wore—as a souvenir, and also to use next time. . . . As for names, Liberty Franc and Liberty Flight ran one-two in the Plymouth Rock Handicap at Boston the other day.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

THERE'S AN ECHO IN THIS ROOM

[*From "It's Not Done," by William C. Bullitt*]

The little finger of John's left hand clamped down against the palm.—*Page 27.*

The little finger of his left hand bent slowly down to the palm. —*Page 68.*

The little finger of his left hand snapped down against the palm. —*Page 79.*

John rose. The little finger of his left hand clicked against the palm.—*Page 137.*

The little finger of his left hand clicked down against his palm. —*Page 148.*

He strode to the door, then turned and with a forefinger traced a line inside his left palm. —*Page 223.*

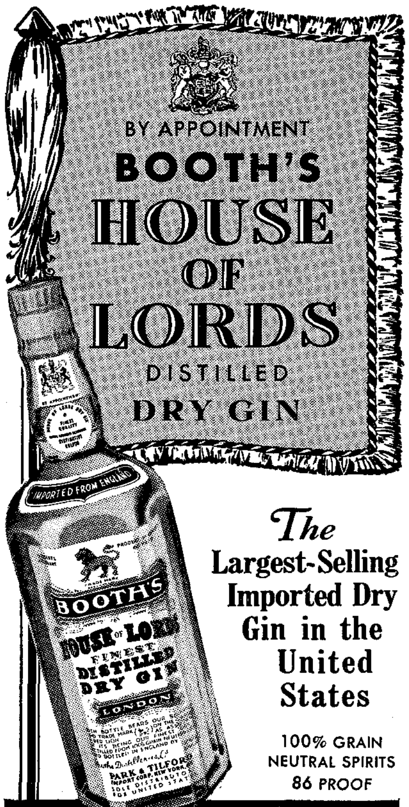
The little finger of his left hand clicking down against the palm and being bent savagely back by his right hand . . .
—*Page 302.*

The little finger of his left hand bent slowly down to the palm. —*Page 360.*

His shoulders slowly straightened. The little finger of his left hand clicked down against the palm and he strode to the door.
—*Page 364.*

It has Everybody talking
TALK ABOUT A DIVE BOMBER BEING STREAMLINED—TAKE A LOOK AT THIS ASTOUNDING NEW PEN.
RIGHTO! AND I HEAR THAT ITS SPECIAL INK DRIES AS FAST AS YOU WRITE. I MUST SEE IT AT MY RETAILER'S.
I SAY, OLD BOY, IT HAS A NOSE LIKE A BULLET—EASY TO HOLD IN THE FINGER TIPS; AND YET IT'S A REAL FOUNTAIN PEN.
YES, THE GOLD POINT IS LIKE A TORPEDO TUBE ENCLOSED IN A GUARD—THAT PROTECTS IT, AND SHIELDS THE FINGERS FROM INK.

(*Adv.*)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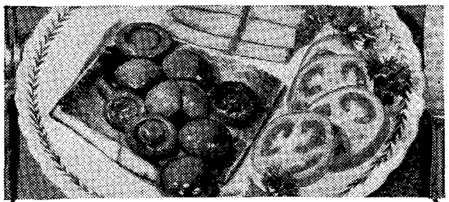

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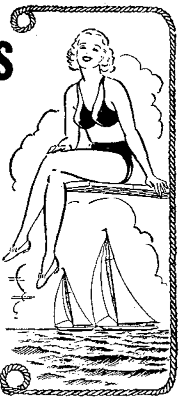
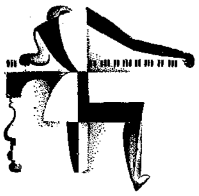


MUSICAL EVENTS

Youth, Coffee, and Choirs



Leopold Stokowski gave his first local showing of the 1941 model of the All-American Youth Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last week, and chances are that after Mr. Stokowski gets his new group farther along the road, it will sound a good deal like the 1940 A.-A.Y.O., which would be excellent. On paper, the difference between last year's orchestra and the current ensemble was a change in personnel in which the number of Philadelphia Orchestra key men was reduced from sixteen to eight. In performance—comparing the class of '41 to the class of '40 as it sounded at its New York début in the Stadium last summer—this season's outfit wasn't so evenly polished as its predecessor seemed to be. The '41ers played with plenty of brilliance and alertness, but there were demonstrations of tonal imbalance in the first half of the program. There wasn't anything, however, to suggest that Mr. Stokowski has not collected himself another first-rate assortment of musicians.

There were a few variations on the previous setup and décor. The strings had been moved about some to lend more bite to their tone (early in the evening, the bite occasionally became almost a bark, but that was overzealous bowing rather than the effect of the reseating), and the entire band was grouped more compactly. The rhapsody in blue that serves as a stage setting for the A.-A.Y.O. seemed to have been redone, although the effect of movie moonlight was still prominent. Mr. Stokowski's presentation of Brahms' third symphony and of his own arrangement of a Wagnerian excerpt known as "Love Music from 'Tristan and Isolde' " was provocative. The symphony was romanticized considerably and certain familiar outlines took on new shapes—some of them engaging, some of them arbitrary. The combination of passages from the second and third acts of "Tristan" was swell listening, although this sort of thing may be disturbing to those who prefer their Wagner straighter. Anyhow, in the love music, the orchestra was superb, as it was in three Stokowski transcriptions that were offered for good measure after the regular program. It did well, too,

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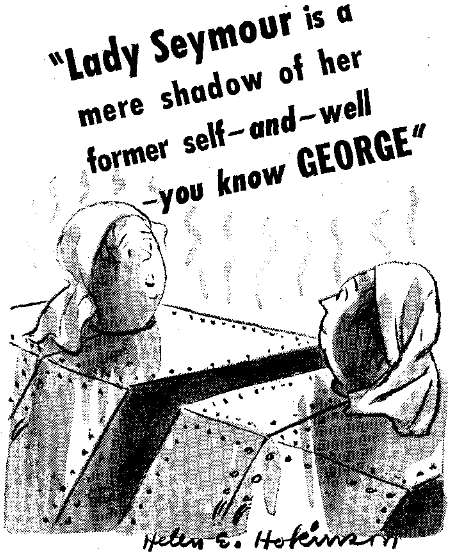
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Helen E. Hokinson

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Truly a shadow of a blanket. Yet none of *Lady Seymour's* protective quality has been sacrificed in the construction of all-wool SUMMER LIGHT. Feathery light, yet texture-sturdy as ever to resist all threatening air invasions, SUMMER LIGHT invites refreshing sleep—defeats unwelcome draughts and early A. M. chill. No muscular stiffness the next morning — less chance of summer colds. *Sensible?*

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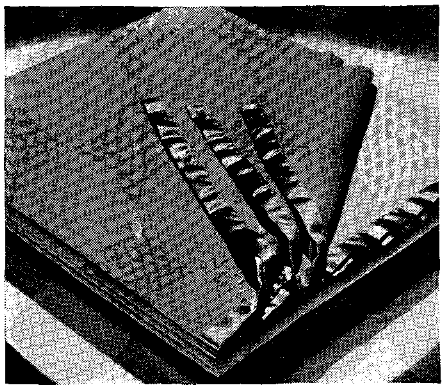

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SEYMOUR WOOLEN MILLS, SEYMOUR, IND.

Lady Seymour
ALL WOOL BLANKETS
1866 1941 DIAMOND ANNIVERSARY

by Henry Cowell's skillfully composed "Ancient Desert Drone."

The audience, like the players, was mostly young and had itself a terrific time, raising a magnificent to-do at the end of the concert. The audience was right, too. You can object to some of Mr. Stokowski's notions of interpretation, but you can't miss the excitement that builds up at his A.-A.Y.O. affairs.

THE Coffee Concerts at the Museum of Modern Art went in for old Spanish customs last week with a "Review Iberica"—a large bill of fare of castanets, guitar playing, dancing, singing that was simultaneously incisive and casual, and bits of bagpiping. All this, and coffee too. The review could have been organized more compactly, but the visitors went for all of it rather uproariously. The biggest bang of the evening was Juan Martinez, who, without sacrificing rhythm, grace, or agility, does handsomely those dances in which a man almost stamps holes in the floor.

IN the choral division, there was a capable small-scale performance of the Verdi Requiem under the direction of Solon Alberti at the Dramatic Oratorio Festival in the Barbizon-Plaza. With about thirty-five choristers and two pianos, Mr. Alberti obtained ample volume for the hall, and his handling of the music was sensitive and obviously well rehearsed.

The Welsh Women's Chorus of New York, conducted by Llewellyn Roberts, showed its wares, vocal and sartorial, in a pleasant Town Hall concert. The singing was euphonious and unpretentious, and the costumes, designed after Welsh folk dresses of about 1800, gave some of the women listeners ideas. The Quakerish hats were especially admired, and if they become fashionable no harm will be done. The initial cost is high, but according to tradition a woman will wear one of these hats a lifetime.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

On April 1, Samuel D. Love, union secretary, sent the following reply to Mr. Morris:

April 1, 1941.

Board of Directors,
Northern Westchester Hospital,
Gentlemen:
Yours very truly,
Samuel J. Love. Sec't and the Executive Board of Local Union No. 1134, Carpenters and Joiners of America.
—*New Castle* (*N.Y.*) *Tribune.*

Terse, anyway.

"When a man's away from home, I feel he's entitled to the very best . . ."

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—*William Hawkins, World-Telegram*

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JOHN KIRBY & ORCH. Eddie South's Ensemble
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OUR SKEPTICAL CORRESPONDENTS

New York, N. Y.
May 14, 1941

To the Editors of *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sirs:

I WONDER if your little publication would be interested in the following tale. It is only fair to warn you that I have already told it to several newspapermen of my acquaintance, but they refused to take it seriously. Finally I decided to dump it into your editorial lap and forget about it; you can take it or leave it. I have no personal interest in getting this story circulated. It just happens that I believe it, and that it seems to me to constitute an interesting comment on the American mass mind.

One morning several weeks ago, while I was leafing through the morning paper, my eye was caught by a name at the bottom of the obituary page. (I am withholding the name, as well as all other names concerned in the story, to forestall retaliations which could now fall only on innocent parties.) The obituary item was brief and casual: the deceased had passed away suddenly, in his sixty-ninth year, at the house of a grandson in a small Midwestern town; in his youth he had been a famous professional baseball player, and later in life he had held administrative jobs in various minor leagues. That was all. I had turned the page, and was reading the stock-market quotations, before my brain made the necessary subconscious connections and I remembered the spruce old gentleman with whom I talked all through a summer morning on the front porch of the hotel in Flemington, New Jersey, four years ago.

I had driven down with a friend of mine, a young man who works in one of the big New York law offices. He was acting, as I now remember it, for a fretful country squire who wished to verify his title to a parcel of land before building a tennis court on it. The question was minute but vexatious, involving old wills, disputed boundaries, and the like, and my friend had warned me that the necessary conferences and consultations of records would take four or five hours. I went along because I had a slight, morbid interest in the scene of the Lindbergh kidnapping trial, and because I had nothing better to do with myself that day. After seeing my friend to the courthouse, I strolled about for half an hour, bought the morning papers, and found a friendly rocking chair

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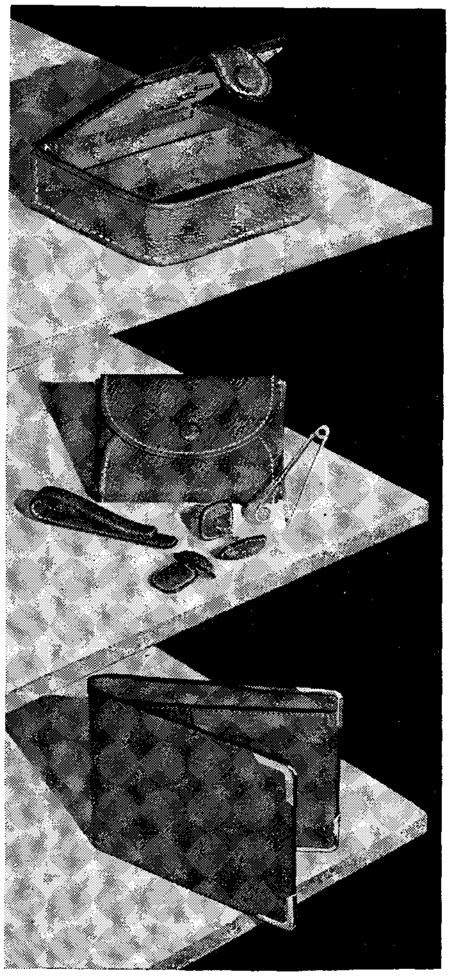

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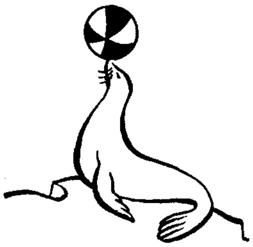

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THE MAN WHO CARES SAYS: **CARSTAIRS**

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on the broad, shady porch that runs the length of the old hotel—I've forgotten its name, but it provides a swell forty-five-cent lunch and excellent draught beer.

If the obituary was correct in saying that the old fellow was sixty-nine when he died, he must have been sixty-five then, but he didn't look it. He was tall, husky, and brown, with a well-controlled waistline, abundant white hair, and a rasping, confidential voice. He was dressed gaudily, but not distastefully, in huge, high-buttoned shoes, an alpaca suit, a striped silk shirt with a soft white collar and black bow tie, and a straw "boater" with a pinkish-red band. It was his clothes that made me notice him when he took the rocking chair beside mine.

We got acquainted in the time-honored way. He borrowed my *Times* and reciprocated by offering me one of a battery of cigars which he carried in his breast pocket. A quarter of an hour later we put down our newspapers and exchanged a few orthodox opinions on Roosevelt and the Rome-Berlin Axis. Then we exchanged names, after which the old fellow suggested that it was never too early for a cold glass of beer. He insisted on paying for them both, so, when we had drunk up, I ordered two more. We got along fine. He talked as if he were used to the company of younger men, without being either envious or patronizing, and he obviously liked the way I talked to him. He was down in these parts, he told me, to see a young fellow named Jurgens, Jorgenson—something like that.

"See him?" I asked, in bewilderment.

He explained that he sometimes did some scouting, though he had a fairly important office job. His league was not either of the big ones, but I have since noticed that most of the metropolitan newspapers carry its box scores in small type at the bottom of the sports page. We talked in a random way about baseball for a while—the Black Sox scandal, the great players of history, the World Series prospects for that year. I tried to draw him out on the last subject, but after a while I became conscious that he was drawing *me* out, or at least sizing me up.

"Think these fellas are going to get anywhere?" he asked me finally. "This Hitler and this Mussolini?"

I stared. My last remark had been something about the Dodgers.

"I'm not crazy," he said, with a melancholy chuckle. "Tell me, you think the Germans and the wops are

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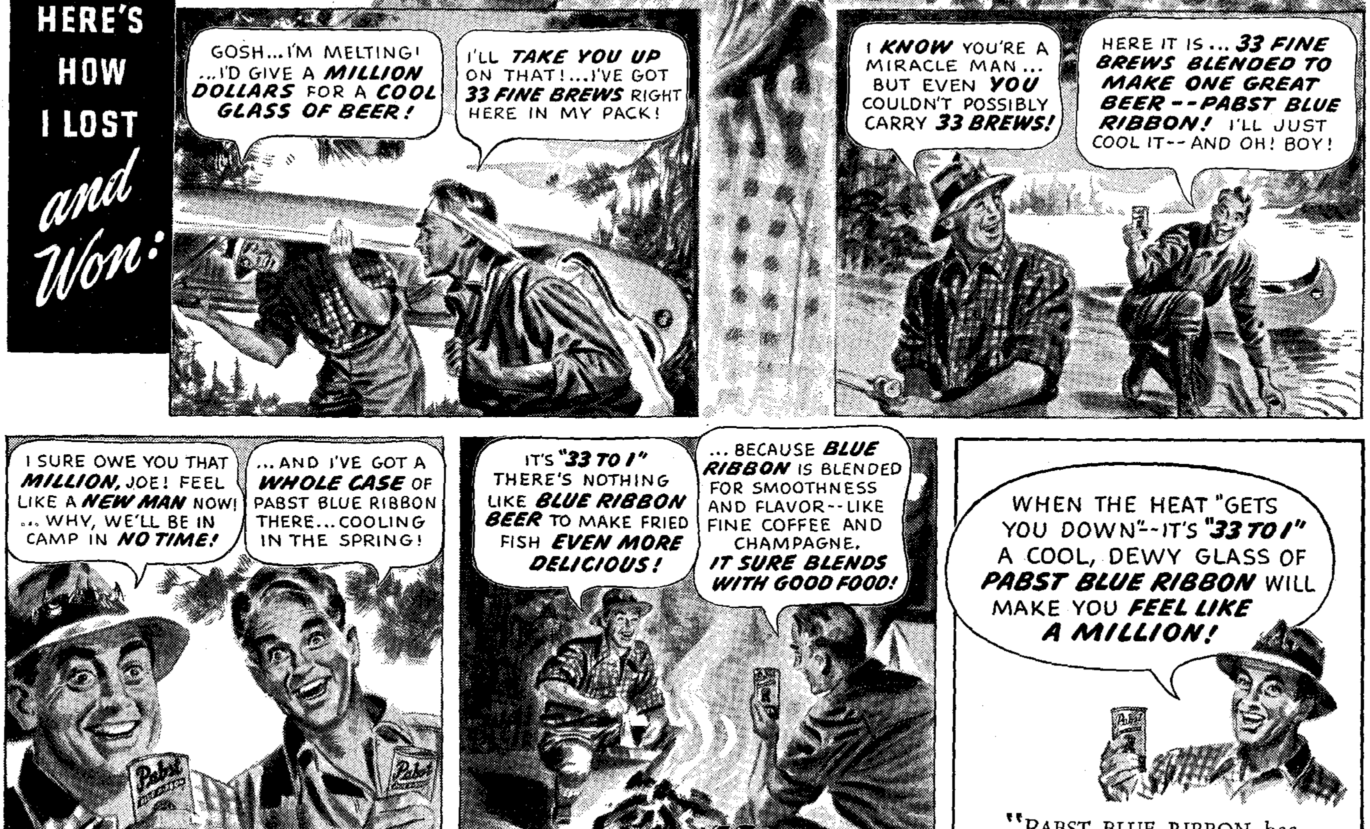
GOSH... I'M MELTING! ... I'D GIVE A *MILLION DOLLARS* FOR A *COOL GLASS OF BEER!*
I'LL *TAKE YOU UP* ON THAT! ... I'VE GOT *33 FINE BREWS* RIGHT HERE IN MY PACK!
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Copyright 1941, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee really falling for that guff they're dishing out over there?"

I said it looked as if they were.

He sighed. "And I suppose you think that Americans can't be taken in, nohow—like in what's-his-name's book, 'It Can't Happen Here.' "

Certainly, I told him, it seemed less likely. He sighed again. Then he looked at me in a calculating way, and finally put his hand on my knee. "Son," he said, "I'm going to tell you something. Something that don't nobody know anything about, except ball players—some ball players, that is. I'm scared that if I don't tell somebody, then pretty soon all us fellows that know and are willing to tell will be dead.

"People ought to know, just to see how easy they can be fooled," he continued. "You're a nice youngster, and you talk like you been educated. I'm going to trust you. If it got out that I'd been talking this way, I'd lose all my salary and my hopes of a pension. You can't blame an old man for hanging onto his living, can you? But just the same, I think some folks ought to know, with this Hitler and all."

He offered me another cigar, and lit a fresh one for himself. "What's the national pastime? Baseball. Right?"

"Right," I said. I was puzzled, but I certainly couldn't accuse him of being drunk, or crazy, or of elaborately joking.

"What's the most important player on a team? The pitcher. Right? . . . What's the most important part of the game? Pitching. *Now*"—he leaned over and tapped my knee—"what's the most important thing about pitching? *You* tell *me*, boy. Come on."

"Why, controlling the ball, of course," I said. "Throwing curves and so on."

The old man leaned back in his chair, as if he were suddenly tired. "Yup, that's the correct answer, all right," he said. "Now *I'll* tell *you* something, boy. *No man alive, nor no man that ever lived, has ever thrown a curve ball.* It can't be done."

I forced a smile, but I soon saw that the old man wasn't joking. "Takes a little while to sink in, don't it?" he said. "Here, take a look at my papers and things. I want you to start out by believing that I'm who I said I was." From his wallet he drew a sheaf of passes admitting him to various ballparks. They all bore the name he had given me. Dumbly, I handed them back.

After achieving his climax, the old man talked quietly, reasonably, as if he were afraid of frightening me. "How it started, I don't know. Nobody knows

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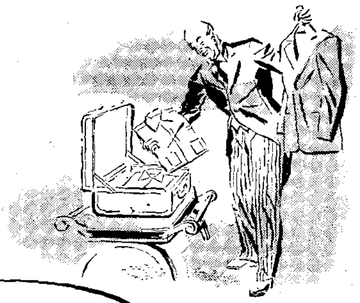

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now, probably. We'll say some pro, back in the eighteen-eighties, got thinking what a good trick it would be if he could throw the ball so's it would curve away from the bat, or hop over it, fade away under, or whatever. Well, so one day he's serving 'em up and two or three batters in a row strike out. (It's hard enough to hit a baseball, I'll grant you that.) So that night, we'll say he's having a few beers in a saloon, and he tells his friends he can throw curves. Says that's how he struck out those batters.

"Well, the way I see it, everybody would be ready to believe it. The guys that paid their admission and had seats behind the plate and watched, they'd want to seem as smart as the next one, so they'd say sure, they saw it. The batters that struck out—don't you think they'd be glad of an excuse like that? Su-ure, don't you think they wouldn't. And pretty soon the other pitchers are saying they got curves, too. And the batters are bragging when they hit them, and using it for an excuse when they don't. And the dopes in the grandstand are all talking wise about different kinds of curves. By and by, everybody in the game, and everybody connected *with* it, and everybody that goes *to* it, they all take curve balls for granted. Oh, maybe here and there there's somebody that, if he's honest with himself, he'll admit to himself he ain't never really seen a curve. But by then he's afraid to talk about it for fear of making a fool of himself."

"But listen," I began.

"Well?"

"I've *seen* curves," I told him. "Every game I've ever been to, the pitcher has had *some* kind of curve."

"Well, son," the old man said, not unkindly, "you *think* you seen curves. And why? Because you expect to see them. When a pitcher spends ten seconds winding up, and the ball goes fast, with a bat zipping across the plate, and the catcher makes a show of moving his mitt to pick up the curve, *no wonder* you think you see it. Ever see a magician? That's the way a magician does. Only baseball's better for fooling people than magic because by now most of the players believe in it themselves. Nobody can fool other people like a man who's fooling himself. You see, all the guys that are playing ball now, when they were kids they heard about curves, and pretty soon they got to believing that there were such things. Another thing—from a pitcher's box any ball looks like it was curving. I guess it's because the batter and the catcher are moving some

—you know, what they call optical illusions."

I said, "If this is true, there must be a lot of people close to the game who realize it. Why hasn't it ever leaked out?"

"Two reasons, my boy," the old man told me. "In the first place, the guys in baseball have an interest in keeping the secret. It makes the game exciting to have curves. It's worth it to pay some guy fifteen thousand bucks a season to pretend to throw 'em—gets the people into the ballpark. Baseball's big business, son. In the second place, some guys might have been willing to say they doubted if there was such a thing as curves, only what would happen to 'em? I'll tell you. They'd be laughed out of town."

The old man snapped his fingers for another beer. "One more and I got to go," he said. "Say, you married? Got a girl?" I said yes, in answer to the last question. "Ever take her to a ball game?" I said I had. "And I bet she said *she* couldn't see any curves, didn't she? . . . Sure, I knew it. Women never fell for this curve thing, because women don't *think*. They just *look*. Tell a woman a ball's going to curve, she ain't going to say it curved when it *didn't*. Unless she's trying to get around some man, of course." He chuckled. "Say what you like about women, they never sat all afternoon in the hot sun cheering a guy who thinks he's throwing curves and *ain't*." He got up. "Well, young man, don't forget what I've been telling you, will you?"

"Wait," I said. "How about sportswriters—men who do nothing but watch baseball and write about it. Wouldn't they have said something about all this?"

My friend shook his head. "You only got to look at sportswriters," he told me. "Look at this Pegler. He used to write sports. He ought to know, huh? Well, look at the things he believes now, in politics. Mean to tell me a guy like that couldn't be fooled into believing in an inshoot?"

In reporting all this, I may have taken some liberties with the old fellow's phraseology, but I have taken none with the facts. I pass them along as he set them before me.

Faithfully,
R. W. MADDEN

●

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Schenectady Union-Star*]

The reading of history always quiets one, for there one is confronted with crisis after crisis.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

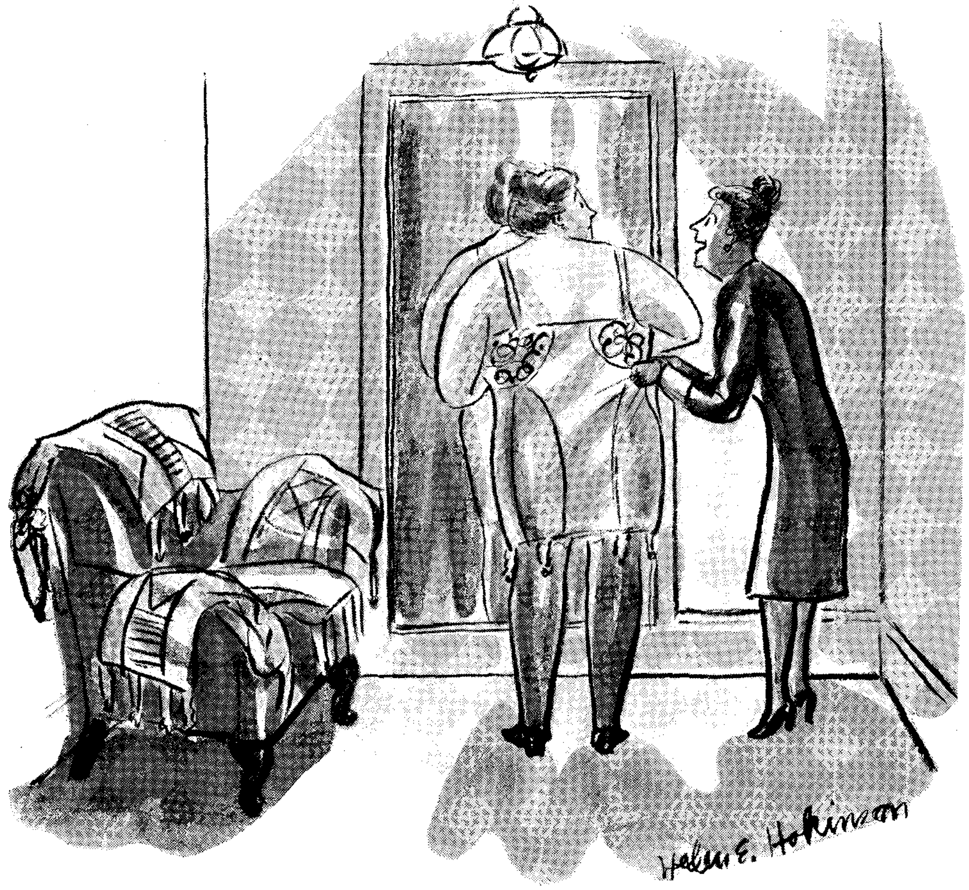
I HAVE always gone along, in a bland sort of way, feeling that cotton dresses were just right for the climate around New York in summer simply because their crisp, washable, and absorbent quality was suited to an atmosphere which gets both hot and muggy. It is now plain that in holding this view I was both shortsighted and selfish; there are far nobler reasons for buying cotton. Cotton is American, friends, and to buy it is patriotic. So, in the interest of greater unity and closer relations between the states, it is my duty to tell you that Bonwit Teller is devoted to cottons and cottons and *cottons*, which appear in every type of garment, from the most matter-of-fact things for digging in muddy soil to dream dresses suited to the suavest of moonlit nights.

In the first category, a heavy cotton with stripes of red or navy and white, or turquoise and yellow, makes cuffed shorts, short-sleeved blouses, jumper dresses to be worn with or without blouses, and combinations which may consist of a brassière, big and baggy pants, and a loose workman's shirt that has large patch pockets and a zipper all down its front. (This outfit is $12.95, and smart indeed, in a sturdy kind of fashion.) Among the highfalutin things, look at an evening dress of the finest white eyelet embroidery combined with white organdie—$85, and very don't-touch-me.

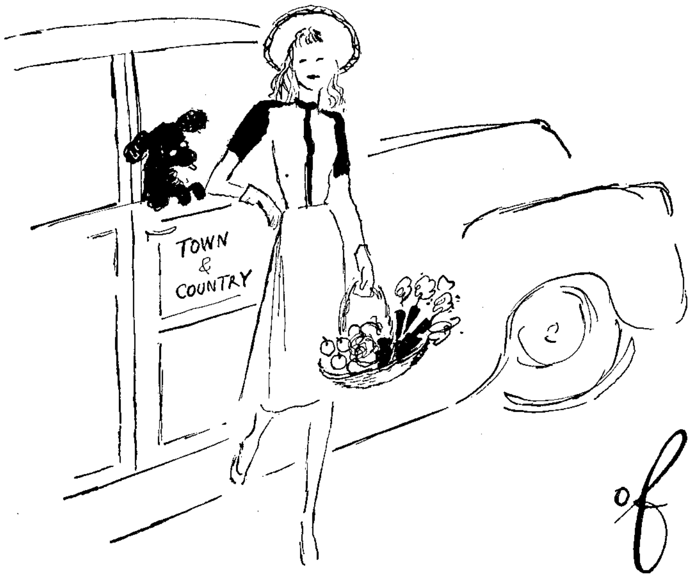
My favorites, however, are some exclusive prints called Louisiana, bright and flamboyant and charming, made into dresses costing from $8.95 up. One of them has a sprawling lily-pad design of bright-blue pads and bright-pink lilies on a white ground of waffle piqué. It makes, among other things, a short cape lined with white terry cloth and a matching two-piece bathing suit with a prim, oval-necked brassière top that has a ruffle around its décolletage like the dresses of the demurest of Southern belles; the bra ends abruptly below the breasts, leaving the midriff bare between it and the circular shorts below. A similarly mincing separate bra top is part of a bare-midriff gardening dress in a bright-blue percale sort of print with white lobsters, crabs, and shrimps slapped over it; the skirt that goes with this has a huge front pocket in dead centre and a wide waistband which ties in a bow in back. There are matching shorts beneath the skirt. A dainty type of print called Marsh Daisy has tiny white and red formal flowers on a dull-green dimity ground and shows up in a lot of little dresses with tight bodices and full skirts. Cloqué piqué, quilted like bedspreads, makes tailored suits with three-button jackets and dresses fastened with vast gold-metal buttons; lacy white fan patterns appear on a thin pink cotton print that has a starchy finish and is used to make cool summer dresses.

You'll also find white piqué peasant dresses with, for instance, bright-red appliqué designs on their skirts and shoulders. Then there are ginghams with a Difference. One, all pink-mauve plaid, has a bodice terminating in vestee points at the front of the hips and giving the accompanying circular skirt a much less hippy look than a lot of clothes I can think of. But these are only at-random suggestions; I can't imagine a taste, however finicky, that couldn't be well satisfied here without undue strain on the pocketbook.

BLOOMINGDALE has opened a Deb Shop on its third floor, where, at moderate cost, you can buy everything, from shoes to girdles. They will obligingly assemble what you need in even closer array for your inspection if you telephone ahead and let them know you're coming. Sizes run from nine to seventeen; short-waisted and short-legged women are favored. Denims from California—white stripes on red, brown, or blue grounds—are made into cuffed shorts, slacks, and gored skirts, all with suspenders, and box coats with big pockets and long or short sleeves. Nice-looking tan or light-blue gabardine slacks are accompanied by loose, well-tailored jackets; two-piece seersucker dresses in various colors have flaring skirts and double-breasted tops and cost but $7.95. Among the suitable-for-town-or-country suits is one of a rayon that looks for all the world like gabardine, with polka dots on a pastel or dark surface; it has a fitted jacket having high

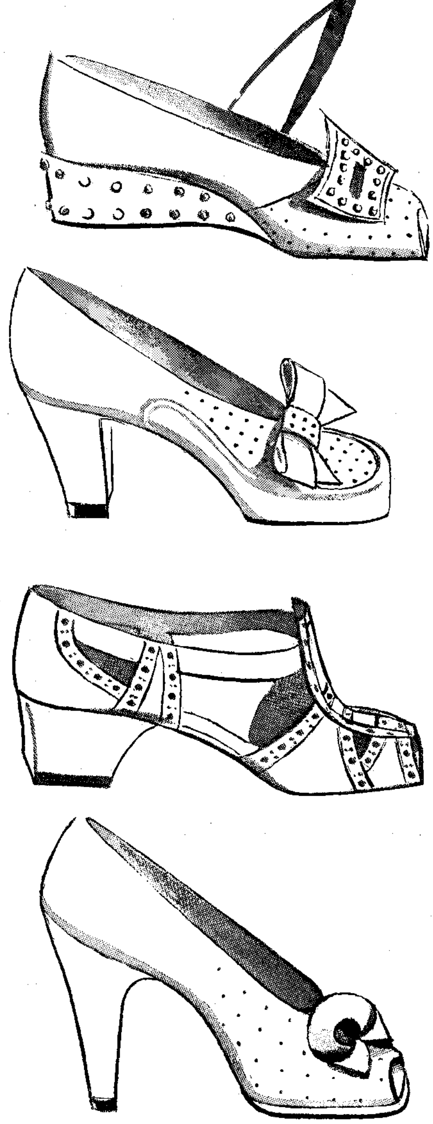


"We don't fight nature; we coöperate with nature."



great white way of

875 ingenues*



It's the way of white shoes to usher in a new season ...to lay the cornerstone for your summer's wardrobe. Like a cool hand on a fevered brow, white is a welcome relief with costumes that are running a color temperature. It's the way of ingenues* to get you off to a good start on your summer clothes budget by looking like more than they cost.

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**English Hats at the higher prices in the range quoted are those made by Lock & Co. and Herbert Johnson, of London, for whom Brooks Brothers are agents.*

"BUY SOMETHING BRITISH"

Brooks Brothers are glad to cooperate with the Committee to Aid Britain by Reciprocal Trade, which has asked well known stores (week of May 24 to 31) to promote "Buy Something British" as a way of helping Britain.

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Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

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lapels and buttons with tiny stars in their centres. This is only $10.95, and it took them quite a while to make me believe it.

VIOLA COHN, who is now associated with Merl, over at 6 East 56th, has an exceptionally good collection of printed daytime dresses and jackets starting at $17.95. A navy-blue rayon crêpe suit in a red strawberry pattern has a tailored jacket bound with red cord and is one to investigate. Look, too, at dinner clothes of the tailored type, like white jerseys printed with bunches of widely spaced royal-blue flowers ($25) and finely checked navy-and-white rayon taffetas with white faille collars and red patent-leather belts. This is another shop for your address book.

DIME-STORE TIDBIT: As far as I am concerned, the Flame-Glo lipstick that you buy at the five-and-ten is still a great favorite of mine. It is smooth, lasting, and alluring, and Pinwheel, the clear red color it now appears in, is way up there among the arresting, no-nonsense reds. There is a compact rouge to match, too. —L. L.

•

MEDITATION ON MEN FREQUENTLY REFERRED TO

The Man in the Moon was never there,
Or, for that matter, anywhere;
The Man from Mars never left that star
On a rocket or an aerial car;
The Man on Horseback has quit the
  stage
Along with the Horse-and-Buggy Age;
The Man of the Moment, the Man of
  the Year
Are equally dubious and unclear;
I never have met, nor reckon to meet,
That will-o'-the-wisp the Man in the
  Street;
The Man of the People, the Man of
  Good Will—
I'm rather hoping to meet them still.
They may not exist, though I hate to
  doubt them,
For we are not doing so well without
  them.

—IRWIN EDMAN

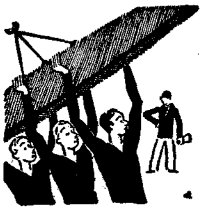
•

... and a special guest of honor was Mrs. William H. Pouch of New York City, who received word today from an Indian tribe on the Tonawanda Reservation near Batavia, N.Y., which she visited last summer, that it would have an all-night ceremonial dance to pray for her election to the D.A.R. presidency. Mrs. Pouch heads the national slate of fourteen members, which is unopposed.—*The Times.*

It's in the bag, Mrs. Pouch.

THE OARSMEN

Too Bounding Main



THE wind and the rain got in everybody's hair last Saturday without creating a picture anywhere near as pretty as the one in the popular song. At Annapolis a Navy shell was swamped, at Syracuse the regatta with M.I.T. was held up two hours while dat ole davil Lake Onondaga quieted down, and at Ithaca the Carnegie Cup race between Yale, Princeton, and Cornell wasn't rowed at all. Rutgers was the only major Eastern crew that raced in decent weather, and it had to go out to Marietta, Ohio, to find it. Marietta was the scene of the Dad Vail regatta, a sort of minor-league affair which was notable this year only for the fact that Rutgers, in winning, set a pace of thirty-six strokes a minute for most of the first mile.

Harvard beat Penn and Navy with a fine display of seaworthiness as well as speed. The shell was shipping water a good part of the distance, but the boys rowed as imperturbably as if they had filled up on Mothersill's remedy before going aboard. They probably remembered how rough seas at Cornell last year had contributed to their one defeat of the season and were determined not to let it happen again. Navy supplied much more opposition than Penn, holding the lead for a mile and, even after being passed, coming up fast at the end with one of those frightening if abortive Navy sprints. It's a violation of the Frank Merriwell regulations when a do-or-die sprint by a crew that is trailing doesn't win the race, and Navy has been guilty of it three times this year. Against Princeton, then Columbia, and finally Harvard, the old spirit has succeeded only in stepping up the pace of the other boat sufficiently for it to keep ahead and to get across the line first. By a hair's breadth, maybe, but first. This time Harvard, aided also by a young typhoon, set a course record of 8:24.4 for the mile and three-quarters.

In addition to losing, Navy was subjected to every kind of unpleasantness. While its boat was still ahead, somebody in it caught a crab, and immediately afterward the rest of the crew got together and almost caught another one as they hit a particularly rough piece of river. The race was over, luckily, by the time the Navy shell had taken

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There's an indefinable distinction to your true British butler . . . and to the true British Gin-and-Tonic made with Schweppes!

Make yours with **THE ORIGINAL IMPORTED** *Gin-and-Tonic Mixer*

For real summer refreshment, just put gin and ice in a tall glass and fill from this bottle . . . or make sure your bartender does it. There's no substitute for the true British tang of Schweppes. U. S. Agents: Maxfield & McLeer, Inc., New York.

Costs a trifle more—worth it!

INSIST ON GENUINE

Schweppes

INDIAN QUININE WATER

on so much water that all hands had to abandon ship. They and the shell were rescued by launches, with no noticeable casualties.

AT Syracuse the unwritten law of American sport was observed to the letter. The home crew staged a sprint in the stretch and *did* come from behind to win, shading M.I.T. by a tenth of a second. This made it twice in a row that Syracuse has won that way, having done it against Cornell the week before, so perhaps there's life in the old tradition yet.

It was a shame the Carnegie Cup had to be called off, since it probably would have settled the question of whether poor material at Yale has Ed Leader licked or whether he has been able to pull something from his sleeve, which is usually lined with tricks suitable for every occasion. The race was moved up to Sunday, but Sunday turned out to be no better than Saturday. Cornell has another date for this week, so if Yale rows again before going to New London it will have to be against Princeton alone, and just for the hell of it.

A TREATISE reached this department some time ago called "Suggestions for Coxswains," intended for circulation among college crews. It was written by a man who was apparently once a coxswain himself, although he doesn't say whether or not he followed all the suggestions he has set down for posterity. At any rate, the demands seem to be rather severe, especially on a little fellow, and perhaps not conducive to making him the best-loved boy on the campus. Suggestion 4 is sound enough advice for any lad, cox or not: "Cultivate cheerfulness, even temperament, decision, calmness, dignity, and poise, both in and out of the boat." Suggestion 16 is something else again. It says, "Ashore, a coxswain should be an 'ambassador without portfolio'—a Psychologist and Moderator aiming to keep his men in a happy frame of mind . . . and to report to the coach and trainer any serious infractions that cannot be corrected and which constitute a real breach of faith with either the school, the coach, or the other members of the squad." In the old days, there was a name for that kind of Moderator, and it wasn't pretty. —RIGGER

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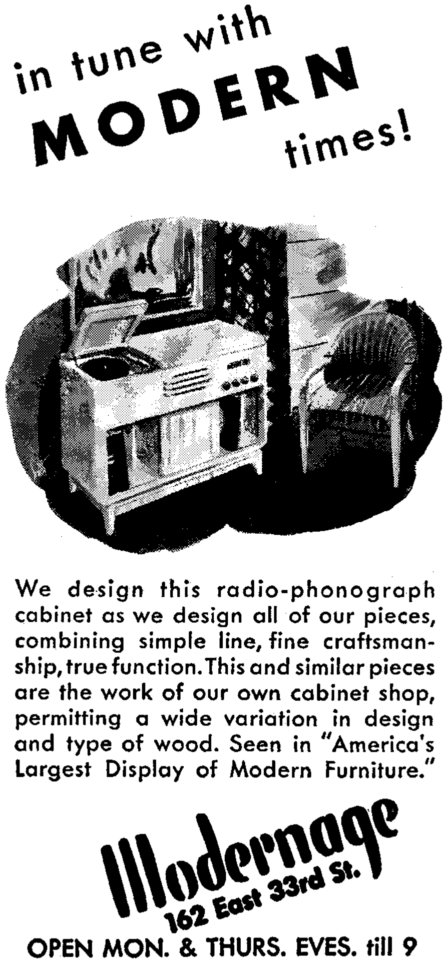
GIRL WHO HATED MEN
FOR 83 REASONS IS
EXPECTING A BABY
—*Headline in the Chicago Tribune.*

The last, or 84th, straw.



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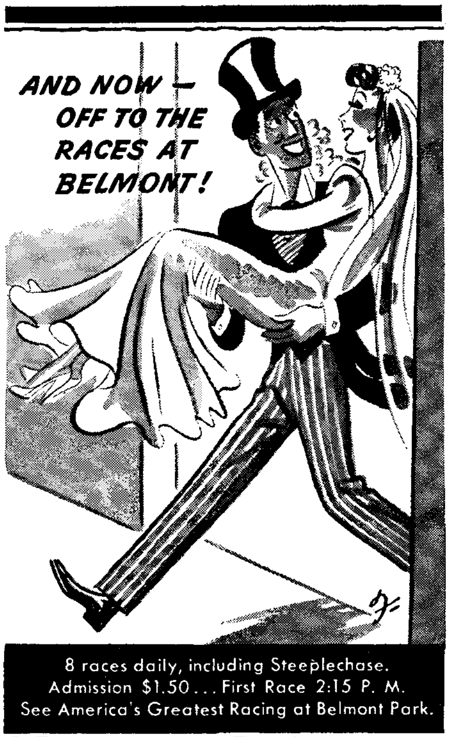

AND NOW — OFF TO THE RACES AT BELMONT!

8 races daily, including Steeplechase.
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Where

gourmets gather nightly—
for our prices are as tempting as the Continental
flavor of our food.

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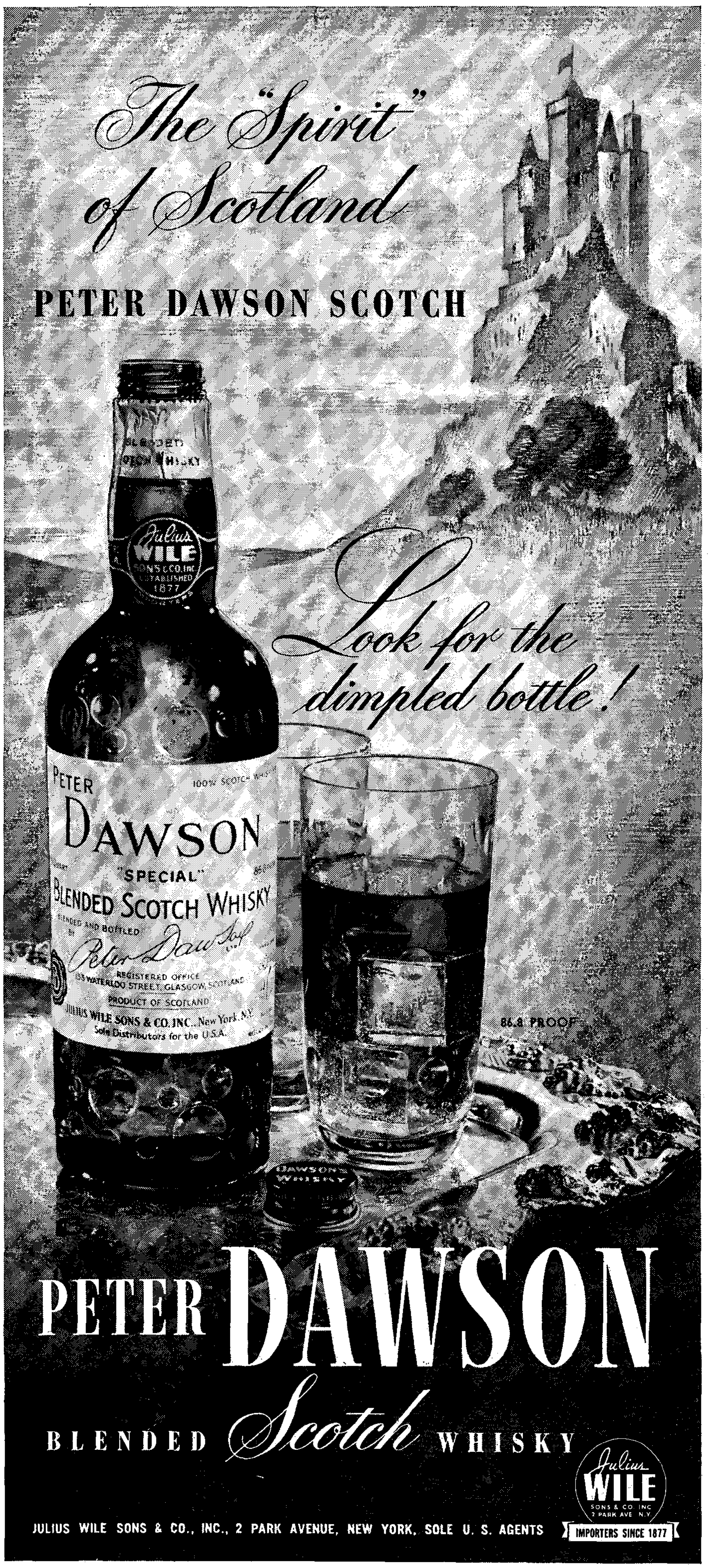
6 West 52nd Street—Just off 5th Ave.

THE VOLGA TONGUE

IN view of the recent findings of the Dies Committee, I feel it's about time for me to come clean and confess that I am studying Russian. Sooner or later some old federal snoop is going to catch me poring over a Russian book and report me to Washington. Not that any girl wouldn't be delighted to be regarded as a potential Mata Hari, but it would be such a letdown for everybody when the telltale tract turned out to be a conversational textbook and the page over which I was caught red-handed a subversive little treatise on how to order a meal—and a pretty terrible meal at that. Moreover, the F.B.I. inquisitors would ask me what everybody else does when I tell them I'm studying Russian—"Why?" The answer to this is "Because I've always had a hankering to be able to speak a little Russian," and again people say "Why?" and I don't for the life of me know. I have not even a remote desire to visit the U.S.S.R. nor do I give a hoot about reading Pushkin in the original. I don't even want to make a hit with Serge Obolensky. I merely want to acquire what is known as a smattering of the language. I don't see why I'm any more eccentric than tired businessmen who start in to learn the conga or those jaded women who "take up" things like Yoga or the accordion.

I began by taking a few private lessons from a scrawny governess who, if one was to believe her, had taught everybody, from Ivan the Terrible to the last Empress. Her circumstances were decidedly reduced and so, I discovered, was any ability she might once have had for teaching. My cook, who regards the sight of a thin person as a disgrace to the house, used to send in snacks to the governess whenever she came to my house, and I made the mistake of allowing it. Russian is difficult enough to make out when pronounced with perfect clarity, and when heard through coffee and cake it's nigh to impossible. The governess spent most of her time regaling me with stories of her better days: how she used to play croquet with the Galitzins and lotto with the Romanoffs and how, every Easter, her dear patrons, a Count and Countess Something, would shower her with beautiful, jewel-encrusted golden eggs, which, since she was a working girl, must have come in handy. She was one of those Slavs with tragic eyes which are made up to look even more tragic; in fact, they looked as if someone had pasted them the night be-



But Why Use

SOAP?

So queried the ladies back in 1712 when Alexander Gibbs pioneered the cause of soap.

And though he ordained that only the purest of pure ingredients be used in his Cold Cream Soap, he had an uphill fight.

Nowadays, it is pretty generally conceded that soap is a Good Thing.

But it is only women who have the highest regard for their tender skins who buy Gibbs Cold Cream Soap.

And such women gladly pay the rather high tariff that such purity commands.

EST. 1712

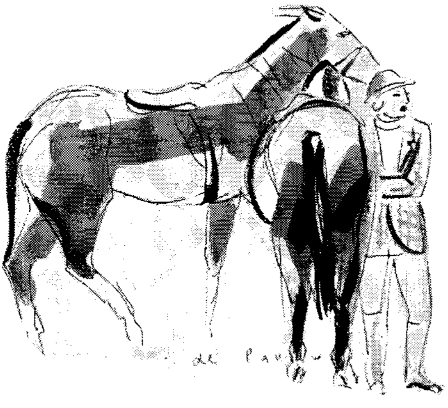
D. & W. GIBBS
SUPERFATTED
COLD CREAM
Soap Tablet
City Soap Works
LONDON

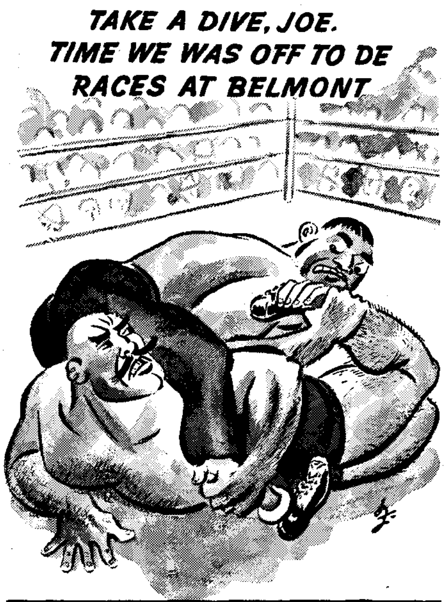
BUYING BRITISH GOODS AIDS BRITAIN

25¢ AND 40¢ THE TABLET

fore. She was always "tarribly, tarribly depressed," and I guess my stabs at pronouncing her mother tongue didn't do much to disperse the gloom. We struggled somewhat mournfully through the alphabet and I managed to memorize an embarrassing little song about a boy named Igor who kept asking his father to bring him a red cap from the fair, which no one ever seemed interested in hearing me sing. Then I was informed that the woman was an imposter—she had never played lotto with the Romanoffs, she hadn't even played old maid with Rasputin, nor was she really Russian. She was Latvian. I had no idea what being Latvian meant and still haven't, but it was a good excuse for letting her go. I decided to strike out for myself.

I LEARNED to read the stuff after a limping fashion. It's not as difficult to decipher as I'd like those whom I try to impress to think. All one has to do is to learn a completely new alphabet and remember that nothing is ever the way it looks. For instance, "*HET*" is pronounced "niett" and means "no," and "*B*" means "in" and is pronounced by starting and quickly stifling a yawn. Primed with this knowledge and a beginner's optimism, I purchased a set of those language victrola records with accompanying textbooks by means of which, in some thirty lessons, you are supposed to become verbally equipped to engage rooms at a hotel, call on a grandmother, get a shave, and tell a mechanic what's wrong with your radio. The recordings were made by gentlemen with deep voices worthy of the Moscow Art Theatre. They utter everyday phrases and sentences and carry on supposedly simple conversations with each other. The books furnish the Russian text, the English translation, and rules of grammar; the records do the rest. You play them over and over, setting the needle back whenever you don't quite gather what's being said (which is practically constantly) and at the same time you fol-





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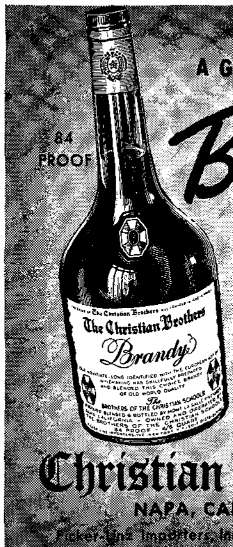
Write or call
Mrs. R. S. Ogden
New Canaan 437



84 PROOF

A Great American
Brandy
of
old world
quality
FROM THE
California
MONASTERY
OF The
Christian Brothers
NAPA, CALIFORNIA
Fricker-Une Importers, Inc., New York
SOLD AT LEADING DEALERS

low along with the textbooks; that is, if you're abnormally bright. The theory is that after listening to a language long enough, you learn to speak in the instinctive fashion of a child. Words and phrases are supposed to linger in your subconscious, like strains of familiar music, and before you know it you're jabbering away as fluently as any waiter. It's a good method and it works fairly well. I haven't advanced very far, but that's only because my subconscious is impractical and the words and phrases that keep popping up at the back of my brain seem all to be completely unessential. I never forget the word for "mustard pot"—"*gorchichnitsa*," a lovely sound that suggests a star of the Ballet Russe—but "fork" and "spoon" elude me. "Feather bed" I could tell you in a second, but I can't ever remember "bed" or what goes on it, with the possible exception of "person."

My family, who are curiously indifferent to my intellectual development, do little to encourage me. Loath to forego their favorite radio programs, they object to my use of the living-room machine, so I have had to purchase a small portable victrola that can be carried about with me to such havens for study as the back porch or the bathtub. When I travel, I carry my victrola with me and play the records in the seclusion of my hotel room. Just what the chambermaid thinks when she sees a respectable-looking woman (at least, such is my reluctant belief) enter a room supposedly alone and then, some minutes later, hears floating out through the transom a low and unintelligible murmur of masculine voices—well, what she thinks isn't hard to guess. Sometimes, I suspect, she informs the house detective, who tiptoes up and listens for a while but, upon failure to hear the clink of glasses or the strains of "The Old Mill Stream," goes away in bewilderment and disgust.

THREE textbooks go with the course. The first is a sort of prompt script, in Russian, of the little dramas that are enacted on the discs. The next is a literal translation, nostalgically reminiscent of my old Horace trot, and the third is a treatise on grammar and construction, which I glanced at and tossed laughingly over my head. The first of these volumes is embellished with a series of line drawings illustrating the various goings-on in each lesson. Judging by the styles of the women's garments, these were done in the late nineteen-twenties and, thanks to them,

AMERICA'S
ORIGINAL AND
MOST FLAVORFUL
Cold jellied
Consommé
White Rose
COLD JELLIED CONSOMMÉ
MADRILÈNE
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CONTENTS 12 FLUID OZ.

The Madrilène that
ALWAYS jells perfectly
. . . just chill and serve.

SPRING's first warm days are doubly welcome when you make your first course White Rose Madrilène. No other cold jellied consommé looks so gay and colorful . . . nor tastes so cool and refreshing. It's worth remembering, too, that White Rose Madrilène is *one* cold jellied consommé that always jells perfectly and serves beautifully. Just chill and serve. That is all you have to do to enjoy this delicious, sparkling, tomato-red treat. Better order half a dozen cans.

Try This Summer Salad

Chicken Salad Madrilène—You'll love it! ***Recipe:*** Chill White Rose Madrilène until thickened. Mix ½ cup finely chopped cooked chicken with ¼ cup sliced, stuffed olives and add to Madrilène. Chill until set and serve with mayonnaise. Serves 3-4.

Ask your grocer for WHITE ROSE MADRILÈNE today. Also, for variety, WHITE ROSE CONSOMMÉ ARCTIQUE, the beef consommé, and WHITE ROSE CHICKEN CONSOMMÉ. Keep all three on hand in your refrigerator. They all jell perfectly *every* time.

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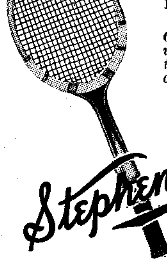

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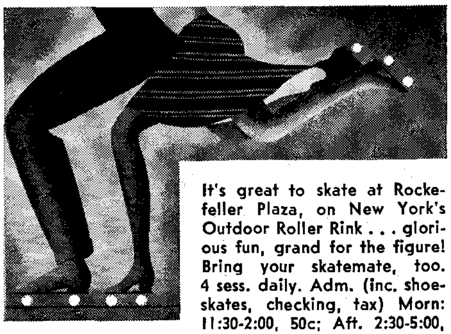

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ROLLER SKATE
OUTDOORS
AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER

I shall always think of a "mother" as a creature with shockingly short skirts and a boyish bob and an "aunt" as a horror in a mushroom hat and with a waistline around her knees.

Because of the gradual progress in grammar and vocabulary, one has to take each lesson in the order in which it comes, regardless of whether or not the subject is of the slightest intrinsic interest. The series begins with "The Family." This is a little slice of domestic life, or a quiet evening on the steppes. The illustration shows a living room that might have been spirited out of Queens. In it is assembled the Family, composed of the Grandfather, who is smoking a pipe; the Grandmother, who is reading a book; the Mother, who is playing a piano—an upright; the Little Girl, who is singing a song; the Father, who is writing a letter, or trying to; the Son (pronounced "sin" by the translator), who is playing a drum; the Little Boy, who is throwing a ball, just missing the chandelier; and the Baby, who appears to be pulling the tail off the Cat. The Dog is doing tricks in a corner, and the Maid is carrying out some dishes, although what a lot of dishes are doing in the living room the book doesn't say. As if this weren't already a frightening enough display of bad housing, the second lesson shows us the arrival of guests. To make matters more awful, they turn out to be the Aunt and Uncle and the Male Cousin and Female Cousin (also known as Niece and Nephew). They're all terribly glad to see one another and express their pleasure in hearty greetings, such as "How do you do?" and even "How dost thou do?," which sometimes becomes "How gets along thy life?" It's a heart-warming scene, and from it one gathers that family life flows along under the shadow of Lenin just as drearily as it does under the "L." In the third lesson we look in on the nursery, where three happy children are playing with the beautiful toys their loving and happy parents have given them. They are all busy and happy. Even the Cat is happy, because Vera (the eldest and happiest child) is giving it milk. A young and dashing nurse is carrying in the Baby, and they're happy, too. Half of each lesson is taken up by the *razgovor* ("conversation") of the two deep-voiced gentlemen, one of whom asks questions, which the other answers. The finale to this particular assignment is pretty surprising, for after inquiring how old each of the children is and receiving varied information, the interlocutor says, "How old are you?"

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NICHOLSON'S
DISTILLED DRY GIN
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This is good news for Martini lovers. Remember a cocktail is only as good as its ingredients. For better Martinis...use genuine, world-famous

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Sole U. S. Agents, New York City
Distilled from Grain 94° proof
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Our beautiful, new shop, designed by Alfons Bach, is now open for your appreciation at
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DECORATION INTERIORS

NEW—JUST COMPLETED! The Beekman APARTMENTS
340 East 52nd St
2-3 ROOMS
Most Unusual Layouts!
● Sun-Deck For Tenants ●
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Immediate Occupancy.
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SHORT WALK TO RADIO CITY.

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FAMOUS FRENCH CUISINE
COCKTAIL LOUNGE
LUNCHEON • COCKTAIL • DINNER
Special Sunday Brunch and Dinner ELd. 5-8654

and a voice like a Muscovite version of Wallace Beery's replies, "I am nine years old."

The drawing room comes next. It looks a good deal like a display window in Ludwig Baumann's and nothing much is happening in it. The next picture shows the dining room, and there's lots doing there. Before a background of tapestry, hunting trophies, and a sideboard that might have been salvaged from an old Fred Harvey restaurant, Mr. and Mrs. Pavloff are throwing a select dinner party of four. Their guests are Mr. Antonoff and Mr. Grineiff. The host and hostess are sitting side by side, at the end of the table, after the fashion of the eminent married couples in the early days of Hollywood's élite, and a pretty picture it is. One likes to think that under cover of the table, Mr. Pavloff is giving Mrs. Pavloff's hand an occasional little squeeze. Mr. Grineiff sits at the left and Mr. Antonoff is facing the loving pair. All four are quite dressy, the men in dinner jackets and Mrs. Pavloff in a tasty spangled number like something the Dolly Sisters might have worn. The only amenity that appears to be lacking is food. They seem, according to their conversation, to be dining frugally on salt, pepper, mustard, and olive oil, with the exception of the hostess, who is the fortunate recipient of a plate of soup, which, incidentally, is one of the few Russian words that is comparatively easy to learn. In their lettering it may look like something you've seen over a New Haven fraternity house, but in Russian "soup" is simply "*soup*" (pronounced "soup").

From the dining room one progresses to the bedroom, where a lady (presumably Mrs. Pavloff) is sitting at a dressing table smiling into a mirror, from which her reflection smiles back at her. A smiling maid stands beside her holding a towel. The only person who isn't smiling is an individual in a four-poster bed, who, in spite of the lights all being on, is sound asleep. His identity is never revealed, which may account for Mrs. Pavloff's smile. It isn't Mr. Pavloff nor is it Mr. Antonoff or Mr. Grineiff. Upon close inspection it appears to be an overgrown glandular child.

The subjects taken up in later chapters are varied. We spend a pleasant day in the suburbs visiting a friend, whose modest house boasts everything, from a conservatory to an old-fashioned hatrack and a gong (pronounced "gonk"). There is a shopping expedition, a trip to a restaurant, and an automobile outing, during which the chauffeur asks quite testily, "Surely you can't expect

Merry-go-round

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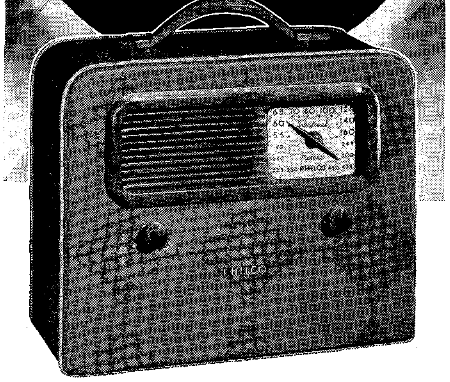

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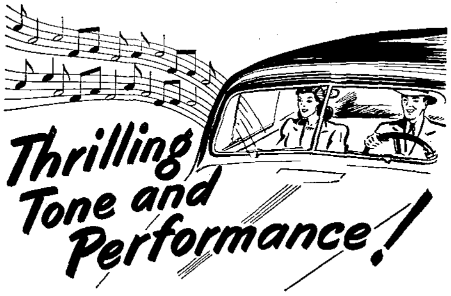
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me to examine the sparking plugs?," which, as far as I have been able to find, is the one revolutionary note in the course. One learns what to say to the tobacconist, the barber, and the doctor. In the case of the last, the following sentence is not only useful but whimsical: "Doctor, my stomach is playing tricks upon me."

I HAVE struggled along as far as the lesson entitled "Games and Sports." I am apathetic about all forms of exercise, so I doubt whether I shall have much occasion to use the terms and phrases this lesson affords. However, it's a colorful assignment and very illuminating. It seems that in Russia they play a good deal of *lapta* and they're very keen about skittles. They also go in for football (pronouncing it to rhyme with "fruit bowl"), and they hold splendid affairs, known as *Spartakiads*, where youths compete at running, throwing the javelin, and overcoming obstacles (whatever they may consist of). They also swim and play chess. The last is, in all seriousness, included among their more popular athletics. I may not get much chance to discuss *lapta* and skittles, but there is one sentence in this lesson for which I am eternally grateful, and I can't wait to meet a Russian socially and spring it on him. Sitting next to him at some formal dinner, I shall turn to him and say, "I do not shoot bears, but it has happened that I have shot elks."

—CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

•

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—*Adv. in the Prescott (Ariz.) Courier.*

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•

Speaking on "Lincoln in a National Fof," Carl Sandburg declared that "America now is in a national fig."

He quoted a casual remark of Lincoln in the Civil War, "It's very difficult to say a sensible thing nowadays," and applied it to the present time.—*Washington Post.*

With perfect justice, too.

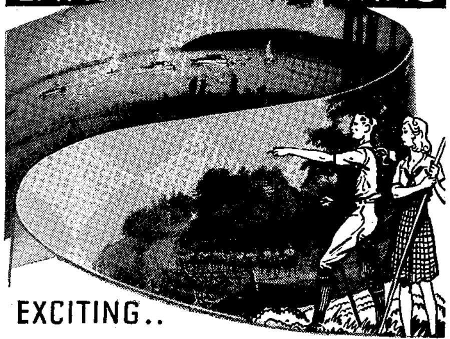
•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*Item received by the Xenia (Ohio) Gazette from its Negro correspondent*]

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Finch and Mrs. Cottress Booker gave a surprise birthday party for Mrs. Gertrude Finch at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Booker. She received many lovely gifts, but most of all appreciated the salad forks which were stolen and returned.

LAND of PANORAMAS



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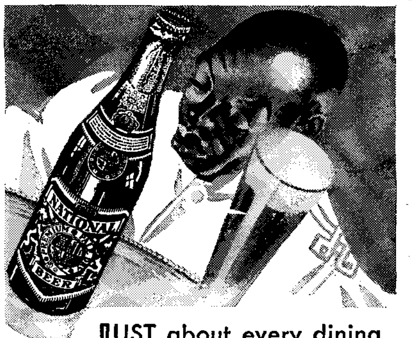

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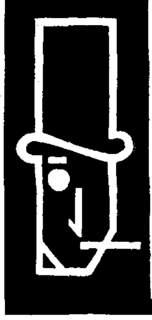

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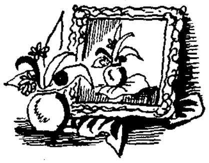
THE ART GALLERIES

Puzzle Page



Alexander Brook has a fluent style, good taste, and that love of the sheer paintability of the flesh which has characterized all romantic painters, from Titian on down through Renoir. I sometimes wish he would do more with these qualities, but even as it is, he does well enough, as his current exhibition at the Rehn Galleries reveals. He has also, I think, the ability to recognize weaknesses in his own painting, like that tendency toward a purely facile interpretation which was invading his work some time back, and the courage to try to correct them, at whatever immediate cost to his style. At least, it's so that I interpret the prevailingly sombre palette which governs this collection—as a reaction against a kind of surface glitter and excessively blooming color he was getting in his work a few years ago. It is one of the paradoxes of Brook's painting that the change to a darker tonality should come at a time when he's been doing most of his work way down deep in the sunny South, in Georgia.

The South figures largely in this group of canvases, not only in such big pieces as his "Black and White" and "The Family Unit" but also in a number of the smaller oils which round out the show. Certainly, it forms the background for his best work of the moment. I liked particularly "The Family Unit," a study of a Negro family posed in front of a ramshackle cabin in the swamplands—somewhat reminiscent of his prize-winning "Georgia Jungle" in mood and in treatment but a better painting—and a study of a mulatto girl, semi-nude, called "The Vermilion Ribbon," which has a good deal of power. Not all his pictures, however, are of equal merit. Both in his Southern subjects and his other work, his palette is still a problem; even in "The Vermilion Ribbon" the touch of red which gives the canvas its name seems a little out of key with the rest of the picture, and too often the greens with which his flesh tones are now loaded give a curiously bilious aspect to his portraits and figure studies.

There is, too, a tantalizing lack of substance, a kind of static quality, about some of the paintings. As Brook has not solved all his color problems, so also he has not resolved all the ideas that go with

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his search for wider subjects. Though his work has gained considerably in depth in recent years, there is still some confusion—even, I imagine, in his own mind—about its meaning. Certainly, the spectator is puzzled as to the artist's intention in such a canvas, say, as his "Black and White," with its white girl and black girl posed, as if symbolically, looking away from each other and a general aura of hidden significance hanging over both. Maybe he didn't intend it to mean anything, but if so, he should have made that clear.

ANOTHER artist whom I find puzzling is David Burliuk, and his exhibition at the A.C.A. does not help matters greatly. It's a fairly large show, with some forty oils and a dozen or so water colors, all recent, but the size of the thing only gives freer scope to his baffling variety of style. There are Expressionist paintings (see his "By the Fire" and "Slavery"), Cubist ("My Mother"), and Impressionist ("Summer Flowers" and "Spring in the Catskill Mountains"). There are surrealist concoctions, like his "Rope and Future" and "The Past," and there are carefully detailed, naturalistic studies, like his "Drunkards;" there are occasionally pure chromos, such as "The Artist and His Wife." There are even a few canvases in which two or more styles are mingled—his "Song of the Harvest," for instance, in which the faces of two of the singing peasants are painted with extreme realism, while the others, as well as the background of the picture, are done in a wildly Expressionist manner.

Such tactics in a younger man would seem to indicate uncertainty. But Burliuk is fifty-eight and has been painting for well on to forty years, so there must be some other reason, though I've never been able to discover it. Another trouble is that one cannot dismiss Burliuk lightly. Bizarre though his painting may be, there is assurance behind it, and power too, and despite the eccentricities of style, there is a full, lusty vigor, a kind of shouting gusto, which commands considerable respect in a canvas like his "Song of the Harvest," or his bright little "Sunny Day," or, in quite another mood, his blue, cheerful "Old Captain." It may be, I sometimes think, that in David Burliuk we have a very important artist indeed. We'll know more about that, of course, when the man gets a trifle older and more settled in his mind.

THE Utrillo show has been going on for some time at the Marie Harriman, but it's worth a reminder here, in case you haven't seen it. Fourteen paintings make up the list, and except for two —a curiously dark, thickly painted "Basilique de Saint-Denis" and a somewhat similarly handled "Route de Montmagny," both done in 1910—they are mainly from this artist's "white" period of 1912-14, when perhaps his best work, and certainly his freshest and most ingratiating, was produced. I especially liked the "Parc Monceau," with its white arch, itself framed in greenery, framing the view of buildings beyond.

At the Downtown, still another puzzle awaits us, this time in a show called "What's Wrong with This Picture?" and featuring a painting apiece by seven of the gallery's artists—each of which, it appears, in spite of numerous exhibitions in New York and elsewhere, remains unsold. It's a puzzle I shan't even try to solve, for to my mind the paintings on view are all fairly close to the top of each artist's production, and if people don't buy them, that is their lookout, not mine. The Peter Blume, for example, is his Carnegie Prize "South of Scranton," which, though painted ten years ago, still stands out as one of his finest achievements. The Sheeler "Americana" is an unusually swell one, while the Kuniyoshi "Girl Thinking" is surely one of his subtlest and most hauntingly effective nudes, and the four other paintings —by Julian Levi, Bernard Karfiol, Katherine Schmidt, and Niles Spencer —are all of almost equally high quality.

At the Metropolitan Museum there is an exhibition of oils, sculptures, water colors, and other works by students, both adults and children, in the WPA art classes in the city. It's worth visiting, if only to see to what effect the project, in spite of sadly diminished appropriations and the kicking around it has had, is carrying on. Most touching of all are the small sculptures produced by members of recreational classes at the New York Association for the Blind, and of these, one at least—William Blevins' "Three Figures"—shows a really surprising talent. But there is freshness and spirit throughout, and the show demonstrates unmistakably that if the classes have not produced any geniuses, they have at least given a lot of youngsters, and grownups too, an insight into art that should prove enormously valuable. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

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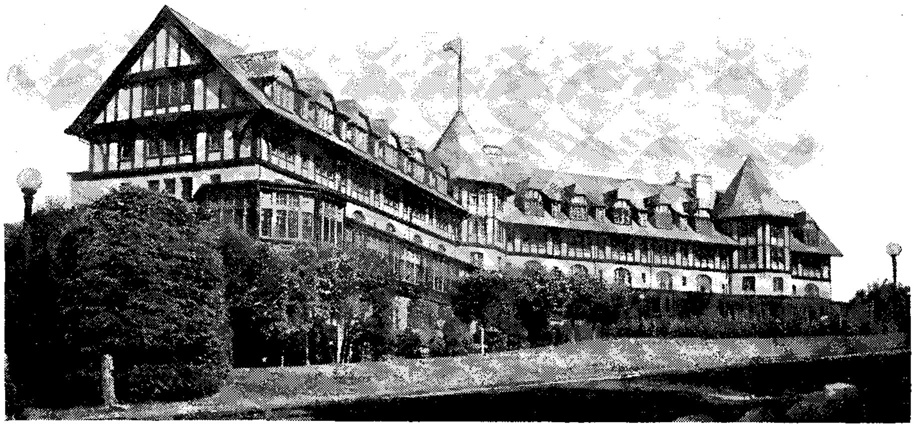

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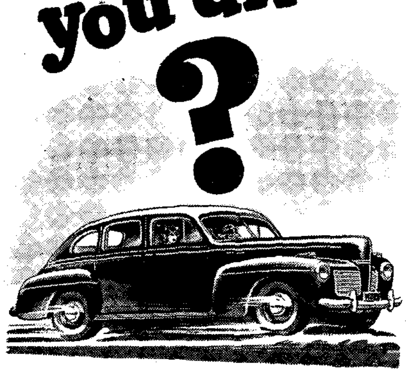

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Bundles from Britain

WITH a geniality which it has not been his habit always to show toward the films, George Bernard Shaw now introduces his "Major Barbara" with a screen appearance of his own and an affable word or two to us in America. "I am sending you my old plays, just as you are sending us your old destroyers," he says, twinkling over there in the midst of the *Blitzkrieg*. The success of "Pygmalion" may have warmed his heart toward the Industry, for in this picture he has gone further to coöperate than in the other, and is himself responsible for the scenario as well as, of course, for the dialogue. The elderly gentleman has not been inelastic in his appreciation of his new medium and its special requirements. Changes have been made in the arrangement of scenes; he has been quick, for instance, to grab the pictorial possibilities of a huge rally of the Salvation Army, the kind of display suited to an arena and never to a mere stage. Authors who demand that their plays be followed word for word may take a tip from the octogenarian master, as they have often enough done in the past. This smooth and facile movie, made in a London suburb, constantly interrupted in its making by air raids, its actors often summoned from the lot for defence duty, recaptures perfectly the mood, the quaint humor (for quaint it must seem) of the play Mr. Shaw wrote in the ingenuous days of 1905.

The spirit of 1905, the revolutionary fancifulness of that particular period, is possibly as dated as "Charley's Aunt." There is no shock now and only the mildest hint of idiosyncrasy in the millionaire's daughter who joins the Salvation Army, and at the moment I am not entirely clear as to how we are to feel about millionaires who have made their fortunes out of munitions. The years have lulled the Shavian deviltry; the audacities have a certain tea-time naughtiness about them, and there is a slight dusty, nostalgic quality in the whole thing, making it suitable for students of the drama and schoolteachers who like to keep up with things which were exciting some decades ago.

There is a beautiful bit of acting in the piece, and that is Robert Morley's

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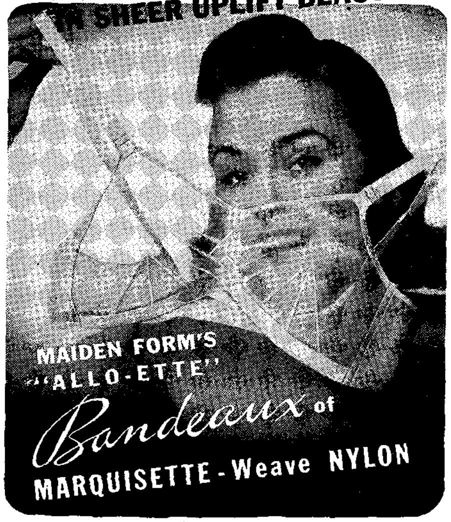

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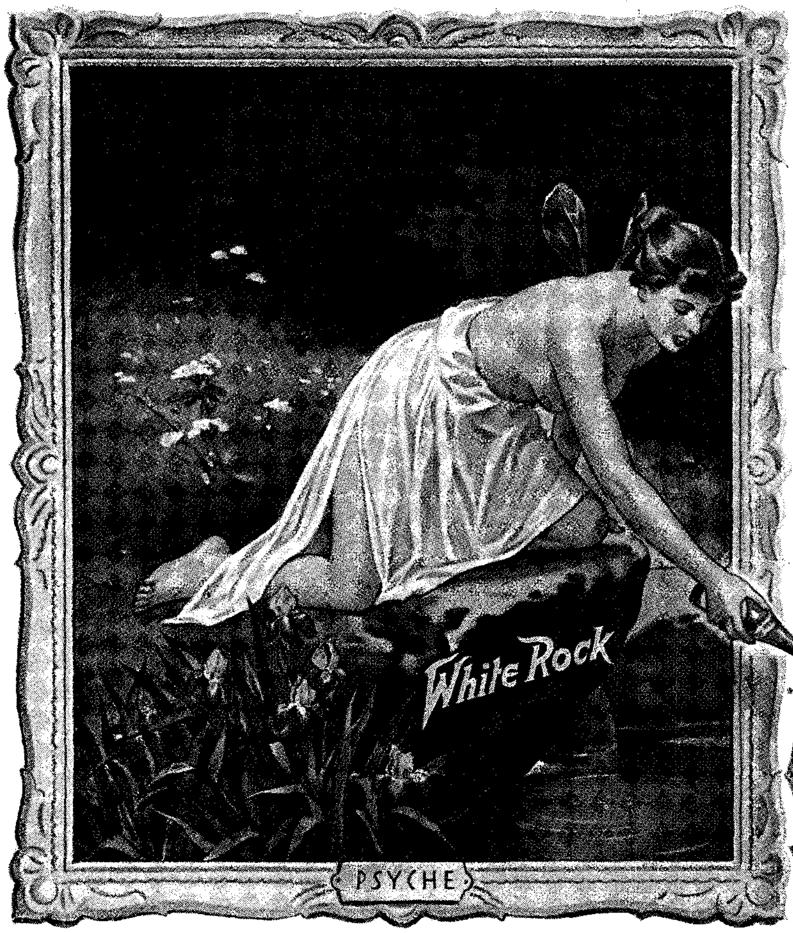

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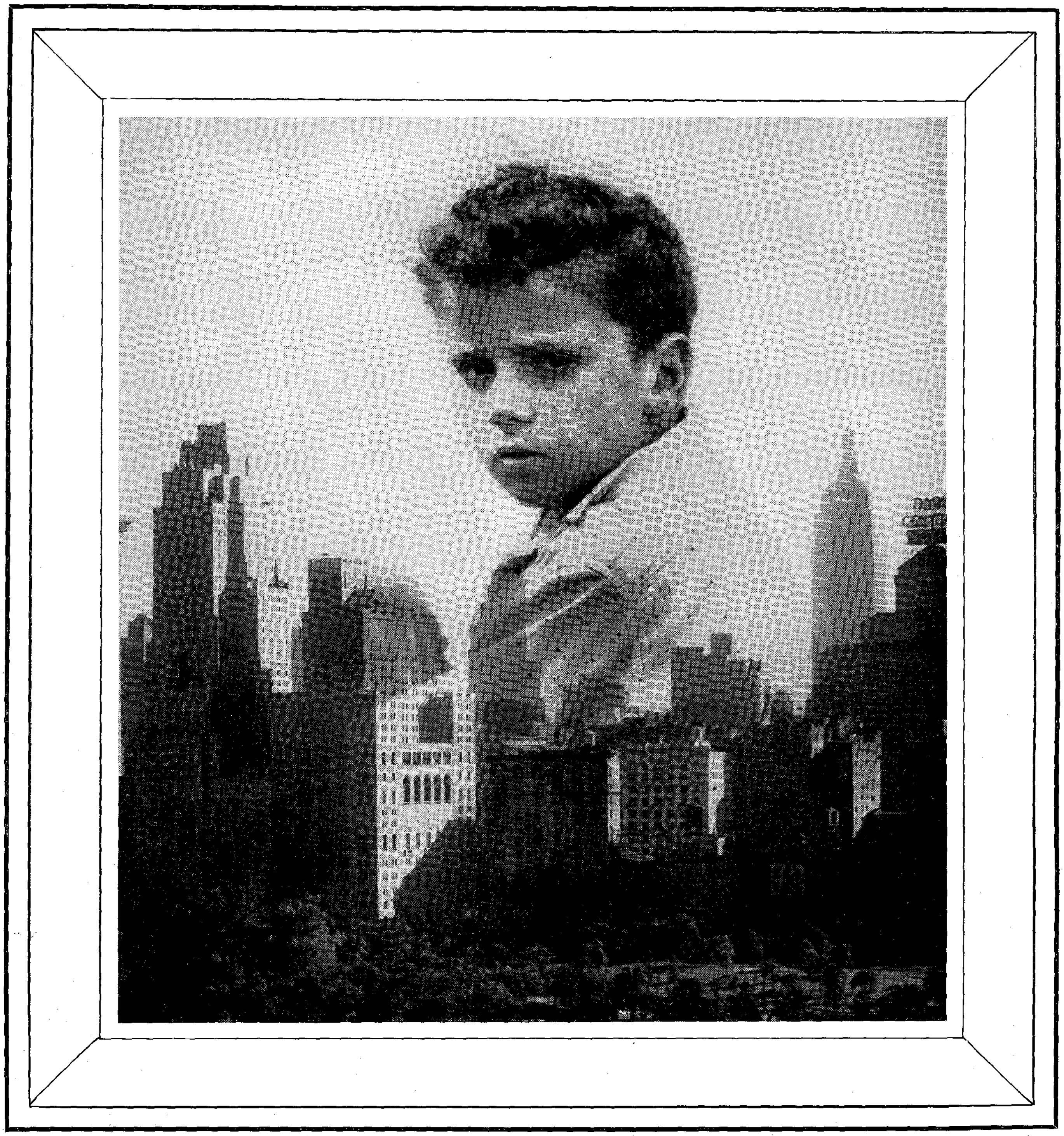

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Andrew Undershaft, the munitions millionaire, the "mystery man of Europe," according to a surprisingly modern and tabloid phrase I am sure I heard employed in the picture. His composure under the attacks of his fervid offspring has a grand coolness. "My religion?" he answers her once. "Well, my dear, I am a Millionaire. That is my religion," and the Morley rendering of the line is stately and magnificent. His is the ranking performance of the affair, one very much worth seeing, but Wendy Hiller (the girl) and Rex Harrison (her suitor) come close in the running. As is the way with British films, no minor rôle is slighted. The cast throughout is notable, with Robert Newton and Emlyn Williams, for example, slick and shrewd as cockney scamps ready for the hallelujahs and the handout that goes with them. Bombs or no bombs, the film has been given a fine and sparkling polish, and one would think every player in it had been having the time of his life.

JUST at the outbreak of the war, before the *Blitzkrieg*, movie people were busy in Wales, the land of "The Corn Is Green," and the result of their toil, and possibly enthusiasm, now turns up at the Little Carnegie Playhouse. "Proud Valley" is concerned with the coal miners, without a single poet or literary type in the group. Singing is stressed, since in the cast is Paul Robeson, here a vagrant minstrel who turns miner and becomes involved in a labor dispute. The film might have been more substantial had not Mr. Robeson been asked to heave so much coal.

THE British have also sent us some films of the war itself and of the life people are leading now in England. These are short things, which the Museum of Modern Art handles in three programs, presented on successive days and each running about an hour. The pictures avoid drama, violence, and horror and have a common quality of reticence, yet both "Channel Incident" and "Neighbors Under Fire" hint at the whole great story. —JOHN MOSHER

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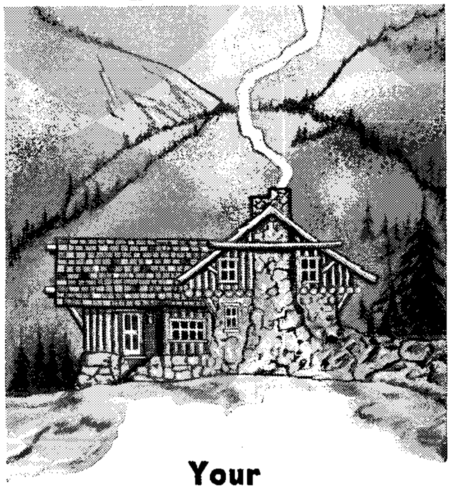
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BOOKS

The Children's Shelf

ONE of the most ambitious new books for young people is Dorsha Hayes' "The American Primer," in which the author sets out to write for American youth a democratic counterpart of the Soviet and Nazi Primers. It is a lofty and difficult purpose and Miss Hayes attacks it with honesty. But good as is much of the content of her book on the democratic system, I feel that Miss Hayes' style has got in her way to some extent. Even young people will dislike the breezy question and answer, the forced colloquialism, the general manner of writing which these same young people are apt to term smart-alecky. And the book is too long. Most high-school readers would bog down in it; a primer should be short.

I would far rather see Stuart Chase's new, brief "Primer of Economics" given to high-school readers as a guidebook to our time, even though the subject matter of the two books by no means coincides. There is no one writing today who can make a tough subject more readable or do a better job of simplification than Mr. Chase. In this book he takes the American economic machine to pieces as if it were an automobile engine and puts its parts down one by one on the garage floor. (The figure is the author's.) What is more, he even has a final chapter on how to put them together again. Mr. Chase did not intend to write a primer of freedom, but what he has to say has considerable bearing on how to make democracy work. The book is illustrated by diagrams and drawings which are both useful and decorative.

THE many books listed below are on lighter topics and most often are for younger readers than the two primers are. All the books are illustrated, and when no illustrator is named the author is also the artist. A few of them are autumn books received too late for review last fall.

The first list consists of picture books, stories for the very youngest readers, or books in which the illustrations are of more importance than the text:

Barney's Adventure, by Margot Austin. A picture book about a very small boy, a dog, and a country circus. The big black crayon drawings which tell the story have humor and imagination.

Nicodemus Laughs, by Inez Hogan. Further adventures of the merry little colored boy, this time of the boisterous variety, especially when Nicodemus rides the "kickin'est donkey Gran'pappy eber see."

E-Tooka-Shoo, the Cold Little Eskimo Boy, by Richard Wilt. A young Eskimo isn't supposed to be cold, but E-Tooka-Shoo was, awfully. The chilly blue pictures showing how he finally got warm will make small children laugh.

Willamette Way, by Margot Austin. Miss Austin has been busy (see above). Here she takes a go at perhaps the only type of "pioneer book" not hitherto published—a picture-book story of the Oregon Trail. The pictures, in tans, blues, and greens, are pleasing, but for such a theme the story is almost too innocuous even for a reader of tender years; all the Indians have kind hearts and all the cougars run away.

Billy Button's Butter'd Biscuit, by Mabel Leigh Hunt, illustrated by Katherine Milhous. An amplification in prose of an old tongue-twisting jingle. The writing is rather oppressively cute, but young children will be amused by the alliteration and the pictures in old woodcut style are good.

A Dog of His Own, by Laura Z. Hobson, pictures by Jane Miller. Here is a book announced by its publishers as "another Ferdinand" and endorsed by Dorothy Thompson as an anti-Nazi tract. Don't be alarmed; it is merely a fairly sprightly tale of a small boy who, thanks to a foolish aunt, managed to acquire ten dogs, only to learn that there can be too much of a good thing.

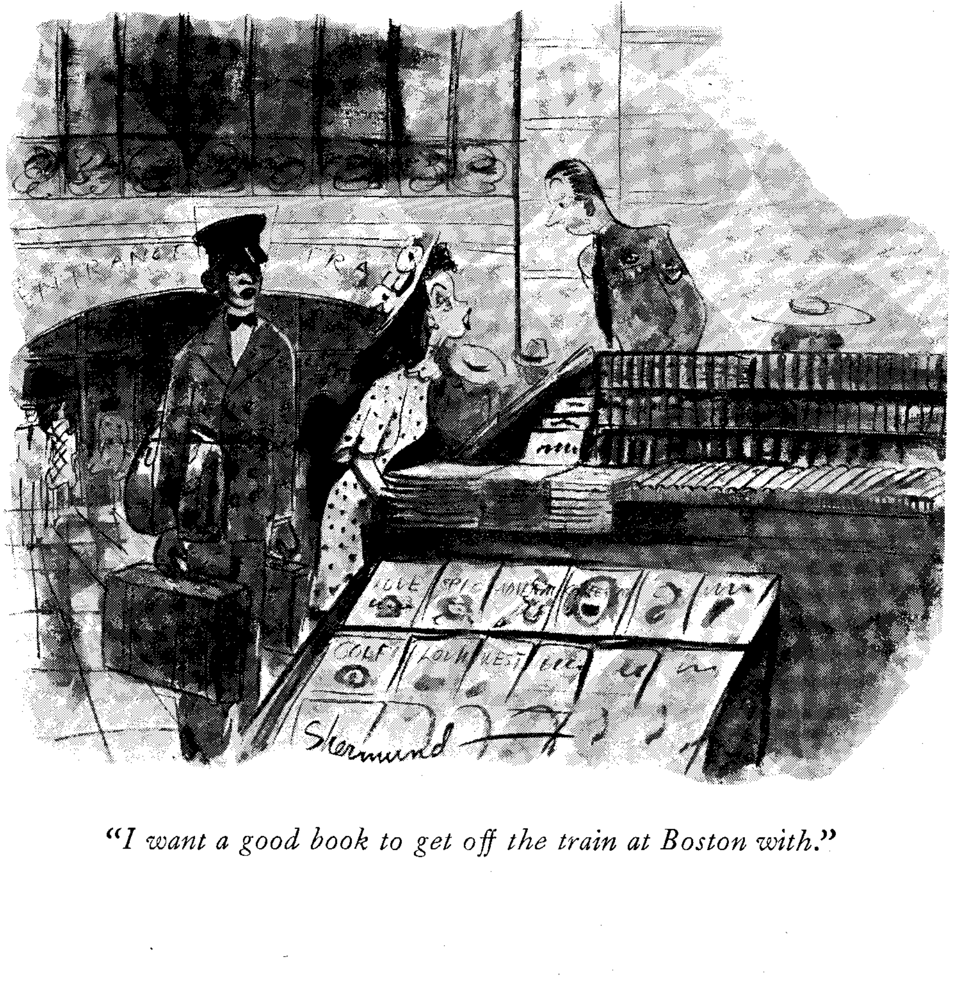
Flip, by Wesley Dennis. This is a first-rate picture book: excellent horse drawings and a neatly turned story about a colt, which young readers will love.

Lambert's Bargain, by Clare Turlay Newberry. Story and line drawings, both in nonsensical vein, which concern a boy and his pet hyena. This reader prefers Mrs. Newberry when she deals seriously with her famous cats, but a hyena certainly supplies a new note.

Presents for Lupe, by Dorothy P. Lathrop. An unusually beautiful picture book about a South American squirrel and the many queer presents the twins who own her receive for their odd pet. The detail of the animal pictures (in color) is exquisite, but the subject matter is perhaps rather special to be of as wide appeal as such distinguished illustrations would warrant.

In My Mother's House, by Ann Nolan Clark, illustrated by Velino Herrera. At last a successful book about the Pueblo Indians. The author has written her rhythmic text with the help of the Tewa Indian children she taught, and the story of the world as these children know it is effectively illustrated in Indian-style pictures in color and black and white by a well-known Pueblo artist.

Louise's Adventure, by Gertrude Blumenthal, illustrated by Charlotte Becker. A comfortable, cozy sort of story about seven-year-old Louise's first ride,



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all alone, in the subway, and illustrated with a lot of nice, big, colored pictures.

'WAY DOWN IN TENNESSEE, by Elvira Garner. The author-artist of "Ezekiel" writes, in the third person, the simple happenings of her own childhood on a Tennessee plantation and scatters her text with the tiny pen-and-ink and color drawings of pickaninnies and animals which are so fascinating to young children. The book is at least half pictures.

THE NEW ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF FAVORITE HYMNS, illustrated by Gustaf Tenggren, with simplified piano arrangements by Inez Bertail. More than two dozen familiar hymns in picture-book format, with many page illustrations in full color. The selection of the hymns is good and the pictures are brilliantly decorative and frankly religious in feeling.

THE STORY OF THE MISSISSIPPI, pictures by C. H. Dewitt, text by Marshall McClintock. This is the best picture book of the season, and it is a book of facts. Like the earlier volume which C. H. Dewitt illustrated, "The Story of Alaska," it is a sort of heavenly history-geography and its big pictures will be exciting to a reader of any age. They and the text, which is also good, cover the history of the early settlements, of New Orleans and the plantations, the great days of the river boats, the Negroes, and the story of the river today, with details of flood control and levee building and an admirable sequence on cotton growing.

THE next group of books are stories for children from six to ten years old and start with those designed for beginning readers. Of course it is dangerous to label any book too definitely for any age group; you must know your child, his capacities, and his interests. The age signposts therefore should not be taken too literally:

JOHANNA ARRIVES, by Winifred Bromhall. Except for its Dutch-blue type, which is rather dizzying, this is a pleasant, easy book in big print about a little Dutch girl of today who comes to New York and by her skill on skates makes a place for herself among other young Americans.

THE SECRET BROTHER, by Phyllis Crawford, pictures by Mabel Jones Woodbury. An unpretentious story of two children who have to shift for themselves one summer during the hours their parents are working in a factory. How they contrive to build a playhouse in the woods, and the arrival there of an astonishing visitor, who turns out to be not a brownie but another child, make agreeably simple-hearted reading.

TIME WAS, by Hildegard Woodward. Five humorous stories of the good old days when clocks, sewing machines, bathtubs, and similar contraptions were startling innovations. The text is spirited and its theme will seem less hackneyed to children than to adults. The oh-so-comically-quaint pictures will probably amuse fourth- and fifth-graders.

A NAME FOR OBED, by Ethel Calvert Phil-

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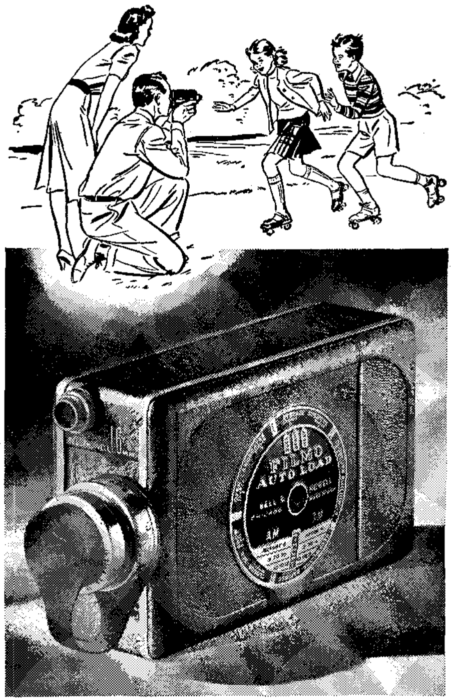

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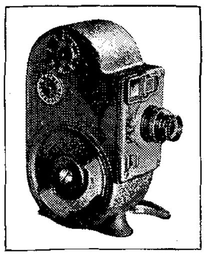

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lips, illustrated by Lois Lenski. This is a good one. It is about Obed Timmons, who does not like his old-fashioned name until he goes to live with a lively young aunt in Timmons Cove, Maine, whence the name had come. The aunt keeps a candy store and art students and summer tourists pervade the scene quite as much as lobster men and old tars. Obed's character turns out to be as staunch as his name, but there's no preaching.

THE COWHIDE TRUNK, by Eleanor Weakley Nolen, pictures by Decie Merwin. A slim yet interesting book about a country child's visit to Cincinnati in 1840 and her adventures with a slave trader and with Johnny Appleseed. It is based in part on old letters and diaries, so the period background is good.

ROUNDABOUT, by Charlie May Simon, pictures by Howard Simon. An appealing story of present-day children who live on a lonely backwoods Mississippi road. Suddenly the traffic from a big highway is detoured past their door and life becomes magically richer for them. Charlie May Simon is doing some of the best writing for children now being published, and this book is as good as any she has written.

LOTTIE'S VALENTINE, by Katherine Wigmore Eyre, pictures by Susanne Suba. A charming book for little girls, with the virtue of a new background—a convent school in New Orleans in the middle of the last century. It concerns a convent orphan, a French restaurant-keeper and his wife, and their carrier pigeon; it is gracefully written and has an interesting plot. Miss Suba's illustrations are as delightful as the text.

THREE FROM GREENWAYS, by Alice Dalgliesh, illustrated by Gertrude Howe. A timely and warmhearted story of English refugee children in this country, well written for a fifth-grade audience. (Royalties go to two war-relief agencies for refugee children.)

PETE, by Tom Robinson, illustrated by Morgan Dennis. All about the suburban family life and dog-gang habits of an Airedale, and a welcome change in dog books because the story is subordinated to the character of the dog. The author knows and appreciates his dogs without being sentimental about them and the illustrator draws them expertly.

THE next group of books, a baker's dozen, are stories for older boys and girls—ten years old through high-school age—though, as usual in this department, only a few stories for the upper teens are included:

PEPPERFOOT OF THURSDAY MARKET, by Robert Davis, illustrated by Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge. Here is a real find for masculine readers of ten to twelve. The three North African boys of the story "belong to a tribe of Berber people who have been living . . . in the same manner since before Jesus was born," says Mr. Davis, yet they will seem to young Americans very human boys indeed and fortunate too in their adventurous and schoolless lives and in their clever donkey, Pepperfoot. The background of tribal life is curious, the events excit-

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"R.A.F., by Keith Ayling. Journal of an imaginary and composite R.A.F. fighter pilot between June and October last year. The author, himself a former Royal Flying Corps pilot, shows us the Royal Air Force's training methods, organization, social life, bombing routine, squadron operations, and the Spitfires in action (this last from actual combat reports), all in a way that seems movingly true to both fact and feeling. The most striking and also the most informative book on the subject we've had so far."

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ing, and even a ten-year-old reader will recognize the dignity and charm of the author's style.

The Wicked Goldsmith: Tales of Ancient India, told by Mabel Ashe Beling, with pictures by Owen Smith. Five of the seven legends of this volume are good to read aloud; they are a compound of humor, beauty, and a pleasant amoral earthiness and are set in that curious world where djinn, demons, holy men, and fallible humans intermingle freely. The two longer stories—based on the great Indian epics, the Ramayana and the Mahabharata—are harder going.

Captain Kidd's Cow, by Phil Stong, illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Quite a merry yarn in which a half-dozen country-boy pirates put to sea in an old houseboat on the Des Moines River and pole their way to the Mississippi, dodging pursuing parents and taking on two stowaways—a cow and a small girl. The credibilities are constantly violated, especially in the jargon stuffed full of literary allusions which the boys talk, but it's pretty good reading even so.

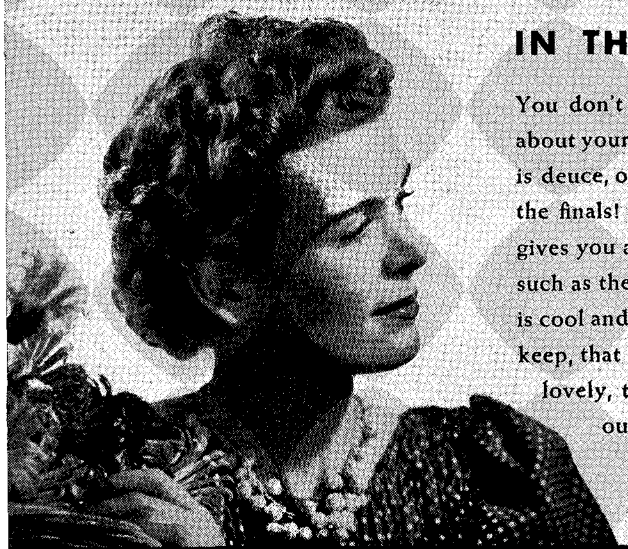
Delecta Ann, by Myna Lockwood. There have been better-written frontier stories but certainly few with more action. Delecta Ann is the daughter of a Detroit pastor who leaves his church in 1844 to become a circuit rider in the Iowa Territory. She is an ingratiating heroine, fearful yet courageous. Her adventures involve slave smuggling, anti-Mormon agitators, prairie fires, sinister land-grabbers, and a meeting with young Mr. Abraham Lincoln.

The Melforts Go to Sea, by Geraldine Pederson-Krag, illustrated by Gregor Duncan. A thoroughly entertaining book with a unique flavor. It is an account of the voyage of the Melfort family (Mamma and ten children) from Australia to England in 1855, a six months' passage under sail. The captain half starved them for his own profit, and there were storms, mutiny, and plenty of escapades on the part of the young Melforts themselves. The story is based on family records, undoubtedly colored by the author, who has a sense of humor and a gift of characterization all her own.

The Big Six, by Arthur Ransome. Say the words "Here's a new Arthur Ransome" and a small army of boys in England and America are filled with a glow of happiness. The latest volume by this British author is quite up to standard. It tells the adventures of the Coot Club in pursuit of a mean fellow who sets boats adrift and blames the vandalism on the innocent Coots. River navigation, eeling, amateur detective work, cameras, loose teeth, life aboard ship—it's a perfect blend for a ten-to-thirteen-year-old reader.

Caravan Island, by E. H. Young, illustrated by H. J. Haley. Another English book, somewhat in the Ransome tradition, though its adventures are milder and its style more literary. Boys may not like it so well, but Miss Young's characterizations are so subtle that it will be hard for any reader, young or old, to forget the four very different boys and girls who spend a summer holiday camping on an island off the Scottish coast.

Visitors from London, by Kitty Barne,



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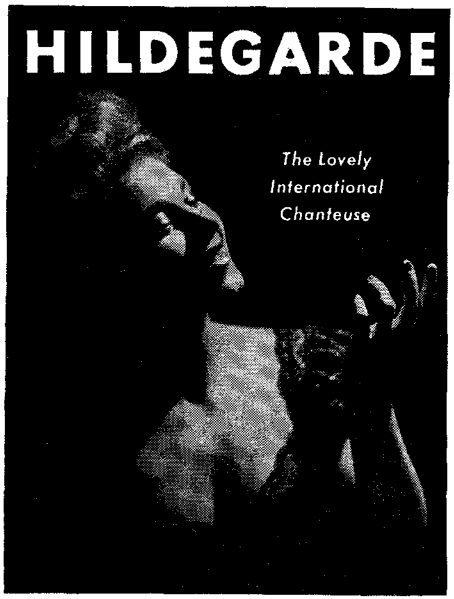

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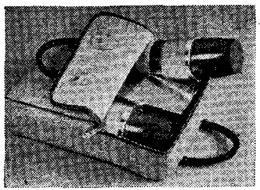

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illustrated by Ruth Gervis. Still another good one from England. The children of the author's "Family Footlights" spend the summer holidays of 1939 helping staff a home for London *évacués.* The complications of transplanting four ill-assorted slum families to a Southdown farm are told with insight and a humor mature enough to amuse anyone over ten. Perfect, therefore, for family reading aloud. Miss Barne is equally good on small cockney ruffians, Southdown shepherds, and chirpy lady volunteers. Nice pencil illustrations.

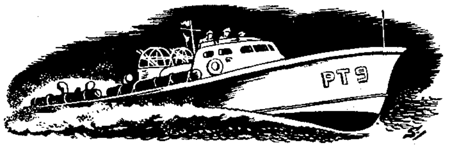
PORTS OF THE PAST, by Grace Norton Rosé, illustrated by Jack Manley Rosé. Nine short stories, most of them based on fact, about nine early New England ports, beginning with the tale of the marauding Indians whom a Plymouth housewife appeased with pies and ending with the adventures of a little girl stowaway out of Edgartown in 1862.

HIGH HURDLES, by Frances Duncombe, illustrated by Eleanor Iselin Mason. Books on horses and riding seem always to involve some sentimentality and some preaching on the importance of being a good sport, and this one is no exception. But it *is* a good story and the author is knowing about both horses and fourteen-year-old girls. Horse-loving readers of approximately that age will like it enormously. First-rate pencil illustrations.

THE MIDDLE BUTTON, by Kathryn Worth, illustrated by Dorothy Bayley. The story of a North Carolina girl of the eighties who had the strange ambition, for those days, of becoming a doctor. The book is a study of Maggie's struggle to overcome the prejudice of her Scotch family against any such unladylike procedure. Her parson father and ten brothers and sisters, as well as Maggie herself, are colorful characters and the details of country doctoring in the eighties are interesting.

JOAN AND MICHAEL: A STORY OF TODAY, by Martin Gale. The problem of Joan (seventeen years old) and Michael (eighteen) is to learn to like each other when they find themselves brother and sister through the marriage of their parents. Since the author herself was eighteen when she wrote the book, she knows all about the group of young people she describes—a fairly sophisticated one—and boarding-school girls will eat up her story. Some parents too may find the life-and-death agonies over blind dates, tennis tournaments, and treasure hunts an interesting clinical study of the lesser burdens of adolescence.

CAVALCADE TO CALIFORNIA, by Richard Aldrich Summers, illustrated by Donald McKay. A book about the 1775 expedition of Spanish colonists led by Captain Anza from Mexico to Drake's Bay to found the settlement which became San Francisco. It is based on the diary of Padre Font, the priest of the caval-



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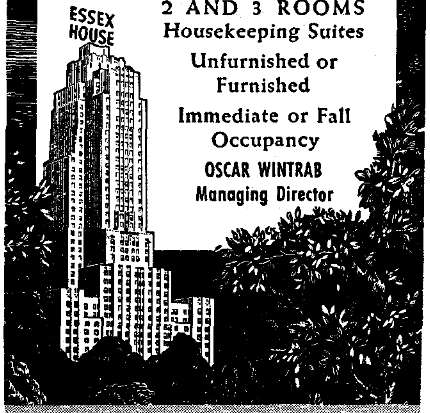

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cade, and other contemporary records, and from such source material Mr. Summers writes a vivid tale of hardship and of human nature under stress.

THE three biographies which follow are recommended for readers of high-school age:

CLARA BARTON, by Mildred Mastin Pace, illustrated by Robert Ball. A direct and well-digested biography of the woman who said, "I follow the cannon." Clara Barton's determined character will appeal to almost any boy or girl and her story makes a book full of action and courage. To read it will give more meaning to the Red Cross work young people are now being asked to do.

FINLANDIA: THE STORY OF SIBELIUS, by Elliott Arnold, illustrated by Lolita Granahan. A notable life of the composer who more than any other person has come to typify the spirit of the nation he celebrates in his music. The book gives a background of Finnish history and an inspiring interpretation of the Finnish national character. A list of American Sibelius recordings is appended but no examples of the composer's music. The interpretative illustrations, in bold black and white, add to the distinction of the book.

HAYM SALOMON: SON OF LIBERTY, by Howard Fast, illustrated by Eric M. Simon. A timely book for these days, on "the little Jew" who loved freedom and literally worked himself to death in his self-appointed task of financing the American Revolution. It is a moving and too little-known story, which is admirably told for young people mature enough to grasp the intricacies of Revolutionary economics. The author makes them very clear, and dramatic too.

BOOKS of special interest to young musicians include "Lullabies of Many Lands," collected and arranged by Dorothy Berliner Commins, illustrated by Nellie Farnam—a charming songbook; "The Nutcracker Suite," an interpretation by Walt Disney, piano arrangements by Frederick Stark, foreword by Leopold Stokowski—a Disney picture book (with text) from the "Nutcracker" sequence of "Fantasia," with six simplified arrangements of the Tchaikovsky music; "Curtain Calls for Wolfgang Mozart" and "Curtain Calls for Franz Schubert," by Opal Wheeler and Sybil Deucher, illustrated by Mary Greenwalt—two musical plays adapted from the authors' biographies of Mozart and Schubert, with selections from the two composers' work; "The Child's Book of the Symphony," by Kathleen Carnes and Jerry Pastene, illustrated by Dorothea Parrot—analyses of ten familiar symphonies, with the music of the principal themes, biographies of the composers, and a list of available recordings. There are two books about

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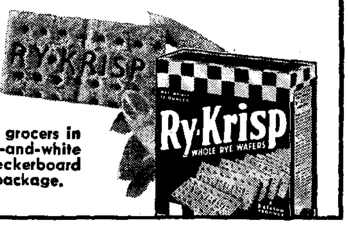

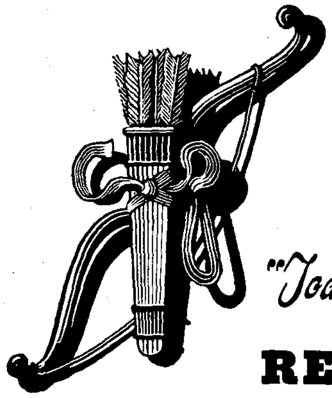

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